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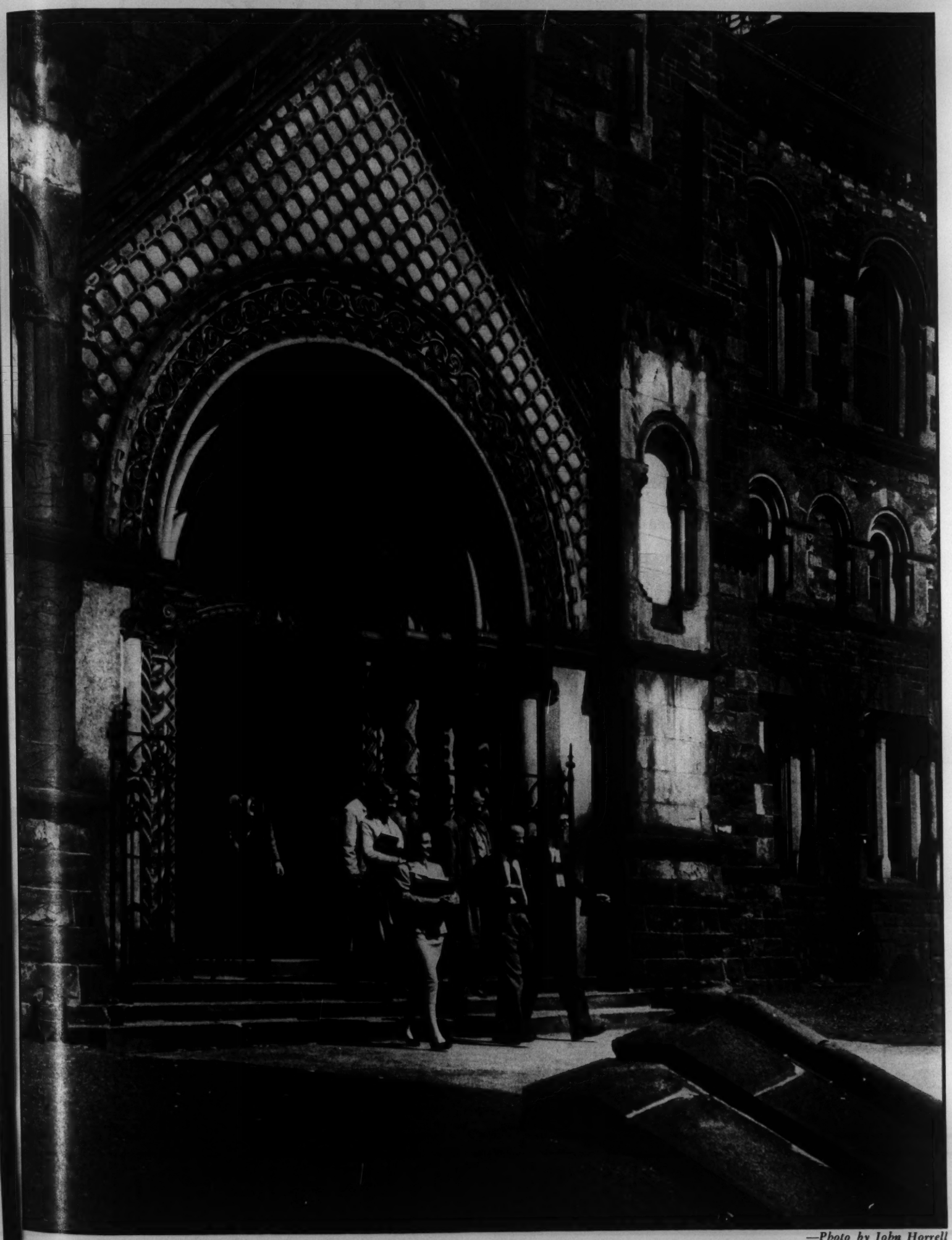
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



—Photo by John Horrell

A nation's progress depends upon its knowledge and understanding. Through portals such as this (University College, University of Toronto) come those to whom we shall look for tomorrow's leadership.

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THE FRONT PAGE

Goodbye To Preference?

WHEN Mr. St. Laurent was making his speech on external affairs to the House of Commons last week he said something that will be read with great interest in London but that has, so far, been scarcely noticed in this country. It was near the end of his speech, where he was saying that this country would join with others in a "defensive group of free states" and was welcoming Mr. Bevin's "Western Union" of Britain, France and Benelux as a move in this direction.

What he said about military and political matters has overshadowed what he said about the economic side of Western Union: "The United Kingdom and western European countries have in the past provided valuable markets for Canadian exports . . . For these reasons we welcome any development towards European economic unity, which will in the long run be of great advantage to Canada by increasing political security and by widening the area of freer trade."

This, as London well knows, is a considered opinion, not just a chance observation. Since Mr. Bevin's speech on January 22 there has been a good deal of exploration of lower tariffs, freer trade, and even eventual customs union between the five countries concerned. All sorts of difficulties have come to light; even the Benelux union, of the three smallest countries of the group, is raising a host of problems about what the common taxes and tariffs and currency arrangements should be.

But the objections that London is running into over Western Union do not come only from the five countries to be included. Some of the most serious seem to be coming from Commonwealth countries that fear their products will no longer have a tariff preference in the British market.

Mr. St. Laurent's statement means that our government has reached a decision between two alternatives. They have considered the advantages that our goods get in Britain under imperial preference tariffs; on the other hand they have considered the advantages to us of a general revival and broadening of European markets under some Western Union plan still to be worked out; and they have concluded that the latter would be better for us.

It is clear that, if the Western Union countries adopt the *lowest* tariffs of any of the five members, we stand to gain a great deal; on the other hand if they adopt the highest common tariff we should lose. We trust that our government, in giving its approval to Western Union as opposed to imperial preference, has made this approval conditional upon the union being a low-tariff club and not a high-tariff one. If this is the way things develop we hope the club will succeed and that our sister-dominions will come around to our way of thinking about it.

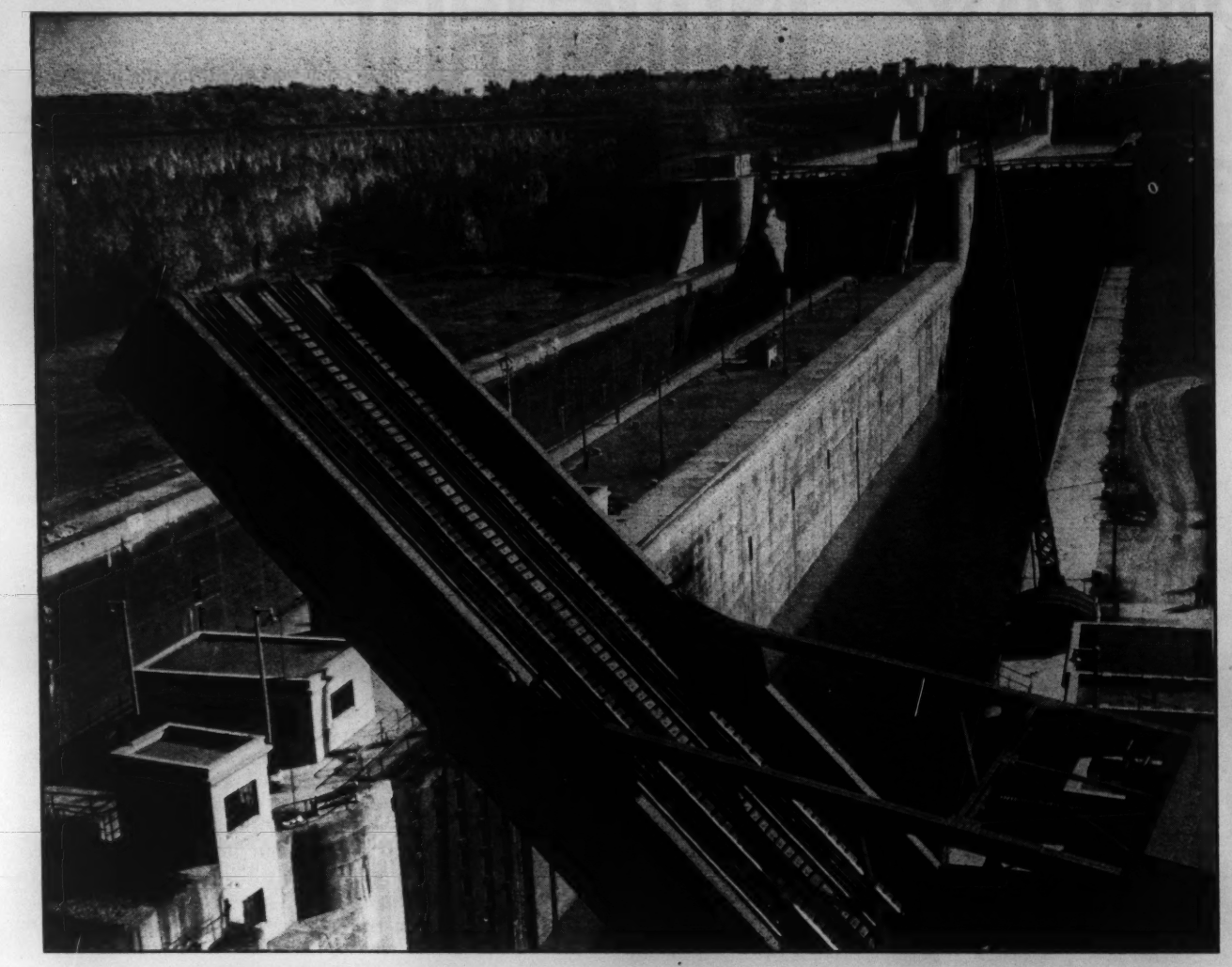
Case for a Charter

A HIGHLY important series of articles has been appearing in *Obiter Dicta* (the vigorous magazine run by the student body of Osgoode Hall) from the pen of Mr. Justice C. H. O'Halloran of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, and we could wish them a wider circulation than the 1,500 copies of that periodical, influential as it may be. They deal with the subject of "inherent rights," and constitute a powerful plea for "a written constitutional charter," or Bill of Rights, for ensuring these rights against invasion by the legislature and executive powers. The last and most emphatic of these articles appears in the spring issue, and deals with (1) the risks attendant on the great transfer of the old powers of parliament to the cabinet and indeed to the single person of the prime minister, and (2) the growth in Canada of certain materialistic philosophies, originating in Europe, but largely mediated to the older Canadians by such American thinkers

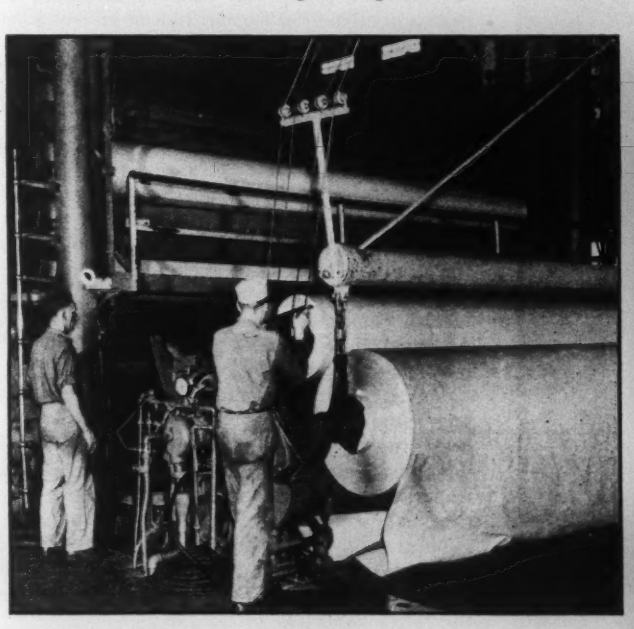
(Continued on Page Five)

The Universities Unlock Knowledge For Groping Man

By Jean Tweed

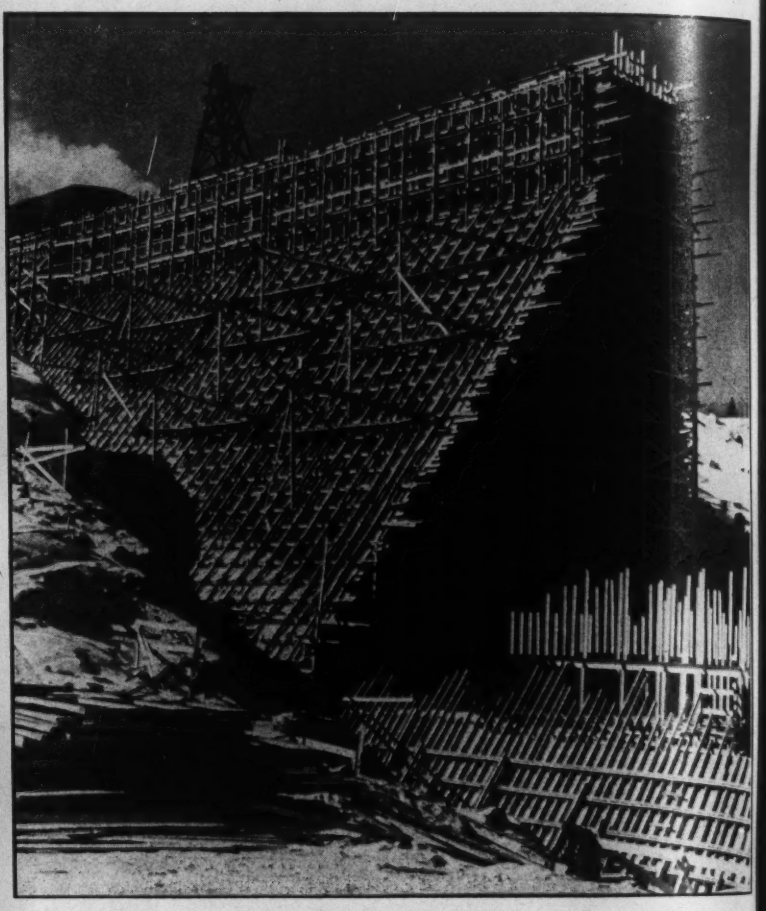


Almost everything around us contributing to our wealth and progress has been made by graduates of Canada's universities. Outstanding example is the Welland Canal which took 17 years to build and cost $130,000,000.



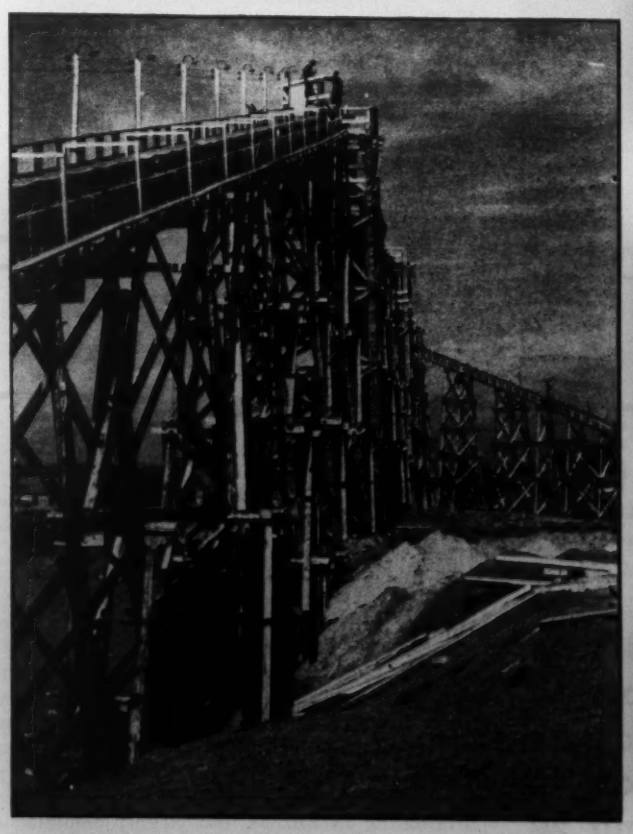
Pulp and paper companies, world's largest newsprint producers, take high percentage of graduates.

From Hollinger Mines, Timmins, comes much of the gold which makes Canada second world producer.



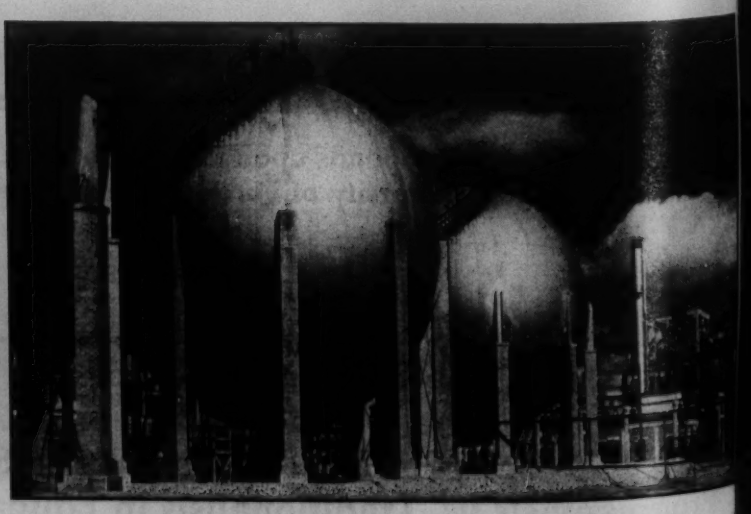
Illustrating the huge proportions of hydro development is the Des Joachims project on Ottawa River (main dam above).

University-trained technical experts produced radar during the war. This worker is assembling radar chassis components.



Hydro project at Aguasabon, north of Lake Superior. This timber trestle conveys sand and gravel.

The almost limitless horizons offered by aviation attract many of best engineering graduates.



Much research and technical knowledge went into the development of synthetic rubber at the Polymer plant.

THESE pictures show the optimistic side of man. They show man's ability to reason, create and apply. Here we see the results of man as an engineer, a miner, a producer, an inventor, a farmer. If there were space we could also see man as an artist, a writer, a musician, a philosopher, a healer, a moralist. Or, again, we might see man as a murderer, a rapist, a destroyer, a warrior.

Whatever character man may assume is the product of his training and his knowledge. And the institutions for training and extension of knowledge have assumed greater influence and responsibility through the years as knowledge became more precise and training more necessary.

The responsibility of these institutions is to train man as a creator not a destroyer. This challenge they have accepted. Whether they will succeed or not is anyone's guess, but to date man has destroyed more than he has created, as Europe knows too well. But if such institutions are to succeed in moulding the peaceful character of man, they need support. They need moral support and financial support. They need brains, buildings, books, and equipment. It is not a cheap experiment except in the long run.

HENCE the present drives for funds by universities all over the continent; Harvard for ninety million dollars, Swarthmore for five million, Montreal for eleven million, Toronto for six million, British Columbia for half a million. Most of these campaigns, such as Toronto's which opened on May 1, are for buildings. But if the standards, staff and scholarship problems are to be solved, it will be just a fraction of the final needs of the universities. They must have it and we must give it. It's just as simple as that, if peace and creation are our true aims.

Man is a worried, harassed creature today despite his fine buildings and his atom bomb. The world teeters between war and peace, poverty is still widespread, depression and unemployment are always within hailing distance. There is a constant, frantic cry for production and more production, less waste, more efficient services and above all a need for greater understanding and integrity to guide our material progress.

ON these pages we see a handful of man's material achievements, but although at first glance they are impressive and exciting, they are not yet enough—they are exercises in mechanics and represent knowledge, not wisdom. Man will do much more, and do it much better, but whether it will be destructive or constructive depends on the understanding of the people who do it.

The future will be fashioned by the knowledge locked up in the brains of man and released by education. It is our present responsibility to provide and support that education. By May 22 we will know whether the University of Toronto has that necessary support, and whether we recognize that responsibility. Other universities will offer further tests.

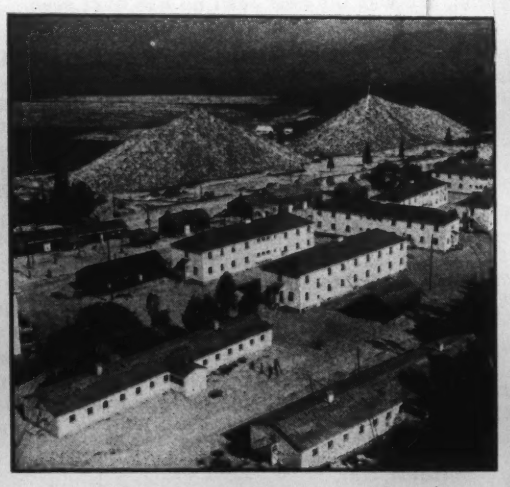
It will be quite a criterion of whether we are willing to pay now for a peaceful prosperous future, or fight it out later and destroy what is symbolized by these pictures.

The universities and schools are our hope and our responsibility. If we could be secure in the knowledge that some day in the future our children will understand the principles of life, will know how to prevent war and poverty, will be able to live vital, healthy lives, then perhaps we might be a little happier in the present.

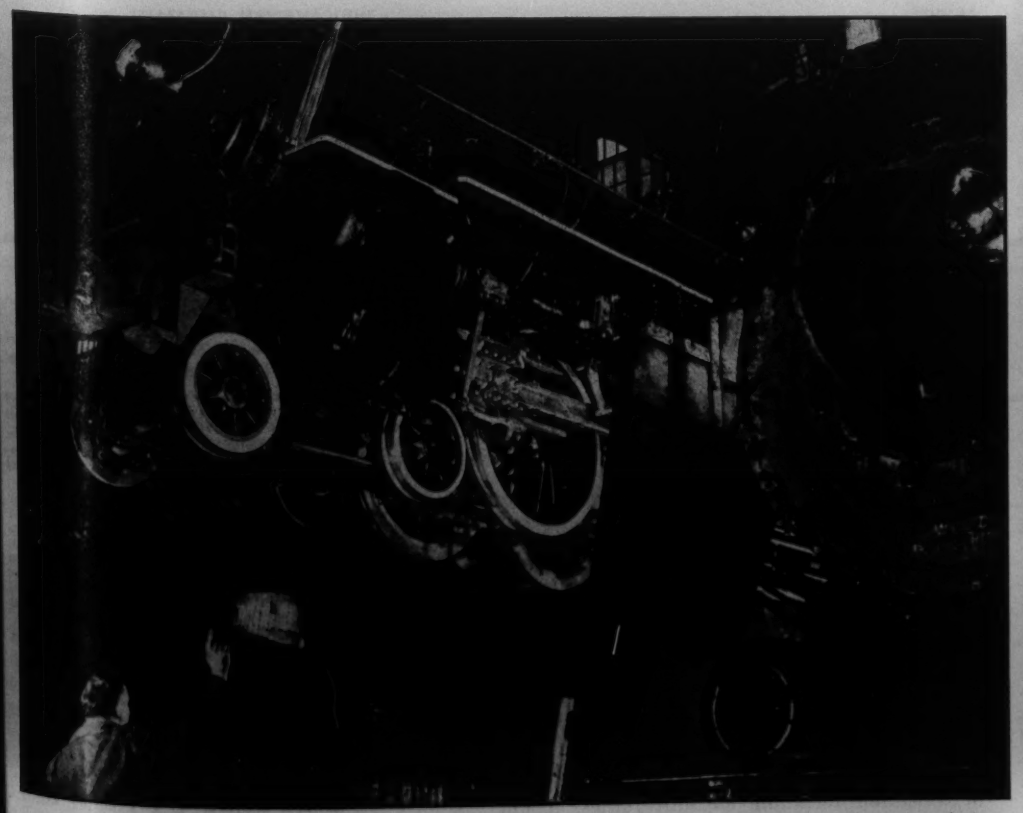
A new and portentous field of endeavor has been opened up by the discovery of atomic fission. Above, Eldorado Mine at Port Radium, source of vital uranium.

Soil conservation measures are of supreme importance if world's growing population is to be fed. Erosion in Peel County, Ont., indicates urgency of this problem.

University graduates direct mining of Canada's gold. This is Lake Shore.



At Marathon Paper Mills (above) trained engineers boss production.



Train operation is only a part of running a railway. University-trained engineers in C. N. R. and C. P. R. supply depots are vital factor in maintenance and improvement

Steel-producing processes are constantly being improved by technical advances. This is part of Steel Company of Canada's main plant at Hamilton, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Editor

D.P. Doctors

TODAY I received a letter from a Lithuanian D.P. in England who wants to come to Canada, and is willing to be an interne in a Canadian hospital. Since 1927 he has been a Doctor of Medicine with two diplomas from the University of Munich and the University of Kaunas, Lithuania. His record shows that he has been a specialist in internal maladies and for T.B. of the lungs, a hospital consultant, a medical school lecturer, and a camp doctor for U.N.R.R.A. Between 1934 and 1940 he represented Lithuania on a Rockefeller Foundation scheme.

To think that a man with his qualifications should be working in a shoe factory in England, leaves one at a loss for words. He took his present employment only to escape from Germany, to which country he fled when the Red Army moved into Lithuania. What is perhaps most important is that he is not only willing but would prefer to work in a rural community.

I do not know the current regulations of our medical associations concerning the admission of D.P.'s to practise in Canada but they should be very closely examined. After all, medical service is of considerably more value to the country than considerations of competition among doctors. And the fact that he is willing to come as only an interne is quite significant of this man's sincerity.

Hopewell, Pictou Co., N.S. DAVID S. WILSON

Journalism in Canada

RE THE recent article on the press by George V. Ferguson (S.N., April 3), as a university student interested in journalism, I find the opportunities in Canadian journalism very limited. Little wonder that so many thousands of young Canadians left Canada last year!

There are only two schools of journalism in Canada (at the University of Western Ontario and Carleton College), while nearly every large U.S. college has one. Furthermore, Canadian editors place priority on so-called "experience" rather than on ability and initiative, while Canadian newspapers import a great many American features and columns. Very few Walter Winchells or Billy Roses can be developed in Canada that way.

There are no forms of encouragement to Canadian journalists such as Pulitzer Prizes or Guggenheim Awards. I suggest that the Canadian Daily Newspapers Association establish a Dafoe Prize, let us say; that Canadian magazines and daily papers institute short story contests to encourage new writers. Some of the top writers and novelists in the U.S. were discovered by such contests. Opportunities for young Canadians are also limited in radio and the theatre. It is time that government officials, educators and industrialists did something constructive. More university scholarships would help as a beginning.

Toronto, Ont. BEN NOBLEMAN

Chinook

DR. LARGE of Prince Rupert says that I was ruled by my imagination in talking about the use of Chinook (S.N., March 13). Anything I told your readers was told to me on good authority.

Mr. Andrew Paull, President of the North American Indian Brotherhood, informs me that a great many Indians still use Chinook, though not so much as a few years ago; it is used, as formerly, between tribes as well as between whites and Indians; it is also used in court, to avoid misunderstanding. Mr. Paull himself has had to use it at meetings throughout B.C. It was never *spoken* within a single tribe, but was *written* within a single tribe in the Chinook Wawa Shorthand invented by Father Le Jeune, who also added a great deal to the original Chinook started by the Hudson's Bay Co. at Fort Vancouver (U.S.A.). I am wrong in implying that Chinook is used within families that are forgetting their own tongues; these families speak English with their children. But Dr. Large is wrong in saying all the tribes remember their own tongues. The children do not, in a great many cases.

I was certainly wrong about another minor matter that Dr. Large does not mention, the amount of Indian words in Chinook. Actually, Mr. Paull tells me, this amount is fairly low. What I took for Indian words are often badly corrupted English or even Chinese.

Of course the main point of my little essay was the poetry in Chinook. I hope there is no disagreement there. My whole purpose was to please lovers of words.

West Vancouver, B.C. DAVID BROCK

HOMAGE TO DR. McCANN

("Deadline for individual income-tax returns is extended to May 31." News item.)

I AM sure I am grateful to Dr. McCann.
We've not met, but he must be a merciful man,
And his one-month delay in the yearly atrocity
Springs from a feeling of pure generosity;
But how in the dickens it benefits me
Is a thing that I can't for the life of me see:
For in April I just wasn't able to pay,
And I see no financial improvement in May.

I'm not asking for sympathy when I bemoan:
I'm aware that the fault is completely my own;
When I ought to have been in a husbanding mood,
I committed the error of purchasing food,
In the stupid belief that in order to give,
I should first of all make some endeavor to live.

J. E. P.

—*Photo by Karsh.*

This picture of Olga Landiak, the young London, Ont., actress, in the role of Joan in Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," was taken by Karsh at the Ottawa performance which won the Bessborough Trophy for the London Little Theatre, the Nella Jefferis Trophy for Miss Landiak herself, and the Adjudicator's verdict, she was the best Joan he had ever seen.

Better Than Chinook

YOUR article on "Chinook" (S.N., Feb. 7) needs some correction. Speaking of this trade jargon, your writer, David Brock, states "it (Chinook) has been so successful that most of our Indians have forgotten their own dialects and speak only Chinook and English."

A very large number of our native people have had no contact at all with Chinook; most of the Pacific coast people resent its use exceedingly. I have been asked more than once by native bands and councils not to use Chinook at all in official business. Neither do our natives enjoy having their languages called "dialects." The Nishga, Tsimpsean, Haida, Bella Coola and Quaguitl, principal tongues spoken on the coast, are complete languages, as languages go, and are more rhythmic and lovely in every way.

Prince Rupert, B.C. F. EARL ANFIELD, Indian Agent.

Opposite Internationalism

IN HIS "Ottawa Letter" (S.N., April 24) Wilfrid Eggleston says: "The member for Wetaskiwin, a devoted follower of the international ideal of Douglas Social Credit, spent considerable time denouncing vigorously such international ideals as the United Nations."

Douglas Social Credit is not an ideal of Internationalism, although, of course, it could be embraced by any or all countries. Douglas Social Credit stands for decentralization of control—national, provincial and municipal; that is, for the effective control of his institutions by the individual citizen. Thus, "individualism" is an ideal of Douglas Social Credit. By contrast, Internationalists aim at the centralization of controls leading to world control by world government—control removed as far as possible from the individual, a bureaucratic, totalitarian World-State in which the individual would lose all control over his institutions.

This is the ideal of "Internationalism" according to Marxian Socialism, Communism, Fascism, and Naziism. In this sense Douglas Social Credit is the opposite pole to Internationalism.

Ottawa, Ont. NORMAN JAQUES, M.P.

A Pagan Sunday?

THE appeal to secularize Sunday is again before Toronto City Council. The demand for Sunday sports persists in the minds of certain citizens. In view of the present world condition, it is amazing that these people can be so blind. Unless we can maintain and apply the Christian tradition and teaching, our civilization is doomed.

We have only one day in seven, the Christian Sunday, set apart for necessary religious instruction. We have six days for organized sport, pleasure and business activities. To include Sunday in the wake of this secular employment would not only be a scandal but would accelerate the movement of paganizing our civilization.

Toronto, Ont. (REV.) R. S. LAIDLAW

Necessary Balance Sheet

WE HAVE for some time past been experiencing charitable appeals from various large and well-administered Canadian organizations. These appeals are for the most part ably managed and professionally conducted; the ends which they serve merit, and receive, the help of many thousands of Canadians.

In the course of the campaigns, advertising space is often liberally used. It occurs to me that one of the most effective arguments which could be put forward would be to devote a portion of this space to the publication of a detailed statement of expenditures during the past year, together with a balance sheet. No organization, including the universities, should have any reason to demur.

Winnipeg, Man. ANDREW MCANDREWS

Passing Show

THE Peterborough *Examiner* says that every Canadian has one chance in a million of becoming a millionaire. We will sell ours for a dollar, which seems to be the correct market value.

•

The difference between the two seamen's unions is that one is the C.S.U. and the other is the C.L.S.U. And it's an L of a difference.

•

If the C.C.F. is really anxious not to have the support of the L.P.P. in the Ontario campaign Mr. Joliffe might try not using the same arguments as Mr. Tim Buck.

•

The Communists were pretty generally frozen out of the May Day parades in the non-Communist countries. Mr. Molotov is no longer Queen of the May.

•

Strange that the less paper there is in Britain the more paper work has to be done for the government.

•

The Prog.-Cons'. new platform will plump for controlled prairie irrigation. An answer to the recent floods produced by the Liberals.

•

People in Bogota who do not pay attention to the official curfew are taken thirty miles out of the city and made to walk back. But why should they want to get back into Bogota?

•

An American Senator warns that a business recession will put the U.S. "in the red." Clearly a slump is an un-American activity.

•

The World Monetary Fund will soon set the value of the Finnish currency. Of course it will be too high.

•

The men and women who are setting out for some far-off Pacific island to avoid the atom bomb are trying to save civilization by getting away from it.

•

Emily Post has been asked to give "recommendations for the use of chewing gum". It is not the use of it that we are concerned about so much as what is done with it after it has been used.

•

Canada's official history of the Dieppe landing says, "It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the planners underestimated the influence of topography". This is believed to mean that they forgot about the hills.

•

There is just one infallible way of avoiding over-production. It is to under-produce.

•

Lucy says that before the end of the year there will be a demand that baby-sitters be government-inspected, licensed, unionized and guaranteed a minimum wage. And after that it won't be long before amateur parents will be prohibited from sitting with their own babies.

SATURDAY NIGHT

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The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

as Dewey and Watson, and fundamentally hostile to the concept of individual rights.

The supremacy of parliament, upon which the British constitutional system relies for the maintenance of the inherent rights of the individual, had some meaning when "parliament" meant a King with some power of decision, an uncontrolled Upper House and an uncontrolled Commons. "There is then a system of checks and balances." But the King in Canada has been practically reduced to a rubber stamp, the Upper House has no will of its own except for those brief periods, when it contains a majority opposed to a new cabinet, and the Lower House is in effect dominated by the cabinet. The prime minister "has become the repository of powers which the Tudor and Stuart kings might well have envied." Mr. Justice O'Halloran might have added that in eight provinces the Upper House has ceased to exist, and that a vigorous attack is being made upon that vestige of the Royal power which consists in the right of the Lieutenant-Governor to refuse assent. "What is vaguely referred to as the supremacy of parliament is in actuality the supremacy of the prime minister."

Now it is one thing to trust, for the preservation of our inherent rights (assuming that we believe them to exist and to be valuable not alone to us but to society), to an institution of three parts, all of which must consent to any action taken, and quite another thing to trust to one man, who may today be Mr. King but may tomorrow be—well, in Saskatchewan he is already Mr. Douglas, in Quebec Mr. Duplessis, etc., etc., and it is not easy to feel that any kind of right, inherent or otherwise, is completely safe under such "supremacy." The case for a charter which even our supreme rulers could not evade or over-ride has not, we think, been better stated anywhere than in these articles.

It need hardly be said that no charter will of itself preserve anybody's liberties. But a trench is a great help to a platoon of riflemen; a stone wall gives shelter to a machine gun; and a Bill of Rights will make things harder for the enemies of freedom.

Desire for Offspring

THE recent decision of the House of Lords in Baxter vs. Baxter, which has elicited an immense amount of discussion in Canada as well as in Great Britain, is hardly likely to have effected a final settlement of the problems which arise from the modern practice of birth control. In effect the decision gives to either party in a marriage the right to refuse procreation of children, without regard to the wishes of the other party; it abolishes all right of one party to have children in wedlock, by making it entirely dependent on the consent of the other party. In Great Britain henceforth, and presumably in Canada if we follow the British example, a marriage will not be annulled on account of insistence by one or the other party that consummation shall be accompanied by contraceptive devices.

It will seem, we fancy, to many people that this involves the destruction of a very important right of a person entering into matrimony, and that if it is generally carried into effect it will eventually become necessary for the courts to concern themselves with pre-marital agreements of a character which they have hitherto been able to ignore. The desire for offspring is a very deep and natural desire in many human beings, and it has hitherto been assumed that it was a desire of which a person entering into matrimony had a right to expect the fulfilment if not prevented by natural physical obstacles). This assumption is completely destroyed by the Baxter decision. Persons desiring that their marriage shall be fertile will henceforth have to enter into an agreement to that effect with the spouse before marriage, and such agreements will eventually have to be made enforceable by the courts. We shall find ourselves with two kinds of marriage, one entered into with complete freedom for either or both of the partners to prevent procreation, the other entered into with agreement that procreation shall not be prevented, or shall be prevented only in certain circumstances.

The point we are here making has nothing to do with the general question of the morality of contraceptive devices; it has to do with the right of one party to use them without the consent of the other. Nor is it a claim for the maintenance of a right which is important to one sex only; there are plenty of cases where the desire for offspring is the wife's and the desire to prevent them is the husband's.

"GOING MY WAY?"

The Hope of the Future

THE GREAT value of the active participation of young people, and of students in particular, in the affairs of political parties was exemplified recently by the Student Liberal Club of the University of British Columbia, which has taken issue with the official policy of the party in B.C. on the subject of Japanese Canadians. The club has put forward the view which we believe to be entirely sound, that these official policies tend to give "factual basis to the claims of the C.C.F. and the L.P.P., that the 'Left' alone is the true and only protector of minorities." The restrictions imposed on Japanese in Canada "must be an embarrassment to the American democratization of Japan and also to our own representatives to the United Nations."

It is particularly gratifying to find youth so strongly on the side of true liberal principles in a matter of this kind, because it is in the nature of things that those who are now young will increase in influence during the next few decades, while those who are now old will decrease in influence and eventually disappear. Young people who can thus defy the prejudices of their elders are the hope of the future.

Refusal to Work

A SHORT time ago we published an article drawing attention to the case of a former employee of an Ottawa car and airplane plant, who was drawing unemployment insurance benefits on account of the refusal of his union to permit its members to work at a plant where another union had had an unsuccessful strike and where work had been resumed with non-union labor—or at least with labor not belonging to the union which called the original strike.

Our attention has been drawn to the section of the Unemployment Insurance Act under which this abstention from work was ruled to be justifiable, in the sense that it did not deprive the abstainer of his right to benefits. Section 43 reads in part: "No insured person shall be disqualified from receipt of benefit by reason only of his refusal to accept employment if by acceptance thereof he would lose the right (b) to continue to be a member and to observe the lawful rules of . . . any association, organization or union of workers."

We suggest that this is an extraordinarily broad provision, which enables a union to establish any conditions which it likes (subject only to the qualification that they must be "lawful") under which its members may abstain from work and yet be eligible for unemployment insurance benefits. Nothing that an insured person does by way of observing the "lawful rules" of his union can possibly be used as a disqualification. We are quite prepared to admit that in the great majority of cases this is a perfectly proper provision, and that the great majority of the rules of trade unions are such as to entitle them to this form of public subsidization (for that is precisely what it is) for their enforcement. But we see no guarantee that *all* rules of *all* unions will be of this character.

The administrators of the system are extremely, and properly, strict about refusals of possible employment when made by individuals on their own personal choice, but the Act hands over to the trade unions a blanket right to refuse possible employment, and to refuse on any terms that a union may think proper, and the administrators can do nothing but go ahead and pay benefits. Without some control by the government of the conditions for refusal that can be validly set up by the unions, we do not think that it is possible to talk about the system as having any actuarial basis; actuarial calculations are not possible except when all the conditions of the contract involved are known and controllable.

Doorway

THE doorway of University College, Toronto, which we show on our front page this week, is said to be the finest reproduction of Norman architecture on this continent. It is a symbol of the deep roots of our Canadian universities in the culture and scholarship of the past—culture and scholarship that are under severe challenge these days.

On pages 2 and 3 we show some different and more distinctively Canadian forms of architecture—some great engineering achievements that were, for the most part, planned and carried out by engineers from the University of Toronto.

Today many university students are writing final examinations; in a few weeks they will go out across Canada. Our future belongs to them and to others like them. No investment can be more rewarding than money put into our universities. The University of Toronto campaign is ending next week and we urge our readers to subscribe generously.

The New Little Theatre

IN A society from which "spivs" and "drones" are being progressively eliminated, the position of the amateur in any art is bound to be fundamentally changed. In Canada it has been fundamentally changed in the dramatic art even in the short time since the Dominion Drama Festival came into being, which is only fifteen years ago; and the changes since the days of the Earl Grey Trophy are tremendous. In those distant days the possession of leisure was the exclusive privilege of what was then called the "upper classes," and since the practice of art without remuneration demands a great deal of leisure these upper classes had practically a monopoly of the amateur theatre. They haven't now.

Before the Second War the lists for the finals were often filled up with organizations which called themselves the So-and-so Masquers, or the Such-and-such Strollers—names indicative chiefly of a romantic concept of the stage atmosphere and a desire to have a good time. Today nearly all the participants are Repertory Theatres, Community Theatres or Little Theatres, suggesting a strong sense of public service and a recognition that the natural desire for living players in a living theatre, as against shadow players on a screen, can be satisfied at the present moment only by the efforts of people who do not have to make money out of their theatrical work. The Drama Festival is a sort of national recognition of the self-sacrifice of these people and the value of the service that they are rendering. It makes it possible to honor the four or five most successful or most deserving efforts of this kind (we do not suggest that the adjudication is always perfect, but high merit seldom or never goes wholly unrecognized), it brings together the friends of the theatre from all over the country to study one-another's methods, it even mingles English and French tongues and English and French ideals and practices in a single session.

This journal regards the Festival as one of the most useful institutions in Canada, and one which throws a great responsibility upon the city which is honored with its presence. Toronto is to have that responsibility next year. It is a great opportunity, which we hope will be taken advantage of. One thing which should most certainly be done is the putting in of a Toronto entry in French—not with any special hope of winning the Bessborough Trophy with it or even the Plaque du Festival, but just to show that Canada's chief English-language centre is not wholly unaware of the cultural values of French art and the French tongue.

Greatly concerned as we are about the Canadian nation, we are not greatly concerned about any Canadian National Theatre, and the idea that the promotion of such a theatre should be part of the task of the Drama Festival leaves us entirely cold. In present conditions the Little Theatre is essential and profoundly—and desirably—a local rather than a national growth. That the products of that growth should move around the country a bit is much to be desired, and the Festival does actually move them around to some extent. If it could do something more to help Montrealers to play in Winnipeg, and a company from Saskatoon to play in Toronto, we should be delighted; and that may come.

Mental Exercise

WITH this issue we commence the publication of a new feature which, if our readers come to like it, may last for a long time. It is a crossword puzzle, and a Canadian crossword puzzle at that. Not that there is anything about a Canadian crossword puzzle to make it any better than any other crossword puzzle; but it has seemed to us that our puzzles would probably be more interesting to our solvers if they contained a few modest references to places, personages and concepts which would be more familiar to Canadians than to outsiders. What a pleasure there is in the flash of recognition that comes when one is mulling over the definition "We spent a week there one Sunday," and suddenly finds that the second letter is O, the fourth letter is O, and the seventh letter is O again!

The author of these puzzles has been building them for the edification of a private circle of friends for some years, with ever-growing acceptance, and we hope and believe that in the wider circle of our readership they will find similar acceptance. They will of course get tougher and tougher as our readers get more used to them; for crossword puzzles are like a swimming bath, you begin at the shallow end. They will however be honest; their author is a sportsman and takes no unfair advantages, and anyhow we wouldn't let him. You, our readers, are dearer to us than any brain-teaser in the country.

CALLING ALL REFORMERS

'LIJAH the Tishbite, rugged and hairy,
Baked and browned by the desert sun,
Told the King and his Jezebel fairy
That their luxury days were done.
Staring, the body-guards let him pass,
Striding away as bold as brass.

'Lijah the Tishbite, scared to the bone,
Crawled him under a juniper tree,
Said in hesitant, whimpering tone,
"All my fathers were better than me!"
(Sniffy nose and a tear in the eye!)
"I'm a failure and ought to die."

Prophets hereabouts, nowadays,
Seeing the world not doing well,
Nothing worthy or fine to praise,
All the old standards gone to hell,
Feel like saying, "Oh, what's the use?
All we're getting is fools' abuse."

Let them recall, when depressed a bit,
'Lijah the Tishbite snapped out of it.

J. E. M.

Defence From Politics Is Needed in O.A.C.

By J. K. GALBRAITH

The Ontario Agricultural College, which should lead the Dominion in agricultural teaching and research, has been recruiting its staff from its own graduates. Further, it is directly responsible to the Provincial Minister of Agriculture. It needs to broaden its staff and to have the normal buffer against political influence—a Board of Governors.

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Galbraith, an editor of "Fortune" and a well known economist and agriculturalist who began his education at O.A.C.

IN my previous article (S.N., April 24) I argued that a college of agriculture, at its best and most useful, is a scientific centre and suggested that the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph falls short of this ideal. As partial evidence, I drew attention to the apparent absence of fundamental research, the apparent concentration on testing and experiment of a purely service character, and to the absence of a research program in such a field as the economics of agriculture. I should like in this article to probe a bit deeper for the reasons for these shortcomings in an institution which once enjoyed an international reputation.

One probable reason is that the College is living in the shadow of its past. A glance at the roster of its personnel shows that the college for many years has been engaged in what is perhaps the most dangerous and debilitating practice a scientific or educational institution can follow, namely the recruiting of its staff from among its own graduates. Talent is not being selected from the world at large but from the very limited group of men with degrees from the College itself. This could be justified, if at all, only by extreme pre-eminence and that can hardly be claimed.

Thus the College has been denying itself the infusion of new methods, new ideas and more diverse talents which the steady recruitment of outsiders would bring. It is following a formula that can only perpetuate its own stereotypes. I seriously question if there is a first-rate college administrator anywhere in the English-speaking world who would approve of the recruitment policy that has been followed at Guelph.

End of the Road?

Even more serious is the evidence that only a minority of the faculty has any training beyond the Bachelor's degree. The training of a scientist, as I am sure everyone will agree, is a long, slow process. The acquisition of the Bachelor's degree has become an introductory step. A Ph.D., or its equivalent, which many universities have (I think rather foolishly) made a prerequisite for appointment, is no proof of complete preparation. It does, however, suggest the importance of training. This is a career where formal and informal study must continue through life.

By contrast it is clear that at O.A.C. the completion of undergraduate training has normally been considered the end of the road. Only a minority of the faculty has taken graduate work; the majority, in almost oriental fashion, have been content to learn at the knee of the man they would eventually replace.

Of twelve men currently listed as members of a department in one field calling for exacting and varied scientific work, only four hold advanced degrees. Some others may have done work without getting degrees but it must be assumed that at least a majority of the members of this department have been content with their undergraduate training.

Of six members of another department holding the rank of assistant professor or above, only two show indication of having done graduate work. Nearly all of those who have done graduate work have stopped with a Master's degree. If these were obtained in the United States it signifies only that the individual was in residence for a year. Indeed in recent times this degree has often been a kind of consolation prize awarded to the student who was being discouraged from doing any further graduate work.

The second reason for the decline of the O.A.C. is, without question, its relation to the Provincial Department of Agriculture. The College as is well known is an adjunct of the Department; its president is responsible to the minister of the day. So, ultimately, are the members of the faculty.

This arrangement for operating an institution of higher learning is all but unique in the English-speaking world. So radical a departure from normal practice could only be justified by exceptionally good results. It is fairly clear that the results at Guelph, so far from being exceptionally good, are quite the reverse.

Why the Restraints?

There are in fact many reasons for thinking that the arrangement at Guelph is thoroughly bad. Real scholarship has never flourished in a civil service atmosphere where, as at O.A.C. men sign in in the morning and dutifully record their hour of departure at night.

No man who is genuinely worth his salt needs such restraints; a man who is so lazy or so lacking in interest in his subject that he has to be clocked in and out isn't worth having around. It might also be added that genius has always shown a disposition toward bizarre working habits and odd hours. It is barely possible that most of the world's great novels have been written, its greatest music composed, its greatest scientific discoveries made, after midnight.

More serious is the problem of politics. No elected official should ever be asked to take responsibility for the findings of a scientist for these are often most useful when they are most uncomfortable to vested interests or ideas. A minister should be able to disassociate himself from the economist who has reported low farm incomes or unprofitable (or perhaps too profitable) milk prices in an election year. Turning the mirror around, no scientist should ever be in a position of having to consider, even subjectively, the effect of his work on the political fortunes of a superior.

Such a separation of the world of politics from that of science (both being honorable pursuits) is in the best tradition of western academic freedom. It may be that Guelph has not suffered from the juxtaposition of the two worlds but it would be a miracle if it hadn't. I recall, from my own undergraduate days there, that vocal criticism of the Minister of Agriculture was one of the *tabus* of the campus. If this were apparent to students, faculty members could not but be aware of the restraint. In fact they are.

The conventional non-partisan "Board of Governors" or "Board of Trustees" is no guarantee of academic freedom. In the United States there are many instances where these bodies lay a heavy hand on the faculty and where the colleges they administer are uninspired and politically circumscribed. At Iowa State College, one of the leading agricultural colleges in the U.S., the dairy interests of the state were able a few years ago to effect an almost com-

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plete disorganization of the Agricultural Economics faculty because it published some kind words about the economy and nutritive values of oleomargarine.

Some day, perhaps, we shall find our best colleges and universities administered by their own faculties, these being the people who are probably best qualified for the job. Until then a Board of Governors, appointed for long terms, and representative of the best scientific and educational talent and (for a college of agriculture) the outstanding farm leaders of the community, is the best arrangement of which we know.

To arrest the decline of an educational institution is no easy matter. It goes without saying that it takes money. It also requires the driving energy of a president with a single-minded desire for reform. It also requires a community that is aroused to the need—for such reform never comes by itself or peacefully.

Once a college has started down hill it becomes propelled by its own momentum. The faculty comes to regard its own world as complete and sufficient. Outside study is held to be superfluous. Outside criticism is dismissed as ill-informed or even malicious. (As an undergraduate at Guelph I remember being warned against a certain public figure who was a "critic" of the College.) Students on this continent, a notoriously gullible group, can be persuaded of the peculiar importance of being "loyal" to their college. Some graduates will always rally to the defence of *alma mater*.

Diversion and Disguise

The student's natural disinclination to intellectual activity can be exploited at an agricultural college by diverting him to vocational pursuits—judging and grooming livestock, identifying seeds, slaughtering hogs—and by treating him to a superficial smattering of a great many different subjects all of which, it can be claimed, are useful to the farmer. This latter device has been extensively used at Guelph and is an excellent disguise for teaching that fails to get under the surface. A sophomore in his fall term, to take a typical case, is exposed to thirteen different subjects in 32 hours of lecture and laboratory work weekly at an average of two and a half hours for each subject. Mornings and afternoons are entirely filled with classroom or laboratory work.

It is obvious that such pedagogy, which allows little or no time for reading and teaches the student only what he hears, offers the merest smattering of any subject that has content. The curriculum has remained virtually unchanged since 1931 when I was an undergraduate and I can offer personal testimony on its near-uselessness—although my wife was once profoundly surprised by my familiarity with the general principles of plumbing.

Reform depends most of all on recruiting a good faculty. That is partly a matter of money. The first-rate scholar does not work to get rich but he does eat. There is also, for any Canadian institution, the ticklish business of redeeming graduate students who have gone to study in the United States and who (out of weak character, let us say!) fail to return.

Inducement to Return

I am not sure this problem isn't exaggerated. At University of California and at Harvard, two of the leading centres where Canadians study and where I have had experience, I saw a good deal of Canadian graduate students. For most of them the question of returning to Canada was chiefly that of getting a position. In any case, the problem of getting and maintaining a fine staff has been brilliantly solved by many departments of the Canadian universities. It should be no more difficult in the sciences relating to agriculture. Macdonald College, in my own field, has recently added to its staff two men who were on their way to outstanding careers in the United States.

As a final word, I should like to recur again to the importance of this whole question. The farms of Ontario are the hard substance of the Province's wealth. They are the wealth of urban and rural dwellers alike. And Ontario farmers are in the great Anglo-Scottish tradition that accords a place to education and its advancement only slightly inferior to that of religion—and which, indeed, often equates the two. Here, of all places, is the setting for a college of agriculture that is not mediocre, and not even good, but that is truly great.

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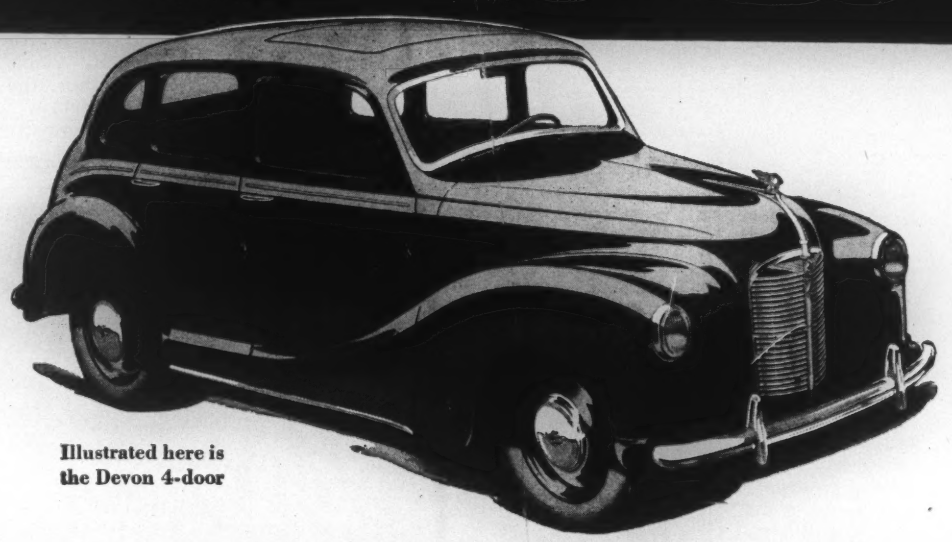

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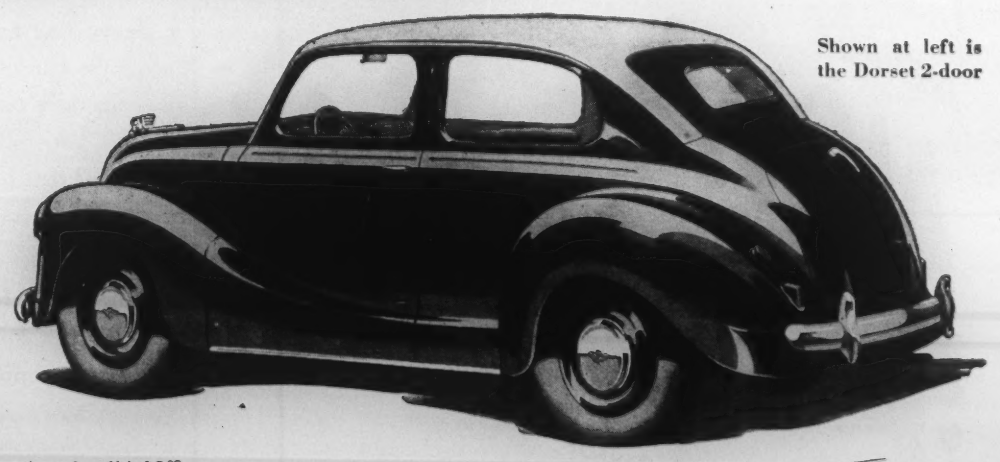

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OTTAWA LETTER

Foreign Policy to Seek Security In a Company of Free States?

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

THE first two days of the Commons debate on foreign policy introduced a very wide range of subject and view, and it embraced some of the most significant and momentous statements on external affairs ever heard in the Canadian parliament. Since the aggression of Communism both in the international sphere and at home is politically the livest issue of the day, it is not surprising that this aspect of the debate was most featured in newspaper headlines and in editorial comment. There were a number of parallel and ancillary matters of hardly less importance which drew very little attention and will probably be missed by the public.

Events crowd one another with such bewildering rapidity these days, and the evolution of Canada in the past decade has been so pronounced that in order to see current foreign policy in its proper setting it is useful to recall the days not so long ago, when, under the same prime minister and with the same political party in power, it was possible for the late J. W. Dafoe to write from Ottawa very cuttingly to his editor at Winnipeg about Mackenzie King industriously expounding "his *invisible* foreign policy" and the attitude of Canada in general to be correctly described as one of "no commitments", pacifist and essentially isolationist.

All political parties in the House made contributions to the first two days of debate last week, and inasmuch as they probably reflected quite faithfully the views of the masses of the Canadian people also, it is possible to say quite confidently that our foreign policy today is in sharp contrast to that of ten years ago. As J. M. Macdonnell (Muskoka-Ontario) said, and repeated, "Colonialism is dead." As the Minister for External Affairs said right at the very beginning of his notable summary: "It is now, I believe, an accepted fact that practically everything of importance that happens in the international sphere is of interest to Canada—often of direct and immediate interest. For us there is no escape, even if we wish to seek one, in isolation or indifference." And if the foreign policy of Canada between the two wars could be correctly described as timid, dependent, and negative, such words are quite improper to apply to the overall spirit of the current Canadian debate. Before Mr. St. Laurent had sat down, indeed, he had thrown out a suggestion of concrete action which reporters seized upon as containing the primary news value of the whole speech.

"It may be," said Mr. St. Laurent, who had been considering a possible new association of nations, "that the free states, or some of them, will soon find it necessary to consult together on how best to establish such a collective security league." He went on to say that it might grow out of the plans for "western union" now maturing in Europe; and he added that its purpose would be not negative: "it would create a dynamic counter-attraction to Communism—the dynamic counter-attraction of a free, prosperous and progressive society as opposed to the totalitarian and reactionary society of the Communist world."

An Ottawa Conference?

The significant word "soon" was immediately noted by Ottawa correspondents, and speculation began over the possibility that Ottawa might be chosen as the site of such a conference of freedom-loving nations, to explore a new path to collective security.

At an early stage in the debate, the C.C.F. and the Progressive-Conservatives endorsed such a step. On the following day, Angus MacInnis, C.C.F. member for Vancouver, said:

"If I understand the government's policy . . . it is, stated briefly, to use the United Nations as the instrument for maintaining world security and advancing world welfare. However, the Minister went further, and here I agree with him. If the United Nations does not provide us with the security we seek, then we shall cooperate with other democratic nations to provide that security for us and for them."

J. M. Macdonnell, one of the Progressive Conservative leaders, had not heard that specific proposal in Mr. St. Laurent's address and, having missed such a constructive note, put it forward all the more effectively than if he had been merely echoing a government statement of policy. He quoted with thorough approval an assertion made by Walter Lippmann to the effect that "the British dilemma and the American dilemma can be resolved only by the construction of a large political community which includes the British Commonwealth, the inter-American system, and a European federation with its African dependencies and colonies."

Explore Other Means?

It is, of course, necessary to read the recent debate on foreign policy here at Ottawa in the light of the convictions which have been audibly growing in the minds of a number of world statesmen, and in the capitals of Europe and America. The possibility that the continued failure of the United Nations machinery, as now operating, to provide a satisfactory basis for world peace and security, would drive some of the nations to explore other means has been seen for a long time. The statement made by Rt. Hon. L. S. St. Laurent in the Commons last week was to some extent a revival of an idea he voiced several months ago.

There is, in this connection, a very interesting statement on the matter made by the Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, Lester B. Pearson, at Toronto last January, in which he quoted his Minister on such a proposal. At that time, having examined realistically the effects of the veto and the failure of the United Nations to date to achieve many of the things which had been hoped of it, Mr. Pearson said that as he saw it, there were three courses open. One was to carry on the organization, hoping that the international situation would improve, to provide, as a minimum, a forum where all nations could talk out their differences, working, meanwhile, toward improvements in the structure of the organization.

And the other extreme, the Under Secretary said, was to "insist on a suitable amendment of the Charter, and if that is blocked by a veto (amendment is subject to the veto) then to scrap the present organization and form a new one, with a Charter which will permit it to work. If any state wishes to stay out, that would be its privilege and its responsibility."

Mr. Pearson went on to describe such a step as a drastic course to be adopted only as a last desperate resort.

"There is a third way," he added, "which is much to be preferred to this extremity though it is not nearly so satisfactory as an agreed limitation of the veto by convention or by amendment of the Charter would be.

"This course would retain the present Charter, but would frankly recognize that within the present United Nations certain members were determined to form a collective system which would really guarantee their own collective security, even if this could only be done on a limited basis of membership."

Then he went on to quote what Mr. St. Laurent had said at the previous general assembly of the United Nations, a firm declaration that "nations, in their search for peace and cooperation, will not and cannot accept indefinitely and unaltered a Security Council which was set up to ensure their security, and which, so many feel, has become frozen in futility and divided by dissension." If forced, Mr. St. Laurent said, they might seek greater safety in an association of democratic and peace-loving states willing to accept more specific international obligations for greater national security.

Since those words were uttered on January 26, the world has seen the fate of Czechoslovakia. A move of this kind now would almost certainly mean a showdown with the U.S.S.R., but there seems to be a growing determination among the democratic nations to have that showdown if necessary, and have it before it is too late.

There was some disappointment and rebuke that the Commons debate last week was so poorly attended, but the general quality and tone of the addresses were a great credit to the present House.

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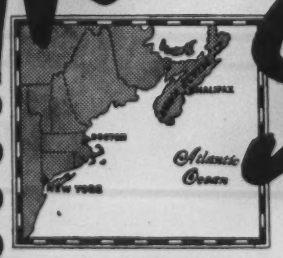

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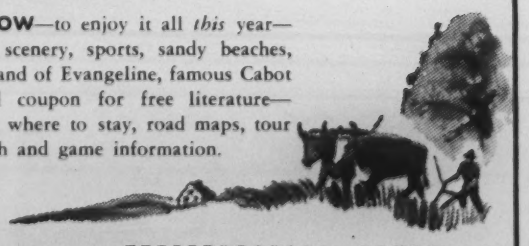

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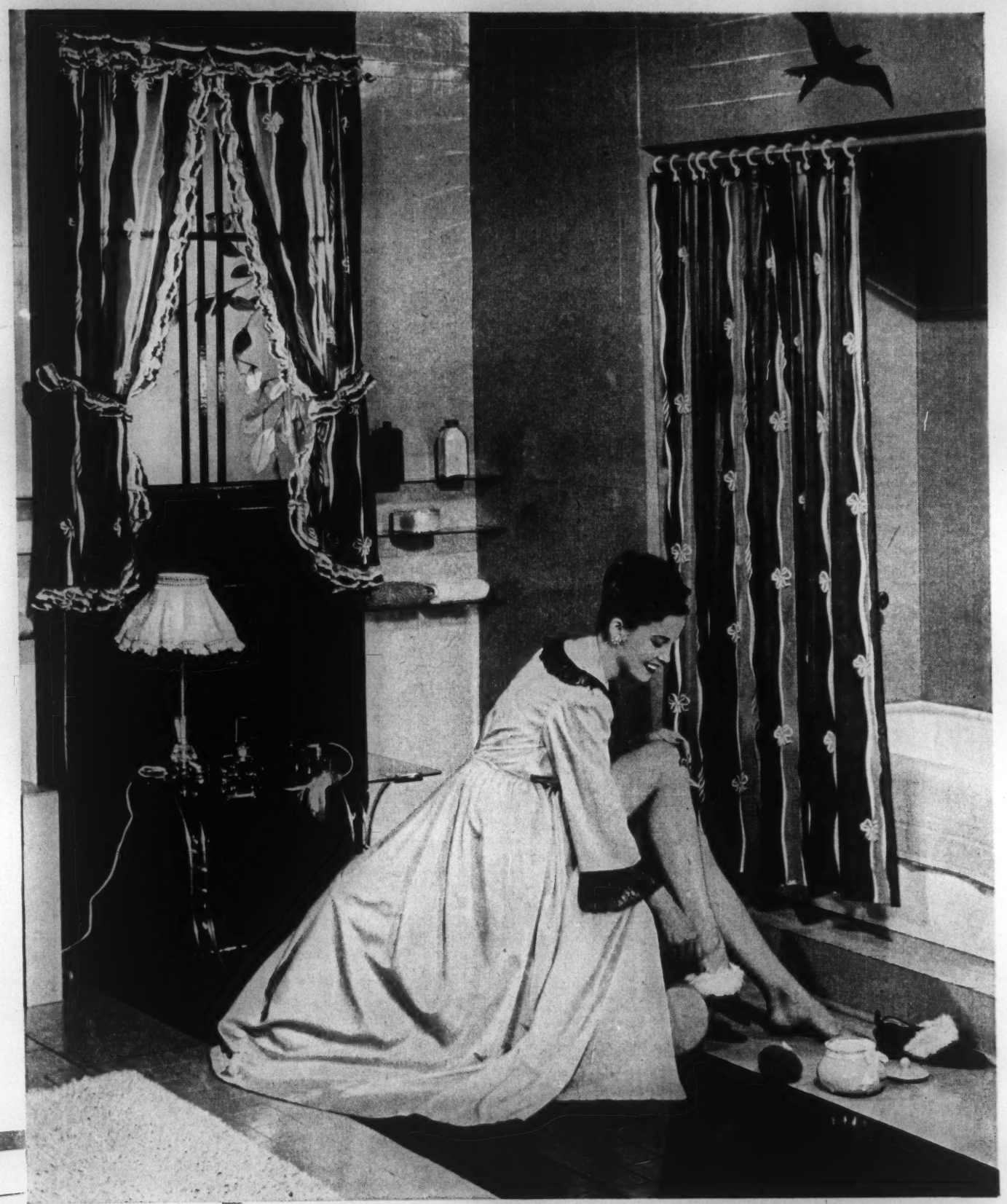

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

The End of the World

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

FOR most people Pankhurst is now nothing more than a name related more or less vaguely to the Woman's Suffrage struggle. But as recently as the Twenties the presence of a Pankhurst, any Pankhurst, in the city, could still command front page space on any city newspaper.

One morning I received an assignment from the city desk—"Go up and see Christabel Pankhurst. Ask about the end of the world." And remembering the hunger strikes, the crusaders chained to Hyde Park railings, the fires lighted in English mail boxes, I hurried up filled with expectation.

Miss Pankhurst was waiting for me, and the little scene she presented couldn't have been more gentle or domestic. She was seated before a low burning coal fire, eating a very English breakfast from a tea wagon, with a little black cat curled up on a cushion beside her. She was a small woman with a round, soft-featured face and she wore something as gray and gentle and indistinct as English weather. Like her famous mother, Emmeline Pankhurst, she understood perfectly the dramatic value of the unspectacular.

I BEGAN with a question about the English suffrage movement and Miss Pankhurst looked at me musingly. The English suffrage movement—ah yes, that little faraway skirmish with the London police. "That is all over," she said, and picking up a muffin spread it with marmalade.

"But you were the very centre of it," I said. "You suffered and went to jail and were forcibly fed—."

"That is in the past," Miss Pankhurst said and laying down her muffin fixed me with eyes which were no longer soft but filled with fierce, exultant light. "Why return to the past? I must go forward, go forward." She leaned suddenly forward, describing with her hands the opening cycle of the new era; and the little cat roused from sleep jumped up, skipped excitedly forward and then went back to its cushion and fell asleep again.

She leaned back then, looking at me steadily. "Do you believe in the Second Coming of our Lord?" she asked.

I made some uncertain answer, but Miss Pankhurst didn't hear me. Putting aside her breakfast she began in her soft English voice to lay before me the whole calamitous future of the human race. The key was there in the Scripture, and the key fitted, intricately but indisputably, into the lock of events. She could quote to prove it, and with every quotation, delivered in a voice of increasing depth and eloquence, the awful door of the future seemed to swing open a little further. She was accustomed to addressing audiences, and now the full power of the Pankhurst personality was turned on one solitary listener. Watching her and sinking more and more alarmingly under her spell, I realized how prejudice and conservatism and the whole strength of feudalism hadn't a chance against these frail, indomitable Pankhurst women.

She must have talked for over half an hour. Then she finished abruptly. "It is all there," she said, "for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear and hearts to understand."

STILL under the Pankhurst spell I went back to the office. It was a bright commonplace morning, but I had a presentiment which I couldn't quite dismiss that at any moment the sky would darken and then unscroll to let the lightning and the judgment through. Things settled down after a while, but the faint sense of uneasiness persisted through the day.

That afternoon I was assigned to do a "color story" of the races, one of those animated and enthusiastic descriptions that can be such a weariness to even the most zealous reporter. At the race track everything seemed about as usual. The sun shone, the members crowded the rail or wandered about the lawn, the women trailing the long skirts which were the sensational New Look of the Twenties.

I don't know why I selected Painted Post for the third race. Possibly I had the idea that a horse with a name like that must be the longest shot in the world and would pay off accordingly. Or I may have been affected by the queer change that had taken place in the sky. A great luminous brush of cloud had swept across the sun, so that everything looked kindled and changed, like a bright landscape seen from behind colored glass. People were already beginning to crowd to the rail for the third race, hardly aware of the ominous change in the lighting. *They* hadn't spent the morning with Miss Pankhurst.

Painted Post was No. 5, and he was a runaway starter. He was a big yellow horse and after the first spurt he settled down well ahead for the long steady pull and everyone began to grow more and more excited. The air in the meantime was filled with rumblings, there was a flare of lightning in the west, and the grass on the members' lawn turned vividly green under the sulphurous sky. Something seemed about to split the air at any moment. This is it, I thought wildly, clinging to the rail; it can happen any minute now. The crowd was beginning to desert the rail and make for shelter; and a fine lot of good, I thought, that was likely to do them. In all that milling crowd I was the only one who realized that this was a race between Painted Post and the end of the world.

Then the rain came. It came down in great weighted sheets without any preliminary sprinkling. In no time it had churned up the track and Painted Post, who was no mudder, had begun to lapse behind. He came home fifth or sixth, with no more than a drenched handful of us at the rail to witness the disaster.

The rain stopped as suddenly as it had started. The clouds thinned out, and the world gradually resumed its familiar color. I tore up my ticket with a profound feeling of escape. The world hadn't come to an end after all, we still had a little longer.

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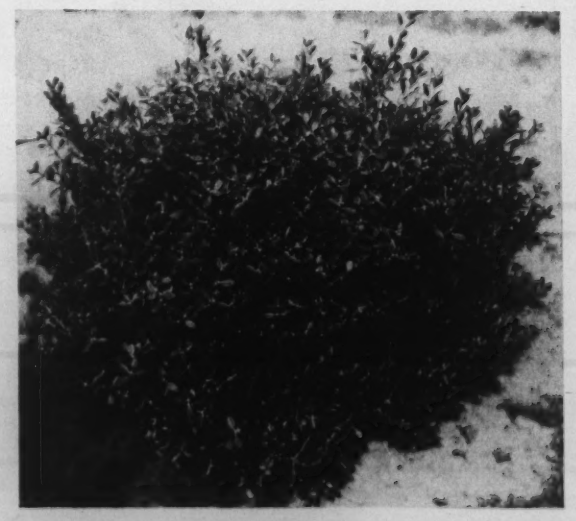

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Will G.O.P. Machine Take Dewey Despite Stassen's Popularity?

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

GLAD-HANDING Harold Stassen was a foolhardy young fellow who hadn't a chance. That was last month. This month Harold Stassen is the man of the hour, politically. The Berryman cartoon on Page 1 of the Washington *Evening Star* has Stassen tramping victoriously through Ohio after winning popularity polls in Wisconsin, Nebraska and Pennsylvania.

The scrutators of American politics sagely counsel that the G.O.P. machine will tie it up for racket-busting, glamor boy Governor Dewey of New York at the convention, and that Stassen stands little chance in the final payoff for the Republican presidential nomination. They seem to forget that Wendell Willkie beat the party diehards and that Stassen may be able to do it again. And that painstaking Bob Taft was runner-up to Willkie.

Stassen was confronted with his toughest test up to this time in Senator Taft's own bailiwick but there was plenty of evidence that the Minnesotan's "gamble" in Ohio would pay off again. Perhaps the best sign that the former Minnesota governor has the Republican Party worried is that he was able to "get Senator Taft's goat." The Ohioan labelled him a "New Dealer," which is regarded as the worst epithet that Senator Taft could apply to anyone.

You hear it now that Stassen deserves everything he may get because of the determined manner in which he went after the nomination. His months of trekking up and down and over and across the United States have enabled him to build up a good political organization. Take his strategy in Ohio. The state looked like an exceedingly tough nut to crack. The Stassen campaign was planned with ingenuity by men who know the territory. They selected areas in which Senator Taft was weak. Instead of trying to win every delegate, they made a bid for only 11 of the 22 places. For delegate-at-large they picked a man almost impossible to beat, former Judge Carrington T. Marshall.

Reminiscent of R.B.?

At the moment Taft and Stassen are doing something reminiscent of the late Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett's effort to stay in power during his brief tenure as Canadian prime minister. These two ranking Republicans are vying to be known as great Liberals. It does not require any great knowledge of American politics to suspect that Stassen may have something over Taft on that score alone. Yet Taft's fearless stand on the Taft-Hartley labor control bill may be a fruitful source of popular votes that Labor would not concede to him as yet.

Both men have spoken favorably of such Federal programs as housing, health programs, assistance to education. These are projects that long have had a pungent New Deal flavor.

The two men have started some rugged infighting. After Taft's New Dealer reference, Stassen has brought up Taft's pre-war isolationist records and has called attention to Taft's endeavor to scale down size of the Marshall Plan. Where Taft has left international affairs to Senator Arthur Vandenburg of Michigan, Stassen has come out flatly in support of: a) a second year of the Marshall Plan if it succeeds; b) strengthening of the United Nations; and c) inviting other U. N. members to join the U.S. in new and concrete moves to cope with aggression anywhere.

Stassen has with characteristic candor come up with his idea of how America might keep out of a third world war. He is confident that firm policies based on the ideals of human liberty can clear the U.S. through dangerous channels.

Stassen differs sharply with Taft on many issues. They divided over the oleo tax issue, with Taft favoring the soybean, and Wisconsin's gift to the presidential race, backing the cow. Mr. Stassen would outlaw the Communist Party, but Senator Taft claims this would not be practicable.

Stassen gave full notice that he wanted to be president of the United States. The former Governor of Minnesota and Navy Captain has been campaigning steadily for two years. He amazed observers with the manner that he can hit and hold the front pages. He has proven that old-fashioned, personal election campaigning pays off. His best friends told him two years ago to run for the Senate to get himself a good sounding board. He has proven himself his best sounding board. He outran General Douglas MacArthur, Wisconsin's distinguished favorite son, and incidentally swamped Dewey. Then in Nebraska he best Dewey again, with Taft a poor third.

He's a young, although not immature man. He has crowded extensive political and administrative experience into his 41 years. Yet he has a quality of newness to the majority of American voters.

He has never shied away from taking a stand on important public questions. This is where he outshines Dewey. In fact he said last year he would turn down a vice presidential nomination with Dewey. He has courage and he has plenty of political savvy.

As a lone-wolf in the fight for the G.O.P. nomination, he boldly challenged Senator Taft, the leading Congressional candidate for the nomination. Taft was so disturbed he saw Stassen late at night to warn him he was making a mistake. Stassen decided he was not.

He has shown great strategic sense in choosing his battlegrounds. He knows which to avoid. For instance, he turned down chances to test strength with Dewey in New York or Governor Earl Warren in California.

Agree on Taft-Hartley

Stassen is also in favor of the Taft-Hartley law, but it is Senator Taft who is directly and unmistakably identified with this effort to curb labor. The Taft-Hartley Act has been described as comparable to the Sherman Anti-trust Act, which was the nation's first step toward curbing Big Business. It took courage to back labor control legislation because such a stand means a direct loss of labor votes. Senator Taft has earned the gratitude of long-suffering critics of Big Labor abuses. It is questionable how many votes they can muster.

The Senator's traditional conservatism may lose him the nomination, but it will not rob him of the respect of Americans who have learned that he is not reactionary. He has proven in his stand on issues that he knows there must be improvement in human relationships and in relations of the people and their government. Yet, the fact remains that he lacks the vote-getting qualities of dynamic Dewey and the self-starting Stassen.

The other Republican presidential hopefuls tried this week to "gang up" on Stassen. Several senators met to plan new strategy to stop a Stassen stampede at the G.O.P. convention next June 21. Their plan is to ask delegates from seven key states,—Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, New Jersey, California Connecticut and Massachusetts, to keep their 300 votes lined up behind favorite sons until the strength of other contenders has been proved.

Actually, they are fearful that Stassen has the situation in hand. They don't like to contemplate a repetition of the Willkie victory in 1940. Stassen supporters believe he can win the nomination by the sixth ballot with his winnings in Ohio and success in the May 21 Oregon primary.

The Republican Old Guard wants to stop Stassen now, but they may eventually be on that band-wagon.

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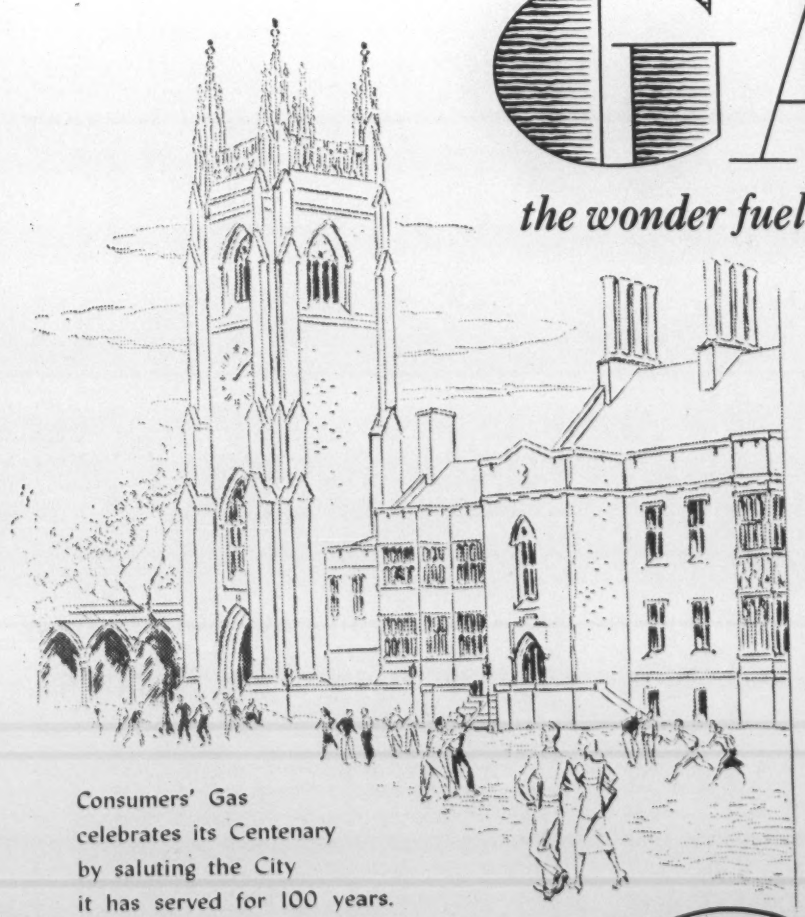

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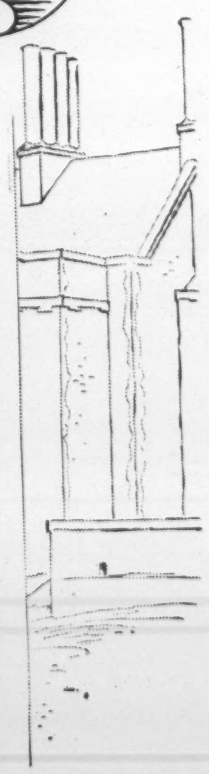

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SPORTING LIFE

The Wonderful Bat

By KIMBALL McILROY

THERE'S not much point in my telling this story, because nobody will believe it. Nobody ever does. But I always tell it anyway, because I like it myself, and then too of course it has a moral, which you can figure out if you want to bother.

It all happened the year I played the outfield for a club in the Three-Eye League. Let's call it Hicksville, though of course that's not its right name, because there isn't any Hicksville club in the Three-Eye League, that I know of.

We'd played a double-header against Davenport on this afternoon and lost both ends by basketball scores, and those losses didn't start us on a losing streak—they just added two more games to a fine losing streak we already had under way. Our "games won" so far in the season hadn't got into two figures yet. We weren't exactly on fire.

Eddie Bleek, our manager, was, though. The sack was breathing so close down his neck that he didn't have any hair left in back. The owners were roasting Eddie and, naturally, Eddie was roasting us. Sometimes after one of our spectacular exhibitions he'd come into the dressing room with a ball and a bat in his hands. He'd make us all pay attention and then he'd toss the ball up in the air and tap it with the bat. The ball would go a few feet.

"See what happens?" Eddie would ask, talking like to a bunch of three-year-old kids. "It's easy, honest. You hit the ball with the bat and," he'd snap his fingers, "the ball travels, just like magic. Why don't you try it some time?"

That made us mad, of course, but there was nothing we could do. He was right. No one on the squad was hitting his own weight, and a printed list of our batting averages looked like a crate of eggs.

This particular afternoon we'd been worse than usual, even. We were so depressed nobody'd have had the gumption to get out from under a falling safe. Eddie'd been in and told us we ought to be playing bean-bags instead of baseball—if that's what it was we'd been trying to play—and left disgusted. The rest of us sat around, thinking about getting out of our uniforms and into a shower but not doing anything about it.

Just then there was a knock at the dressing room door and a little wizened-up old guy came in, carrying a baseball bat.

"If he has a ball too and tries that trick of Eddie's on us, I'll personally kick him out into left field," Gus Mallory muttered, looking at the old guy.

BUT the old guy just stood there, sort of uncertain, like he was sorry now he'd come in.

"My name's O'Rorke," he explained finally. "I used to play for Hicksville."

"Don't tell anyone or they're apt to sign you up again," Joe Wheeler said. The guy looked ninety if he was a day.

"No, No, they won't," he said, and smiled a faraway smile. Then, like he'd just remembered, he held out the bat he'd brought in. "I've been thinking that maybe if you'd use this bat you might do better," he said. "It's the one I used, when I was playing for Hicksville."

Someone started to laugh and then stopped. We all looked at the old guy and at the dusty, unpolished old bat he was holding.

"Well, we couldn't do worse, that's a cinch," Mike Martin said.

But Gus Mallory snorted. "Thanks all the same, grandpa," he said, "but if we can't get hits with nice shiny new Louisville Sluggers we sure aren't going to do much better with that old used-up toothpick you got there."

"I'd like you to give it a try," the old guy said. "It's really a very fine bat, in its way," and he gave us that smile again.

He must have been pretty persuasive or it was the smile that did it or else we were so desperate we were willing to try anything, but anyway Mike Martin reached for the bat and said, "Okay, Dad, I'll give her a whirl tomorrow, but mind: don't blame me if I bust it."

"You won't," the old guy said, handing the bat to Mike. He smiled again and started for the door, and then he hesitated as if he'd just remembered something. "Oh," he said, "there's one more thing. With this bat you can hit a ball a long way, a long, long way. It was given to me by . . . well, never mind." His voice sort of trailed off, and then came back strong again. "It's my advice that you just swing it hard enough to knock the ball over the fence. No harder. *Never* swing it as hard as you can. It isn't wise. Anybody ought to be satisfied with a home run, shouldn't they?"

I guess we all nodded. We weren't hard to please. Joe Wheeler expressed it for all of us when he said, "I'd be satisfied with a good hard infield fly, Pop."

The old man seemed happy about that. He gave us another smile and went out. I don't recall even hearing the door close behind him.

Gus Mallory started guffawing. "That's a hot one," he chortled. "Connect once with that old bat and you'd likely wind up with a face full of splinters."

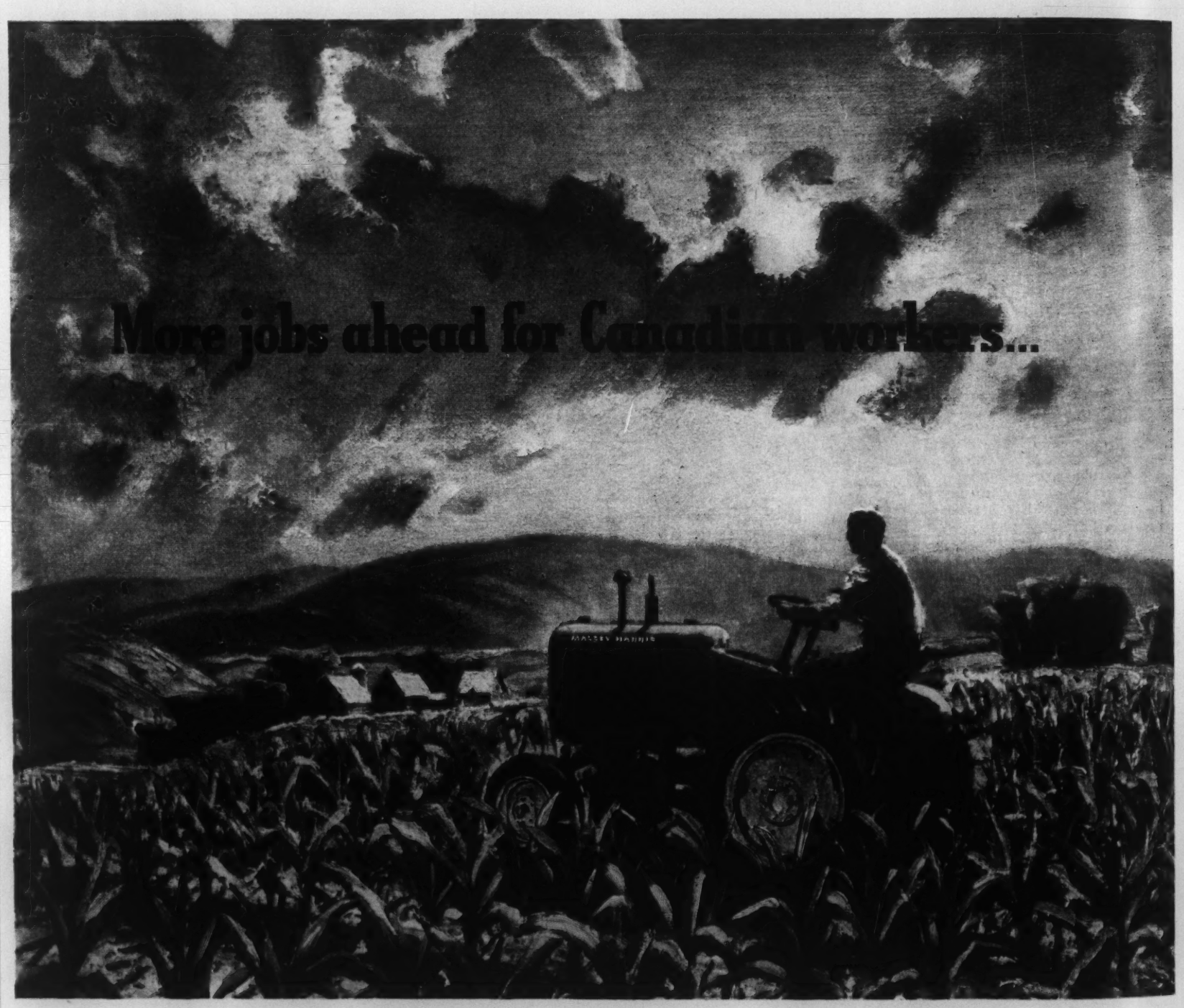
"I'm going to give it a try tomorrow, anyway," Mike Martin said. "I told the old guy I would."

AND he did, the next afternoon when we were playing a game with Evansville. It was the last of the ninth and we were three runs behind, which for us was doing fine. Somehow we got the bases loaded and who was up next but Mike. Now Mike, as everybody knows, is a fine shortstop but couldn't hit a basketball with a paddle, not if he was holding the basketball himself. And even when he does hit one, everybody thinks he's bunting.

Well, Mike picked up his usual bat, took a look out on the djamond, grinned, put it down, and picked up the old guy's bat.

"What have I got to lose?" he asked as he strolled out to the plate.

Mike didn't like the first two pitches. The umpire did. In the dugout we were starting to get packed up. The third pitch came down and



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Mike swung. There was a sharp crack and the ball arched up over the infield, the outfield, and the fence.

It must have been the first home run Mike ever hit, and of course it caused something of a sensation. Eddie Bleek came into the dressing room, a big smile on his face for once, and asked Mike what in the world had happened.

"It was this bat," Mike said, holding it out and staring at it like a guy who's not quite awake yet.

GUS Mallory guffawed, but Eddie was interested. He asked where Mike had got it and Mike told him about the old guy and how he used to play for Hicksville and about his screwy warning and so on.

"O'Rorke?" Eddie asked. "Never heard of him, but I'll look him up in the records, just out of curiosity."

It took him quite a while to find any trace of this O'Rorke, and in the meantime things began to happen to our Hicksville club, and that bat was the cause of it all.

Mike used it again the next day, and got three home runs. Then Joe Wheeler tried it once and parked the first pitch in the left-field bleachers. I swung it, and hit the third home run of my entire career.

Gus Mallory had come to us with the reputation of being a slugger, and he was always boasting about it, even though he hadn't shown *us* much. With everybody else getting home runs, you could see him starting to itch, and finally he had to forget his pride and the way he'd sneered at the bat, and he used it too . . . with the same results we'd all had.

Well, of course it was the biggest thing that had ever happened in baseball, and it's a lucky thing we had a smart manager like Eddie Bleek, because as soon as he saw what the score was he called us all together for a little talk.

"Look, boys," he said, "we got a good thing here. Let's not spoil it. First, not one word of this gets outside the club. Second, we're hitting so many home runs people are going to get suspicious. From now on they're rationed, under my orders: just enough to win most of our games."

That was pretty hard on the team's sluggers, especially Gus Mallory and Joe Wheeler. Joe took it the right way, without complaining. Not Gus. Eddie had divided their quota of homers evenly between them, and that wasn't good enough for Gus. He was a *slugger*, and he wanted to prove it. You could see him itching and thinking and figuring. One day he said to Joe, "Okay, so we get the same *number* of hits, but don't ever go getting the idea you hit as *hard* as me."

"I never claimed I did," Joe said.

That still wasn't good enough for Gus. While he figured, Eddie was still trying to find something in the records about this O'Rorke. And Hicksville was winning games.

IT HAPPENED on the last afternoon of the season, with the pennant already sewed up tight. Gus boiled over. When he came up for what looked like his last time at bat, he yelled at Joe Wheeler, "Now, you so-and-so, you watch this. I'll show you who's the heavy hitter on this team," and he stalked out to the plate.

"Gee, don't forget what the old guy told us," Mike Martin shouted, sounding worried.

"Why's he have to *prove* how good he is?" Joe Wheeler asked. "Nobody's denying it."

If Gus heard Mike, he didn't show it. He got set out at the plate, digging in his toes, wiggling his shoulders until they were just right, cocking that bat. The ball came down and he swung with every bit of his strength, which was considerable.

I didn't see the ball go. There was a Crack! and it was out of sight. Gus looked after it, still holding the bat, and then turned and gave a deep bow to the crowd.

Well, I got theories on how this happened, but I'm not telling them. I don't want any men in white coats coming for *me*. But it is a fact that a couple of seconds later a baseball came into the park like a flash of lightning from exactly the opposite direction to where Gus' hit had gone, like it had travelled right around the world or something. It missed Gus' head by inches, hit the bat and broke it to smithereens.

Well, that was all there was to it. The bat was bust beyond any repair and no amount of taping was going to fix it. We'd had one good season but the following year, without that bat, we were so bad the owners broke up the team and sent everybody to lower classification clubs. I never heard of Gus Mallory again, but someone said once he was playing semi-pro ball.

I almost forgot. Eddie did finally get a line on this O'Rorke, and of course he couldn't have been the same guy who'd come into our dressing room. Jack O'Rorke had played for Hicksville almost twenty years before. He'd been such a sensation that the writers began comparing him with Babe Ruth, except for one who insisted that while O'Rorke got more home runs, he wasn't as hard a hitter. One day O'Rorke really teed off. Everybody agreed it was the hardest-hit ball they'd ever seen. Only the poor guy didn't live to enjoy it. Nobody really figured out what happened, but it was finally decided that someone must have thrown a ball into the park from outside. Anyway, it came over the backstop and hit O'Rorke on the head and killed him, the account said.

THE IDEALIST

I KNEW him when his world was young.
About him then an aura clung,
Of aspiration, deep and high.
His hands were reaching toward the sky.

A lonely, introspective youth.
Some people said he was uncouth
Because their ways he would not keep.
He was a man and not a sheep.

So success, as is known to men,
Passed by his door, yet even then
His ideals he would not efface,
Though disillusion took their place.

The ills of life about him pressed;
He stood unbowed, though sore distressed.
He was too proud to ask for aid,
Although he saw his visions fade.

He fought against an adverse fate
With scarce a friend, without a mate,
Alone, a solitary man,
As life spun out its little span.

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THE WORLD TODAY

Gouzenko Tells His Whole Story And a Fascinating One It Is

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

HERE is a story which literally every grown Canadian will want to read, and which millions of other people in every land this side of the iron curtain, from heads of government down to "plain" workers, will scramble for as the translations become available.

Let no one think he already knows the Gouzenko story, from the newspaper accounts of the time, the blue book of the Royal Commission, or the articles in *Cosmopolitan*. That's what I thought, as I opened the book, expecting a re-hash of this familiar material. We have instead, an original account of Gouzenko's life as one of the "new" Soviet youth, his experience in Military Intelligence Headquarters in Moscow, the impact of the free world on his closed and disciplined mind, and on his companions of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, and of the thinking and scheming and feuding which went on behind those walls.

The aspects which seem to me of particular value are his many instances from his own experience, of how decency and loyalty to one's friends are systematically squeezed out of the Communist youth, to make way for the fear and suspicion and ambition for advancement on which, in the last analysis, the entire Soviet regime is sustained; his revelations of the vast network of Soviet espionage; his report of what Soviet officials say to each other in unguarded moments about the free world; his analysis of his own case; and his reflections on the priceless values of democracy and freedom.

Corrupting the Youth

As a very moving introduction there is the story of how the girl Potekina, whom he admired and his whole group liked very much, was purged from the Komsomols for not reporting the "Trotzkyite" views of her father—views of which she knew nothing, if they existed at all. At first the group stood up against the visiting N.K.V.D. officer and defended Potekina bravely.

But when the officer warned them plainly that their hopes for going on to university would depend on their "loyalty", the biggest boy promptly stood up and called for Potekina's expulsion, and on the show of hands, they all "voted" for it—even Gouzenko and those who had spoken bravely for her.

Then came Gouzenko's personal tribulation: supposing he were denounced as a special friend of the expelled girl, now an "enemy of the people"? Could he even speak to her safely? He couldn't. Nor did the others. Sitting in class at a safe distance from Potekina, they were given a stern talk by the teacher on the high patriotism of children who are ready to denounce even their parents "to protect the state."

Later, when these Komsomols were considered safely indoctrinated, they were taken to a church, long since closed, in which emaciated priests were being forced to wash the gold from their sacred emblems with acid, whose fumes were also designed to kill them slowly and painfully, as the N.K.V.D. man in charge explained on the side with gruesome humor. He felt "an intense shame and unhappiness" over this.

Again, he had this feeling when his Komsomols, out on a march, encountered for the first time a column of ragged and starving forced laborers, who begged bread from them. When they gave it, readily enough, the guards came shouting at them and ground the bread crusts in the dirt.

Later, in Siberia, he found that every city had a ring of concentration camps about it, sometimes containing a population equal to that of the city. The people were marched into town under guard, worked alongside "free" laborers in the factories (their only freedom consisted in being able to go home alone to their own miserable huts), and were marched off again to camp at night.

In spite of these and many other experiences, Gouzenko is insistent that he left Russia, at age 24, a sincere servant of the Soviet state, believing that whatever its failings, it was superior to any other system. He had had absolutely no standards by which to judge differently.

It is in retrospect, he emphasizes, that he found the treatment of a group of strikers at the Gorki automobile plant in 1939, not justified as legitimate "defence of the state." Fourteen men struck, against impossible working conditions and food supply. They were shot out of hand and the rest of the workers, who had shown sympathy with them, were all bundled off to camps in Siberia and a new labor force brought in.

"It took me a long time after my arrival in Ottawa to accept as truth, and not falsified propaganda, what we read of organized labor in the Western world. It seemed utterly unthinkable that workingmen should be permitted to form themselves freely into nationally-powerful trade unions with a voice in making decisions affecting rates of pay, the length of the working day, and labor conditions."

Put to work at Military Intelligence Headquarters at a time when this office was being greatly expanded to take on a large part of the work of the "dissolved" Comintern, Gouzenko found that Soviet Russia had thousands of agents active in the United States and Britain alone. Impressing on him the importance of the foreign service, the director told him that there were 12,000,000 members of the Communist Party abroad, with ten to fifteen sympathizers for each party member.

The World-Wide Plot

"After the war," the director continued, "this foreign service organization will mold history. We have already planned to be entrenched early in the government and labor unions of France and her colonies. Italy, Germany and Japan are regarded as assuredly successful campaigns, after they have been allowed to stew for a time in the dregs and privations of defeat . . ."

"As for the United States, we believe that postwar unrest within, plus the world revolution developing without, will soon make it ripe for Communist domination. But England is our most important endeavor, because her influence now reaches over four continents. It is to this campaign that you are being assigned, Gouzenko."

Not to England herself, but to Canada, "the most fertile field of England's influence . . . a vast country where, in recent years, the Party's success has exceeded our most optimistic expectations." There was, however, still formidable opposition to overcome in Canada, so "as a softening measure, leading to complete demoralization before military action, the Party is concentrating on gaining control of labor unions . . ."

"The technique will be infiltration. Trained agents will be assigned to join the unions. They gradually attract attention at union meetings. Eventually, they display aggressiveness in demanding more privileges for the workers. Almost invariably they are then appointed to executive positions. Then it is quite simple to put through the Communist program."

So he was sent off to Canada, allowed to bring his wife out later, but not his mother. He found out that no young agent is ever allowed to go abroad unless he has one parent living, and left in Russia as a hostage of the N.K.V.D. On the plane he met his future chief and head of the spy ring in Canada, Zabotin, "the most intriguing man I have ever met."

He Arrives in Canada

Flying into Edmonton from Fairbanks in 1943, the first question asked by their associate Romanov was "Where are the homes of the workers?" The wealth of food in restaurants and the display of goods in the store windows overwhelmed them. Nothing they had ever heard in their lives prepared them for this. Even less were they prepared for the friendliness of the people. When asked how things were in Russia, they gave their carefully prepared propaganda answers, and to their bewilderment everyone seemed to believe them! "I can't make these people out," Romanov said, checking notes. "They all seem to be pro-Soviet. Yet they are capitalists."

"Not only that," Gouzenko chipped in, "but they don't seem the least bit afraid of Canadian secret agents. Did you hear that soldier in the club car just now criticizing the government (over conscription)? He even disclosed that there is serious discord between Quebec and Ontario!" Romanov continued: "One of the men laughed, and asked if we had freedom of speech in Russia. I said we did."

"Looking back," Gouzenko writes, "we must have appeared as ludicrous babes in the woods. But almost every trinket you accept casually, your free manner of conversation, your amazingly frank newspapers, the food you eat without ever thinking about it—all these things represented the wonders of a fantastic fairyland to us fledgling agents from the vast, fettered and starved U.S.S.R."

Our Trusting Military

The Canadian and American officers whom they met later, on their ostensible work as military attachés, amazed them as much as the civilians, "I can't understand them," Zabotin said, "they conduct themselves towards us as they would towards their own." They would encourage such candor, for business reasons, but say as little as possible in return. For they had been warned by the Director back home that Americans were the most dangerous of all foreigners, with their sly way of pretending to be friendly.

This bewildering show of friendliness continued. Motinov, an assistant attaché who joined them later, came back apparently from Petawa, exulting that "they are like trusting children." "Even the commanding officer helped me to take pictures . . ." Another officer took Zabotin fishing so close to the Chalk River atomic plant that he was able to take pictures even of that! This caused a great stir in Moscow.

Later when Gouzenko's successor arrived from Moscow, he had the same impressions as his predecessors, and blurted out to Gouzenko: "Look around us! Ordinary workers have automobiles, which means they have enough food to afford such luxuries over and above their normal expenses. Look at their homes, with the nice lawns. And nobody seems to bother anybody else.

"Here I am abroad only a month, and yet I am dressed in a manner which the most important engineers in Russia could not afford after ten years' work . . And go out to Britannia Park and see the hundreds of homes being built for veterans, while our veterans get only pretty speeches . . . What is the secret of it all?" Gouzenko said it was free enterprise and complete freedom of action. Whereupon they both decided quickly they were thinking too much. On another occasion this young man asked Gouzenko with wonder whether he could imagine a "Soviet-American Friendship Society" operating in the Soviet Union, propagating the advantages of American democracy?

Well that is something of what was going through Gouzenko's mind, when he was told suddenly in the spring of 1945 that he was to be sent home for re-posting elsewhere. He and his wife Anna, to whose courage he pays many tributes, decided spontaneously that they would not go back to what had come to seem like a hell, but would stay in Canada.

Then the work of the spy ring, whose messages he was coding and decoding day by day, took on a new meaning to Gouzenko. This was a conspiracy to undermine the very democracy whose shelter and freedom he was going to seek, and transform it back into the sordid world he was risking so much to escape. He made the great decision, with Anna's support, that he would expose the conspiracy.

And he set to work, with his keen intelligence to select exactly the documents which would prove his case and expose the chief agents, whom he considered to be Dr. May, the British atomic scientist, Fred Rose, M.P. and Sam Carr, National Organizer of the Communist Party of Canada and also organizer of the domestic spy groups. These key papers he marked in the files, by turning back a corner.

Should He Risk It?

Came the last day, when he was facing immediate return. Was it worth the terrible risk in taking the papers? Could he get away with it? And what would happen to Anna and her two children, one unborn, if he was caught and certainly killed? Again, it was Anna's firm courage, and her conviction that they must earn their new citizenship by exposing this dread peril to Canada, that steeled him anew. He started back to the Embassy. Here he remarks: "I am no hero . . . I was born a very ordinary little man of Russia . . . But that night I came as close to being a hero as I ever will."

Few will deny it as they read the story of how he strolled into the Em-

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bassy, meeting the sinister N.K.V.D. chief Pavlov, went to the secret room, stuffed his shirt with over a hundred documents, stayed to code a couple of messages, and walked downstairs wondering if some of the smaller documents might not slip through his belt and down his pant-leg!

Follows the almost incredible tale of his difficulties in getting anyone to pay any attention to him. I think I can reveal now that Mr. King has told me, in a long discussion of the case, that his first reaction was one of caution lest the whole thing be a Soviet "plant."

The R. C. M. P. were detailed to watch Gouzenko's movements carefully, and were outside his apartment when Pavlov and his N.K.V.D. toughs arrived to jimmy the door and display themselves as so angry and upset that the police were convinced of the genuineness of Gouzenko's story. (I can share some of Gouzenko's feeling towards Pavlov, who tried twice in the spring of 1945 to make a deal with a European emigré politician to lure me to Soviet-occupied territory after the war, where he would have me "taken care of.")

A Big Soviet Problem

Gouzenko thinks it foolish to ask: "What is Soviet Russia up to?" The answer may be obtained from Soviet school books for the earliest grades. The aim of Communism is to dominate the world. In the Soviet Embassy there was open, if guarded, talk about a third world war. It was generally believed that the Soviet was preparing for it, as only a general upheaval would lead to the establishment of world Communism."

At such times Gouzenko could hardly keep from screaming: "You fools! Don't you realize that these people have practically everything the people of Russia seek and need? Why not grasp their extended hand of friendship and work to our mutual benefit instead of trying to ruin them?"

Not only does this book contain a mine of what I believe to be authentic information on Soviet Russia and the world-wide Communist plot; it is also a fascinating case-study of the difficulties which the Soviets face in sending agents out into the world. These men must be intelligent and able to think for themselves, yet as Gouzenko says, if they are too shrewd or inclined to be critical, they will almost certainly end up by criticizing the Soviet regime.

As the reader will see, many of those in the Embassy in Ottawa did end up in this way. Most of them went back; but seeds of doubt remained in their minds, as in the minds of the four million soldiers and officers of the Red Army who penetrated into Central Europe.

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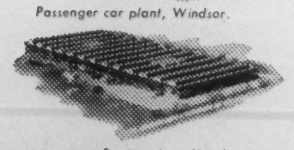

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Nose Is an Osmic Ray Receiver In New Sense-of-Smell Theory

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

New York.

A REVOLUTIONARY new concept of the sense of smell which makes the olfactory mechanism in the nose a strange and remarkable organ was described by Professor Walter R. Miles, of Yale University, and other scientists at a recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences. Smelling, under the new concept, is an energy-resonance phenomenon much more closely allied to the sense of sight than to the chemical processes which were formerly believed to be involved.

Our nose now is known as an osmic-radiation receiver. This is the name given to it by Dr. Miles. Osmics is the science of smell, the name being derived from the Greek word meaning odor. The radiation which produces the sensation of smell is in the infra-red part of the spectrum, a region rich in radiation that comes from complex chemical substances and contains also some strong lines from simpler substances.

The wave lengths that activate the sense of smell range from 80,000 to 140,000 Angstrom units. The wave lengths of visible light range from 4,000 in the violet to 8,000 Angstrom units in the red end. Each group of waves extends over an octave but there are three and a half octaves between the smell wave lengths and the light wave lengths.

The most convenient way of testing the new theory was to experiment with insects which have their olfactory organs on the outside, in their antenna. This work was done by Dr. Lloyd H. Beck, associated with Dr. Miles at Yale. He used roaches, the large variety.

The insects were kept in an observation chamber provided at either end with a window. The two windows looked identical but there was a difference between them. Each had a filter that would permit passage of infra-red radiation in the 80,000 to 140,000 Angstrom-unit range, but one had an additional filter which cut off this radiation.

Behind each window was a chamber into which a pulse of vapor of oil of cloves could be pumped. A vacuum pump was provided which could completely exhaust the vapor. The chambers were hermetically sealed so that not the slightest trace of odor could get into the chamber where the roaches were kept.

In this test the roaches were to be tested for their ability to detect by smell the presence of the oil of cloves in the hermetically sealed chambers when there was not the slightest chance of even a trace of the vapor reaching them. How would a roach indicate that it was smelling something? By the activity of its antenna sticking forward and upward out of its head (commonly called its feelers), these being its smelling organ.

Antenna Activity

When the oil of cloves was pulsed through the air-tight chambers 24 per cent of the roaches exhibited activity of their antenna. This was the average of a great many tests. The tests were then repeated but the vapor of oil of cloves was permitted to enter the chamber in which the roaches were kept. Under these conditions 26 per cent of the roaches showed the same kind and degree of antenna activity.

Other experiments were made by Professor Miles and Dr. Beck using honey bees. A somewhat similar set-up was used. Two chambers that appeared identical were set up in a garden near a hive. Each chamber contained honey, and each had a window with a filter in it that passed the infra-red radiation and one window that cut it off. Both windows presented the same external appearance.

It would be easy to say that roaches and bees smelled the radiation of the oil of cloves and the honey coming through the window transparent to the radiation from these substances, but this is only partly true.

The actual process is more remarkable — the insects send out waves of these lengths which pass through the filter to the odorous substance. There they are absorbed, causing this outflow of energy of the particular wave lengths to be registered by the insects, much as the human eye notices objects by their absorption of visible light waves.

The substances to be smelled in the tests were kept at a very low temperature by carbon dioxide snow. Low temperatures, Professor Miles explained, facilitates the flow of osmic radiation from the smelling organs to the substance smelled. The two antennae on the insects' heads give them the same sense of direction and distance with respect to smell that the two eyes provide in vision.

Human beings use exactly the same mechanism for their sense of smell as insects, Professor Miles explained. The human "antennae" are tiny cilia or hairs in the nasal cavity just behind the point at which the eyebrows and the bridge of the nose come together. This region has the highest temperature of any spot in the body. The membrane is pigmented. Its dark color, compared with the surrounding light pink membranes, facilitates absorption of the infra-red radiation. The tissues under the pigmented area are supplied with a dense mass of nerve endings that rival the retina of the eye in complexity.

Each substance has a different pattern of wave lengths which it can emit and absorb and this pattern is determined by the architecture of its molecules. The olfactory organ sends out an array of waves of different lengths covering an octave in the infra-red range, and in the particular range that is called the osmic band. This radiation acts as a "smell searchlight," and is made up of a large number of tiny beams, each of a particular wave length, that "shines" on the substance to be smelled. Some of the waves will be absorbed and some will be reflected.

Many other experiments, Professor Miles reported, give added support to the new conception of smell by radiation.

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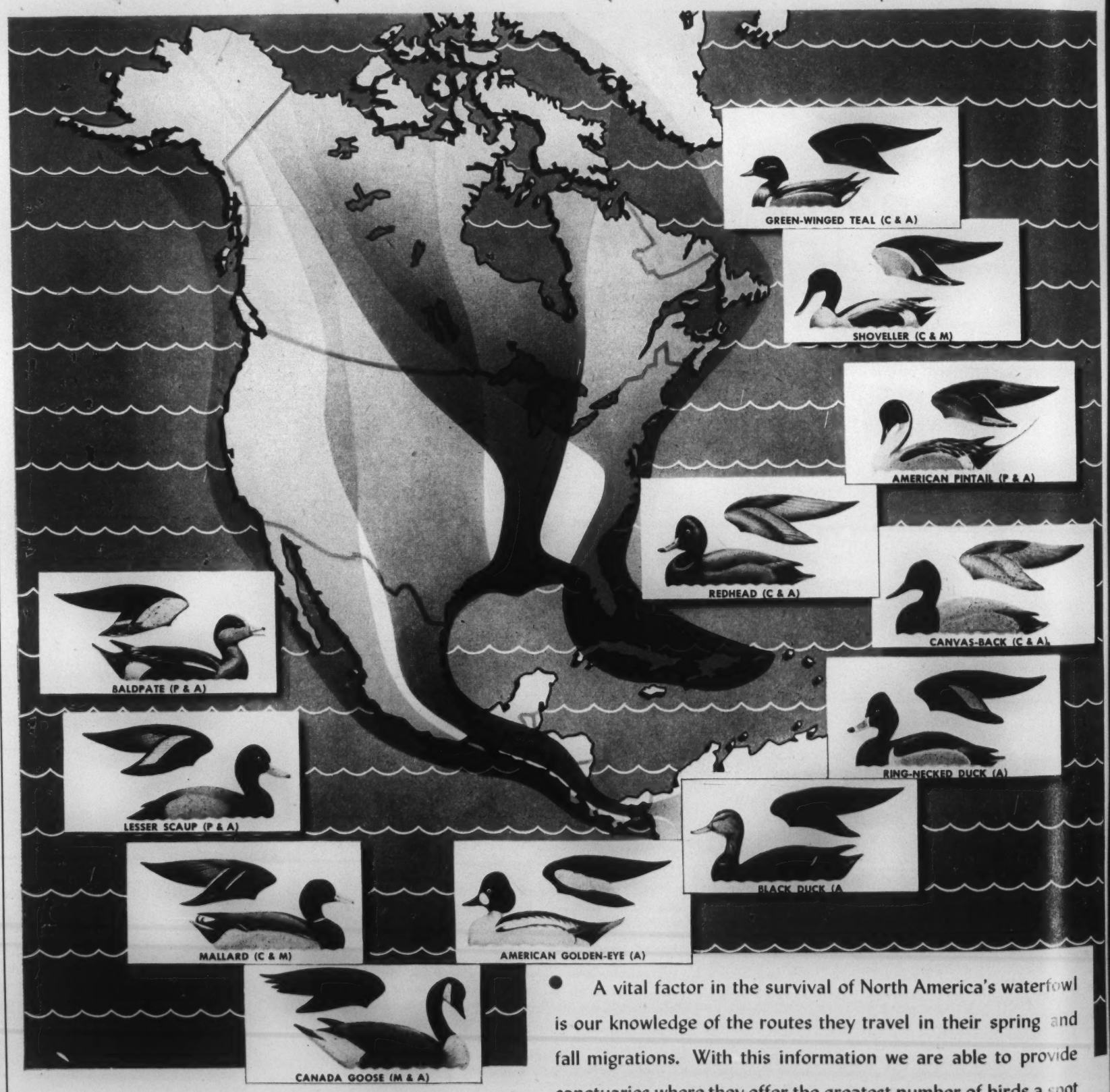
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ART AND ARTISTS

The Jack Shadbolt Show

By PAUL DUVAL

ANY great art produced in British Columbia has had to find its path into the Canadian consciousness the hard way. The noble carvings of the West Coast Indians were only recognized in the country of their birth after many of the best examples were housed abroad, where they were hailed among the finest of primitive works of art the world has known. The late Emily Carr, whose name is now spoken with respect and honor, found recognition only in the last few years of her long and memorable life. Now, another original painter has matured in the West. His name is Jack Shadbolt.

Thirty-nine year old Jack Shadbolt is currently having his first one-man show in Eastern Canada, at the Laing Fine Art Galleries in Toronto. It will be interesting to see how this significant artist's work is received by the public. Of course, one cannot reasonably expect any profoundly personal art expression to be greeted with immediate popularity. Immediate popularity is something the creative artist must often forfeit in return for the satisfaction which he derives through the pursuit of his inner creative compulsion. Nevertheless, it is the duty and privilege of a critic to help such artists to receive a fair public hearing. While new art accents are rarely easy to comprehend at once, some knowledge of the artist's background and aims can help to shorten the distance between the initial shock and eventual appreciation.

The facts behind Jack Shadbolt's career are not too unlike that of many other Canadian artists. Shadbolt was born in England in 1909, but came to Canada as a child and was educated at Victoria and Vancouver. He attended the University of British Columbia, and was active in his early youth in western "Little Theatre" groups. He taught at public and high schools for ten years as an art instructor and later joined the staff of the Vancouver Art School where he has been teaching for the past ten years.

Jack Shadbolt's background as a painter includes studying in London under Victor Pasmore and William Coldstream, and in Paris, under that remarkable teacher, André Lhôte. During World War II he was for a time acting administration officer for Canadian Army War Artists in London. His pictures are included in the collections of Canada's National Gallery, the Toronto Art Gallery, and the Vancouver Art Gallery.

It is in his most recent creative work, that this British Columbia artist may puzzle the public. Having established a respectable background of rather academic work, he has moved on to increasingly personal and abstract forms of visual expression. Attempting to condense his experience and ideas into universal symbols, he has created a world of evocative — and provocative — "images."

"What concerns me now," declares Shadbolt, "is to find contemporary images which will express in condensed form the fundamental attitudes emerging from our complex of fears, angers, frustrations, our hopes and conception of human dignity." This concern with original "images" has been preceded by a gradual development from more literal renderings of nature. The Laing Art Galleries' exhibition traces this growth since 1940.

The watercolors "Pink House," of 1940, and the "Don Quixote," of 1948, provide a revealing contrast. The early "Pink House" is a gentle, bucolic comment almost fairy-tale like in color; the "Don Quixote" is almost monochrome and as starkly linear in design as a spider.

In watercolors, the year 1945 was particularly fruitful. Painted on wet paper and reinforced by pen line, such landscapes as "Fishing Cove on a Rainy Day," "British Columbia Beach" and "Boats at Low Tide" are worth noting. Nineteen forty-six saw Shadbolt's work overseas completed and the painting, at home, of the first of his "images." It is thus a year of considerable diversity in painting. The gay, fiesta-like "Along the Mall—V. J. Day" done in England offers a foil to the brooding "Boats in the Dusk" and the very different "Dog in the Ruins."

Allegorical Comments

During the past two years Shadbolt's watercolors have been mainly devoted to his allegorical comments on contemporary life. Such are the 1947 sketches for "The Dogs" and the striking sketch for the "Yellow Dogs." The 1948 studies are divided between papers depicting confused and emaciated human beings, and tinted drawings of bird-life, some of which are obviously kin to the mythical "Thunderbird" of Indian lore.

All but one of the Shadbolt oils on view were painted in 1947, which was a fruitful year for his art. It saw a new and rich cohesion of his thought and style. A summer spent at Buccaneer Bay produced some of the most powerful, significant and original landscape paintings ever produced in this country. They are the work of an artist who has been in no hurry to throw himself into the production of large scale canvases; they are also obviously the end result of much deep contemplation. The Buccaneer Bay landscapes are both vibrant and haunting. Their grave and sonorous colors, often thickly pigmented, add lustre and emotional impact to the forms.

Among the most impressive canvases of Buccaneer Bay are the two versions of "Image in the Cedar Slash" and "Riggs Island." In "Boats on the Sand" and "Buccaneer Bay, B.C." the artist has taken commonplace themes and given them eternal values. The year 1947 also saw the first of Shadbolt's large "image" paintings. Using traditional art, including West Coast Indian forms, as his springboard, he has managed to realize an exceedingly personal expression. Among the best of these symbolic works in the artist's current exhibition are the "Red Knight," "Image with Red Bones," and "Bird Skeleton."

To date, Jack Shadbolt's painting has shown the continually enriched development of an artist who has a great deal to say, but has not overreached himself to say it too soon. His pictorial conceptions have been paralleled by a constantly expanding technical vocabulary. The sole 1948 canvas in the present exhibition would seem to foretell another advance in this remarkable Canadian artist's evolution. Certainly, the painting entitled "Landscape with Skeleton" is one of the most notable works we have seen by a Canadian artist in some time.

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JOHN McMILLAN

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John H. Gregory has been appointed Director of Engineering Sales. As a graduate of McGill University Mr. Gregory started with the Canadian Blower & Forge Company Limited in 1934 in the Engineering Department. He entered the sales department in 1935 and became Manager of the Toronto Office in 1938. In 1943 he returned to Kitchener as Manager of Engineering Sales. Mr. Gregory is married and has one child. He has travelled widely throughout Canada, and is well known in Canadian industry as well as by air-conditioning and ventilating engineers and contractors.

Mr. Gregory is a member of the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario, and the National Federation of Sales Executives.

John McMillan has been appointed Director of Machine Tool Sales. A native of Scotland Mr. McMillan moved to Montreal when a child and received his education there. Starting with the company in 1920 in the core room he worked progressively in machine shops and assembly departments. In 1923 Mr. McMillan entered the sales department, shortly thereafter the sales department and in 1928 went to Toronto as assistant in Sales Engineering work. In 1941 Mr. McMillan took charge of the Machine Tool Sales throughout Canada and for the export market.

Mr. McMillan is President of the Canadian Machine Tool Builders Association, member of the American Society of Tool Engineers and American Society of Metals. He is a member of the Kitchener Chamber of Commerce. Mr. McMillan is married and resides in Kitchener.

Photo by Ballard

Bernard Rogers, eminent U.S. composer, whose specially commissioned cantata, "A Letter from Pete," was given a world première by the Toronto Jewish Folk Choir last month.

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448

Voluntary Health Plan On Dominion Scale?

By E. L. CHICANOT

Periodically Canada's Minister of Health and Welfare clearly intimates in the House of Commons or in public address that the government's comprehensive health insurance plan is still in the forefront of his thinking and destined for early establishment. For some years now the Canadian people have been keyed up to the imminent launching of this compulsory, contributory scheme and have understood the delays to be attributable to unfavorable circumstances which might be cleared up at any time.

On the other hand it is interesting to note the widespread extension of the voluntary system for the prepayment of the costs of medical care. The popularity of the scheme, as described by this writer, is certainly one of the most significant social developments of the present time.

IT IS in the way of tradition that voluntary health insurance should precede the compulsory system. In nearly every instance where compulsory health insurance has been successfully instituted, it has been prefaced by the voluntary system, after sufficient experience and a recognition of its imperfections and shortcomings. Government action has come after the people and organized bodies paved the way. This they are doing in Canada today.

The first real stirrings of dissatisfaction with the prevailing system for paying for the costs of medical care became discernible in Canada following the publicizing of the institution of health insurance in Great Britain in 1912, when the term "health insurance" commenced to become familiar in everyday parlance. It was not long before people took the first constructive step on their own behalf, initiating the movement which has developed into the successful and widespread municipal doctor system of Western Canada.

Though the municipal doctor system has been described as the closest approach to socialized medicine in America, it is really a voluntary association for the prepayment of the costs of medical care. Residents of a municipality vote on the matter of imposing a special tax on their land for the purpose of securing funds to engage the full-time services of a physician and abide by majority decision. Such municipal doctor districts, in which the doctor is hired to perform all ordinary medical services, for a stipulated salary, cover more than a third of Saskatchewan today and substantial areas of the sister provinces of Manitoba and Alberta.

As further instances of effort by the people themselves to devise more satisfactory means of securing medical care and meeting its cost, one should mention the cooperative systems established by the mine workers in Nova Scotia and Northern Ontario. While, generally speaking, there has not in the past apparently been the urge to cooperate for medical benefits which has been so marked in other phases of the cooperative movement there have been notable exceptions. St. Andrews Cooperative Company, at Antigonish, N.S., was a pioneer in group hospitalization, organizing a scheme for its shareholders and members of their families. The Saskatoon Medical and Hospital Benefit Association is a successful medical cooperative on the prairie.

Surprising Expansion

The most significant development would, however, appear to be in Ontario—on a county basis. The expansion over the past few years has been remarkable. The first cooperative medical group was organized in Ontario in 1943, and there are at present twenty-one such groups in the province, with a total membership of 9,093 and approximately 24,000 people covered by cooperative medical services. One serving Toronto and district provides surgical as well as hospital coverage, while the remaining groups throughout the province provide hospitalization only. At the 1947 annual meeting of these groups the cooperative Medical Services Federation was formed.

At the turn of the century coal miners of Cape Breton on their own initiative organized for the purpose of securing the benefits of hospital care at newly-erected St. Joseph's Hospital at Glace Bay. They subsequently expanded their prepayment plan to make contracts with doctors for general medical care. The system spread from the original district over a wide area of mining activities and has since prevailed, miners generally paying for their medical care and that of their families through their own association which takes weekly deductions from their wages.

Hollinger mine employees similarly took the initiative more than ten years ago when they approached a group of local doctors and expressed a desire to have for themselves and their families a more or less complete medical service, to pay for which they were willing to subject themselves to regular pay deductions. The Hollinger Medical Services was the result, an association of employees which makes contracts with doctors for complete medical care for the workers and their families, permitting them the physician of their choice. Success of and satisfaction with this enterprise led to the organization of McIntyre Medical Services and Porcupine Medical Services. Today the three groups have a combined membership exceeding 22,000.

The aforementioned enterprises, while eloquent of discontent on the part of the public with the prevailing system for the payment of medical care costs and a determination to do something about it, were sporadic and limited in scope and influence. Voluntary health insurance only really commenced to be important and significant under the establishment and extension of non-profit enterprises for the prepayment of medical care launched and operated under medical or semi-medical auspices. That which has woven itself most closely into the Canadian social fabric and is most familiarly known to the people is comprised in the hospital plans of the Blue Cross, the original stimulus for the organization of which came from the U.S., with Canada's accredited hospitals

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Canadian Blue Cross plans are flourishing in five provinces and have a consistent record of growth. There are now approximately 2,000,000 participants in the five plans. The past year saw an increase of about 75 per cent. The largest is the Plan for Hospital Care, Toronto, which is followed by Quebec Hospital Service, Montreal, with an enrolment only half as large. Maritime Hospital Service Association (taking in hospitals in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island) has an enrolment in excess of 260,000 and Manitoba Hospital Service Association, Winnipeg, a membership just below this figure. Associated Hospital Services of British Columbia, Vancouver, has an enrolment of about 115,000.

Voluntary Insurance

Of greater moment and significance are the developments in voluntary health insurance for which the medical profession has been directly responsible. Pioneer enterprises of this nature have been attributable to the initiative and energy of individual doctors or small groups of doctors and their success has led to plans of wide scope on the part of provincial bodies of organized medicine. The widespread movement towards the formation of such voluntary prepayment schemes by county and state medical bodies in the U.S. has also undoubtedly had an influence.

More than ten years ago an energetic, visionary and socially minded doctor in Toronto took the first bold step back to which the broadly developing movement of today seems traceable. Taking a keenly realistic view of the difficulties of the majority of people to budget for the costs of medical care and who become impatient of the failure of the government to take any action in this matter, Dr. J. A. Hannah organized Associated Medical Services in 1936. He enlisted doctors and sought subscribers for his voluntary scheme of prepaid medical and hospital care. The plan has steadily expanded year by year until it has enrolled 42,000 subscribers in Toronto and environs and has accumulated assets of $600,000.

The success of this pioneer project by the medical profession in voluntary health insurance has inspired groups of doctors at other points across Canada to similar organization. At Windsor, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon and Vancouver thriving schemes of prepaid medical care, entirely within medical hands, have been operating for some time, enabling the people within limited areas to insure against illness they might later contract.

Physicians' Services Inc.

These plans in turn had a good deal to do with the framing and launching of the most ambitious scheme to date—Physicians' Services Inc. — which came into existence as the result of the almost unanimous support of the idea by Ontario doctors in convention, and was launched in November last under the auspices and with the financial support of the Ontario Medical Association, largest provincial branch of the Canadian Medical Association. The plan is province-wide, involving all doctors and the entire population of Ontario, and the president of the provincial medical body has stated it will become "the most advanced prepaid medical care scheme in the world" and predicts for it a membership of 2,000,000 within a few months.

There are indications aplenty that Ontario's example will be followed by other provinces in the not far distant future. At the annual meeting of the Alberta Medical Association held last fall the Executive Committee was instructed to proceed with the incorporation of a society to provide voluntary prepaid medical care for the people of the province. No time was lost in doing so. Alberta Medical Services has been organized. Nova Scotia Medical Society was warned by its president to prepare for the same thing, and it is known organized medicine in other provinces is considering similar measures.

The next and only remaining development to look for is voluntary health insurance on a Dominion-wide scale, and this is more than a possibility. At its annual meeting at Winnipeg last summer the Canadian Medical Association, while encouraging such provincial organization as has been mentioned, decided to make a study of the advisability of forming a federal organization to extend voluntary health insurance across Canada. The prospect would seem to be accordingly for the establishment by organized medical men of voluntary health insurance schemes, province-wide in scope, which will later be fused into a uniform national scheme, sponsored and operated by the federal body of organized medicine.

So much having appeared about the progress of voluntary health insurance in the United States one might too readily conclude that what organized medicine in Canada is doing today is the result of influence from across the border, as has been the development of hospital plans. This would scarcely seem to be the case. Unquestionably the rapid expansion of voluntary health insurance has been the outstanding development in the realm of medical economics in the United States in the past decade, but this comprehends mainly the provisions of hospital services, to a smaller extent coverage for physicians' services in surgical and obstetrical cases, and, to a still smaller extent, physicians' services for medical cases in hospital. Only a few plans offer office and home services, though, it is true, generally covering all other services as well. The prepayment plans of Canadian medicine promise to transcend in scope and coverage what organized doctors have done elsewhere and to be a nationally unique enterprise.

Just how to account for the official interest in and sponsorship of voluntary health insurance by Canadian medicine with a compulsory government scheme all but on the statute books—and, in the words of the economic consultant of the Canadian Medical Association at the last annual meeting, "inevitable"—is not easy. It is reasonable to suppose that the medical profession, made ever more acutely aware of the public's difficulty in budgeting for the cost of medical care, has become impatient over the continued procrastination of the government to ease this situation, and, encouraged by the success of prepaid hospitalization and prepaid medical care on a limited scale, has decided to take matters into its own hands. It is also reasonable to suppose that doctors are not insensible to the favorable bargaining position they will be in with their own sponsored and operated system successfully functioning when the government finds the time propitious for the launching of its own ambitious and comprehensive scheme.

As to the respective merits of the voluntary and compulsory systems of health insurance, one is not concerned here. It is merely intended to draw attention to the fact that a revolution is under way as regards the manner of the public's paying for the costs of medical care, and that the vague dissatisfaction with the prevailing system which more than a quarter of a century ago prompted a group of Saskatchewan farmers to unprecedented steps now has behind it the weight of the country's organized medical profession. In conclusion one cannot but reiterate that voluntary health insurance has always preceded establishment of the compulsory system. It is apparently not Canada's destiny to be an exception to the rule.

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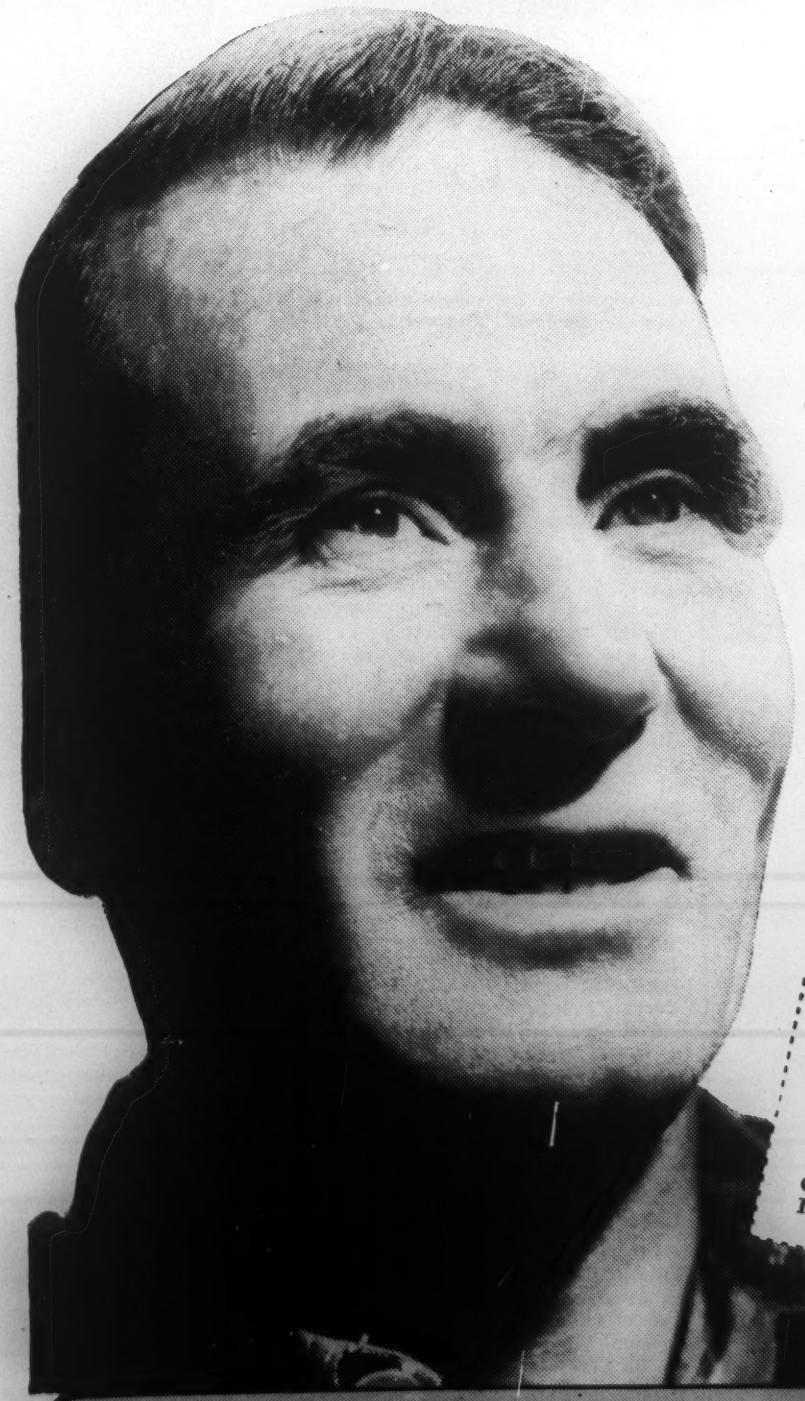

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Educational Paradise More Than a Hope?

By JOHN M. EWING

There is still no royal road to learning. Unless sugar-coating and general emasculation of class-room work is definitely stopped, the outlook for Canadian education will be bleak indeed. This writer, who is Principal of Victoria College, in affiliation with the University of British Columbia, objectively examines the basic and continuing controversy between the Progressivists and Traditionalists. The valid principles in both must be analyzed and knit together in a new educational pattern.

ABOUT twenty-eight years ago, the teachers of Canada were invited by the Progressivists to enter a pedagogical paradise—a land of perennial happiness and pleasant ease, in which the delicate bloom of childhood could never be blighted by the rough wind of failure, and from whose smiling borders the dragons of drudgery and discipline were banished forever.

It is a matter of record that we accepted the invitation. With anxious misgiving or with enthusiastic optimism as the case might be, we left the hard road of our experience and went over into the lush savannah of our dreams. We ought to have known better, because man's history is checkered with hopeful and illusory ventures of the sort. Indeed the outcome was very vividly foreshadowed by Bunyan when he put such sad expressions as these into the mouth of his Pilgrim: "We have wandered out of the Way into a fair-seeming meadow, and are now come to Doubting Castle and Giant Despair."

It may be conceded immediately and without argument that Traditionalism had run its full course by 1920. Heavily encrusted with prestige and stiffened into complete immutability, it was no more than a mummy enthroned. After many centuries of glorious and liberalizing life, education had come at last to be formalized into a hide-bound system, infallible in dogma and buttressed by authority.

In the interests of clearness, it is worth while at this point to set down the principles that together constituted the final form of Traditionalism. Briefly and somewhat roughly, they may be stated as follows: (a) an almost exclusive preoccupation with the past; (b) a dry, formal, and abstract curriculum; (c) an all-pervasive and highly academic bookishness; (d) an immense amount of memorization; (e) a stern insistence upon industry; (f) a strong emphasis upon character; (g) a steady and often harsh discipline; (h) a sustained discouragement of youthful self-expression; (i) a sceptical view of the psychology of the time.

It seems scarcely necessary to say that this educational design was wholly inadequate to the world of 1920. The good in it—and there was much good in it—was so completely interwoven with the bad, and the whole was defended with so rigid a determination, that every effort to bring about reform ended in failure. Two alternatives appeared to remain, and only two: either Traditionalism in toto must stand, or Traditionalism in toto must be swept away.

Progressivism was the wholehearted choice of the second alternative. It began as a movement of revolt, as a great surge of resentment against a state of bondage, as a righteous assault upon vested educational interest and intrenched authority. The early Progressivists were filled with a sort of crusading ecstasy. They were emancipators and heroes, and the light of an idealistic vision was in their eyes. By very necessity, however, they were committed from the outset to one troublesome and fanatic principle, namely that every doctrine of Traditionalism was false and its opposite true. Such, alas! is the inherent nature of revolutions.

Progressivist Doctrines

No difficulty arises in setting down the doctrines of Progressivism, since in essence they are simply the doctrines of Traditionalism reversed. They must however be stated if they are to be examined, and the previous order will be as useful as any.

(a) *An almost exclusive preoccupation with the present.* This principle, if successfully applied, reduces the child to living in a two-dimensional world—a world without depth or background. He is dissociated from the wisdom, achievement and inspiration of the race, and relies for his frame of reference upon the ephemeral experiences of yesterday and the day before. By no stretch of definition can the victim of so illiberal a doctrine be spoken of as educated.

(b) *A predominantly functional, extensive and attractive curriculum.* Here, to be sure, we have a fascinating—and even suggestive—curricular theory. As can be seen, however, it readily lends itself to extreme interpretations. If by "functional" is meant "strictly utilitarian", by "extensive", "superficial", and by "attractive" "easy", then the outcome can be nothing less than a major educational disaster.

(c) *A preference—almost obsessive in force—for direct as against vicarious experience.* More plainly phrased, this means that "activity" is far better than the study of books. The point is worthy of some analysis. Let it be admitted that first-hand experience, wherever possible and wherever economical of time and effort, is an excellent thing. In ignoring it to the extent they did, the Traditionalists were wrong. But a world of reservation lies in the words "possible" and "economical".

There can be no summary divorce between scholarship and books. A dozen lifetimes of direct experience would not suffice the hapless individual cut off from the treasury of man's intellectual inheritance. Today, as in the time of Bacon, "reading maketh a full man". Neither projects nor enterprises can take its place.

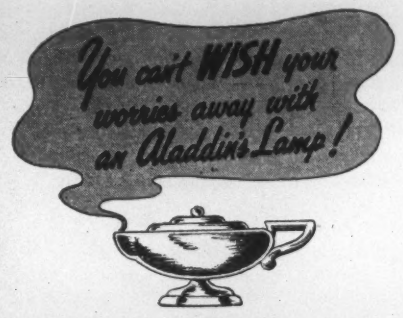
(d) *A contempt for memorization.* This in itself is a quite meaningless Progressivist doctrine, and can be explained only as an emotional reaction against the excessive memorization of the Traditionalists. In outcome, it becomes a contempt for factual information, for focalized repetition, for the ancient pedagogical device of drill. It assumes that the multiplication table and other dry though necessary matters can be learned incidentally. It suggests that if the child is supplied with a "life problem", all other blessings will automatically be added to him. One cannot at this point forbear noting the odd circumstance that the Progressivist contempt for factual information has been contemporaneous with the Progressivist affection for objective tests—which measure factual information and little else.

(e) *An emphasis upon the play-element in work.* The chief argument for this principle is to be found in the rapt absorption of the creative artist, whose work is said to be done at a white-heat of inspiration and felicity. It is doubtful if artists are as fortunate as this—certainly Thackeray was not. It is also worth inquiring into the process by which artists reach so happy a state, if reach it they do. Have they by any chance had to undergo discipline and drudgery in the perfecting of their art? And further, if we are to apply this argument to our children, can we by any effort of imagination hold that genius, even in its humbler manifestations, is wide-spread in Canadian schools?

To be quite plain, there is still no royal road to learning. If scholarship has any value—if for the matter of that the simplest kinds of manual labor have any value—then the sugar-coating and general emasculation of class-room work must definitely stop. Unless it does stop, the outlook for Canada is bleak indeed.

(f) *The transcendent importance of social adjustment.* Of this principle, we may say it is the very core and matrix of the Progressivist creed. We may also say that in this principle—so blandly ignored by Traditionalism—the Progressivists have made their finest contribution to educational thought and practice. Here if anywhere, they have had their opportunity to be wise.

Social adjustment, even with the



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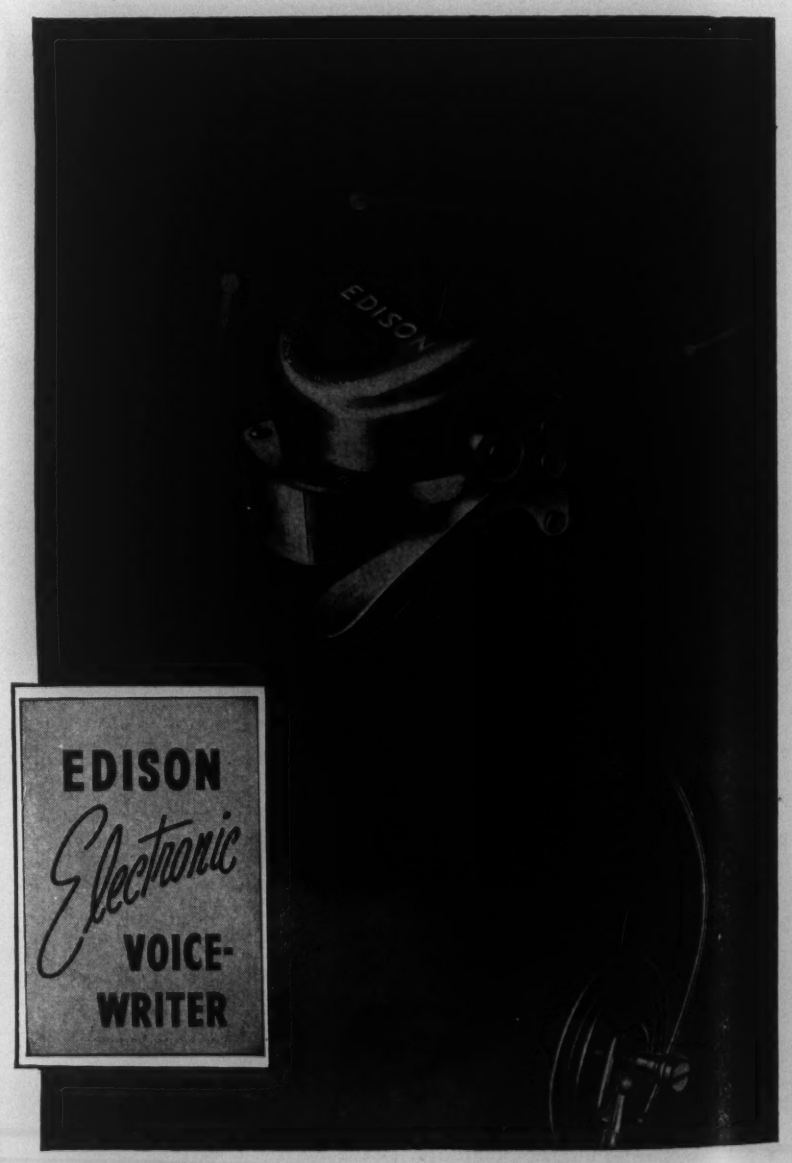

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limited meaning usually given to it by the Progressivists, is an excellent thing and a worthy aim of education. Many of us who belong to an older generation, and who remain a little diffident and awkward on all too many social occasions, look with envious eyes upon the easy confidence of the modern young. There is need, however, to remark that grace of manner and felicity of intercourse—much as these are to be desired—suggest to the mind a certain superficiality, and can never be accepted as adequate substitutes for character. Many of the greatest rogues in history have been socially adjusted to the point of perfection and have owed much of their success to the possession of charm and assurance.

(g) *A horror of discipline.* This principle, if it deserves so dignified a name, is an offspring of the same outmoded psychology that turned little children into pests and nurseries into bear-gardens. The need is for firmness, not of course for brutality. Strange though it may sound in the ears of a Progressivist, a just and measured punishment neither raises resentment in the heart of the child nor warps his personality. On the contrary, it reinforces his respect for law and develops his moral insight. It also teaches him to work. The undisciplined child is extremely likely to be lacking in these three particulars.

(h) *Enthusiastic encouragement of youthful self-expression.* Of this doctrine little requires to be said, as it has been touched upon by inference in previous paragraphs. Suffice it to add that when unbridled self-expression is an accompaniment of ignorance and immaturity, the gift of speech has come to its ultimate negation. The common opinion seems to be that children need little encouragement in self-expression. A much harder thing for them to acquire is a modicum of silence and humility.

(i) *A curiously selective psychological outlook.* This is not so much a principle as a bias. Those parts of psychology that direct attention to the evil consequence of emotional disturbance, to self-activity and to creativeness, are stressed. Those other parts, at least equally valid, which refer to work, to habit-formation through sustained practice, and to the development of personal responsibility through impartial discipline, are played down.

Thought and Action

And now, the criticism having been offered and the harsh words spoken, the call is for thought and action. If neither a fossilized Traditionalism nor an intemperate Progressivism can serve the purposes of Canadian education, to what philosophy shall we turn?

With more humility than the foregoing might imply, the writer would suggest that the valid principles in both Traditionalism and Progressivism must be analyzed out and knit together in a new educational pattern. What this perfected pattern will be, he does not venture to say, but certain elements are clearly to be discerned. The new pattern must combine scholarship with self-activity, work with the harnessing of interest, character with social adjustment, and discipline with persuasion. It must unite past and present in one continuity of human living, and determine the relative significance of culture and skill. All these things, and doubtless many more, it must achieve. But beyond everything, it must be stripped of recent dogma and fanaticism; it must be evolved in the calm light of our centuries-old experience in the teaching of the young.

• •

Rescuing Children From Greek Reds

By ELIZABETH BUTLER

The young Greek wife of a British correspondent tells of an action near the Greek Army's front with the Communist guerrillas, when kidnapped Greek children were rescued. For her pro-Allied work during the war, Mrs. Butler was imprisoned by the Germans for two years, escaped and hid in the mountains until liberation.

Jannina, Greece.

EVERY week hundreds of young Greek children sometimes with their mothers, are abducted by Communist guerrillas from their village homes in the north of Greece. The Communists steal them to re-educate them to act against their own country. Sometimes the Greek Army rescues a few of these stolen children and their mothers before they are taken over the frontier.

I am just back from watching such an operation carried out by units of the Eighth Mountain Division, whose G.O.C., Gen. Michael Andonopoulos, drove me in his jeep to the scene.

We set off, four jeeps altogether, from Divisional H.Q. here, with the General leading, driving himself, with your correspondent, frightened to death, beside him, two liaison officers behind.

The General drives straight over potholes, mine craters or any other obstacle. His jeep was the only one of the four without anti-mine sandbags on the floor. He says he keeps forgetting to have them put in. We roared up the 45-mile road to Konitsa, which is constantly sown with new mines.

The Grinning Brigadier

At Konitsa we met a sunburned, thickset, grinning Brigadier whose brigade is carrying out the rescue operation. He seemed pleased with the visit. "I'm going wild in this place," he laughed. "Any change is welcome."

Heading north again next morning, we rode on six horses along a tricky, rock-strewn goat track. As we reached 527 Battalion headquarters on top of a hill a 25-pounder gun—of British origin—roared from behind us. Through the U.S. major's glasses I watched some 60 Greek soldiers creeping up on a guerrilla-held hilltop. The supporting 25 pounder stopped firing. The Greeks reached their objective.

This was a diversionary attack. The rescue force proper had set off the previous night. It consisted of 450 peasants, armed and led by the Greek Army, making for the villages near the Albanian frontier where the children were held. Far away I could hear the rattle of machine-guns, the thudding of mortars. Then there was silence. The diversion had succeeded.

We got back to Konitsa to wait the arrival of the rescued children. Early next morning they started flocking in.

Most of them had been walking for 36 hours. They had crossed the ice-cold River Aoos three times. There were a few pregnant women, children in their arms, bundles on their backs.

I talked to the children. Five-year-old Glikeria Grentsou told me she had been walking without a stop from Saturday evening to Monday morning. I looked at her feet. They were cut, bleeding, filthy. Her eyes were bloodshot with fatigue. She had walked holding on to her father's trousers.

Crossing the river, she had been up to her neck in water. She had refused to let her father carry her, as he already had his twin infant sons in his arms.

"You're a brave girl," I said. "You marched like a soldier." She grinned.

Handsome 26-year-old Evanthia Tatsi had given birth at midday three days before. With her new-born child in her arms she fled that same night with the entire village before the coming of the guerrillas. She had marched without stopping for two days.

Three hundred and thirty-two adults were rescued in this operation, as well as the 150 children. Recently "General" Markos Vatiades, Communist leader, announced his intention of abducting as many Greek ch... as he could.

As I drove back to Jannina I fe... sick with depression. I had seen a few hundred rescued. I wondered about the thousands still in Communist hands, over the border in Yugoslavia, being brought up as "good" Communists.

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This Community Centre Means New Horizons

By WILLIAM CRAIG HAMILTON

The Woodgreen Centre is a handsome three-storey oasis of social welfare and all kinds of recreational activity in the heart of one of Toronto's most densely populated areas. There are no racial barriers; children and adults of all races and creeds are welcome to take part in the program. Scores of citizens have given generously in time and money to the project and the work of the Rev. Raymond McCleary, ex-padre of the Second World War, has been most inspiring.

CAN a community containing 2700 families, each with an average yearly income of $1500, successfully support a $400,000 Community Centre project? That is the task that the densely-populated community of Woodgreen in the City of Toronto has undertaken and it is a community that is similar in many respects to other communities across Canada.

In every city in Canada there are, broadly, three income-groups of people, upper, middle and lower, and it is in this latter group that the greatest need for community centres is apparent. Low-income districts are usually very heavily populated with little or no recreational facilities to enable the inhabitants to get a needed change of atmosphere. One of the chief contributors to juvenile delinquency is the crowded condition of the homes, for school children, living under such conditions, find it extremely difficult to locate some secluded spot where they can study quietly.

In the half-mile area known as Woodgreen there are 2700 dwelling units occupied by 15,301 persons. There are no public playgrounds in the entire district for the 4500 children of school age and under; no escape in the summer for children or adults from the hot, treeless streets and in winter from their overcrowded homes; no place within the district where families can enjoy a ball game or a picnic together. The only diversions available are theatres, pool halls and hotels.

The Rev. Raymond McCleary, who for four years was associate minister of the Toronto Metropolitan United Church, recognized these facts when he came to the district in 1936 as minister of the Woodgreen United Church. In 1937 he brought forth his idea for a Community Centre which would provide a meeting place for social, educational, cultural and spiritual purposes. One of the first community projects was a day nursery held in part of Mr. McCleary's residence, which cared for children from 2½ to 5 years of age and was staffed by volunteer workers under the supervision of a paid instructor. Parental education groups, also supervised by an instructor, were formed for those parents whose children were attending the nursery. The School of Child Psychology, a department of the University of Toronto, financed the nursery in its first year. Since that time the Danforth Nursery has supervised its financial affairs and is now helping to equip the new building which is under construction.

In the meantime, Mr. McCleary had organized a number of Toronto's prominent business men and professional men into a Board to draw up plans for the building of a Community Centre in Woodgreen. Architects were consulted and plans were submitted for the Board's consideration but before any plans could be finalized the Second World War broke out and all plans had to be shelved. Mr. McCleary and his associates enlisted in the armed forces and during their absence the nursery carried on under the direction of Miss D. B. Manuel, a Social Service worker with 20 years' experience.

A Site Donated

Upon Mr. McCleary's return the Board was reformed and plans were once again drawn up for the erection of the Centre. Architects were called in and the cost of the building and equipment was estimated at $400,000. Upon learning of the Board's intentions, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Harris, who have since passed away, donated a block of land, 180 feet by 130 feet, on the South side of Queen Street East as the site for the new Centre. Next, a plan was evolved to raise the very considerable sum of $400,000 and a donation from the city of $100,000 on condition that the remaining $300,000 could be raised during the drive set the ball rolling. In May, 1946 the campaign was launched with the daily newspapers lending it strong support. McKim Advertising Ltd., Rapid Grip & Batten Ltd., Wilson Publishing Co. of Toronto Ltd., Fred W. Hall Paper Co., Ltd., and Herbert Gillis Book Binders combined their talents to produce, without charge, brochures publicizing the new Centre and its building campaign, to induce citizens to invest their money in wiping out the misery and discontent in the Woodgreen area.

One of the first cheques received was from a young Canadian officer who had been overseas with the padre. This officer was taken prisoner during the European invasion and during his internment was approached by a group of British officers for a subscription to a centre being built in the east end of London. The young Canadian declined, telling of his own centre back home, The other officers seemed to treat the matter lightly but the Canadian, upon his return to Canada, sent a cheque for $100 to Mr. McCleary as his contribution. He is now in charge of the statistical records of the Centre.

In comparison is the story of the lad from Guelph Reformatory who, on his first day of parole, presented the Centre with $2, the sum he had saved from his meagre earnings in the Reformatory.

In the community itself street canvassing was carried on voluntary by neighbors appointed as street captains. A sound-truck reported how the various streets rated with regard to their objectives and people of various colors and creeds pitched into the battle to raise enough money to build the Centre which had become so important to them. A typical story is that of a local Jewish furrier and a Roman Catholic radio technician who called on a Chinese restaurant owner and came away with a $100 cheque.

Final results of the campaign showed that of the $300,000 to be raised, $40,000 had come from the neighbors, $60,000 from the local industries and the balance from public-spirited citizens outside the community.

Temporary Quarters

While work was being started on the ultra-modern three-storey building the Board decided that temporary quarters should be found. Through the efforts of Mr. McCleary the Centre received permission to use the second and third floors of the Post Office building, three blocks west of the site of the new Centre. Operations began in the Post Office in November, 1946, and children of all ages flocked to take part in the various programs which had been devised. There were no racial barriers and children and adults of all races, colors and creeds were warmly welcomed and invited to take part in the Centre's activities.

The girls' and women's clubs were under the direction of Miss Manuel and these included classes in sewing, folk-dancing, art and sport such as basketball and volleyball. For boys there were classes in crafts, boxing, wrestling and various other activities that appealed to their interests. The 'teen-agers from 13 to 20 held dances every week-end and turned the proceeds over to the Centre for general distribution. Badminton and tennis clubs were also organized, as well as the formation of baseball and hockey teams. During Christmas the Centre was instrumental in bringing cheer to many families by sending food baskets and Christmas trees to the aged, shut-ins and needy families of the district. In addition, the Centre operates an emergency clothing unit where families can come for assistance. When any member of the community is involved in police court, a member of the Centre is usually on hand to try to straighten matters out.

All this has been carried on in the temporary headquarters with such excellent results that those in charge are eagerly awaiting the opening of the new building on May 8 when they will be able to increase their activities and include so many more people. In the new building fronting on Queen Street East there will be a large gymnasium; a Nursery School for children 2½ to 5 years; a Health Clinic for well babies and adult health education; clubs for boys, girls, men and women with facilities for Home and School clubs; a music room for community music projects; a Drama Workshop and Little Theatre for amateur dramatics and motion pictures; a Children's Library; craft and hobby rooms for teen-agers; reception rooms for local weddings and social affairs; a Teen-Agers' Canteen and a Clothing Centre.

The Board of Directors, who are working on a voluntary basis, have set $30,000 a year as the total cost of operating the Centre. It is expected that 40 per cent of this sum will come as a grant from the city, 20 per cent from the local industries, 20 per cent from the neighbors in fees and memberships, and the balance from outsiders. In time the work of the present Board will be passed to a Community Council of 18 members of which 12 will belong to the community.

The Woodgreen Community Centre hopes that in the future it will be able to create a better home life for its members and bring about a stronger family relationship in the home. Whether or not it is able to accomplish this only time will tell.

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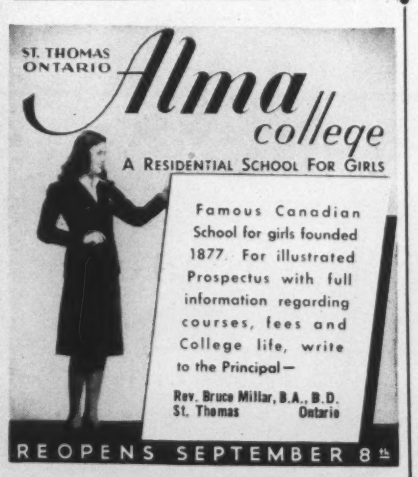
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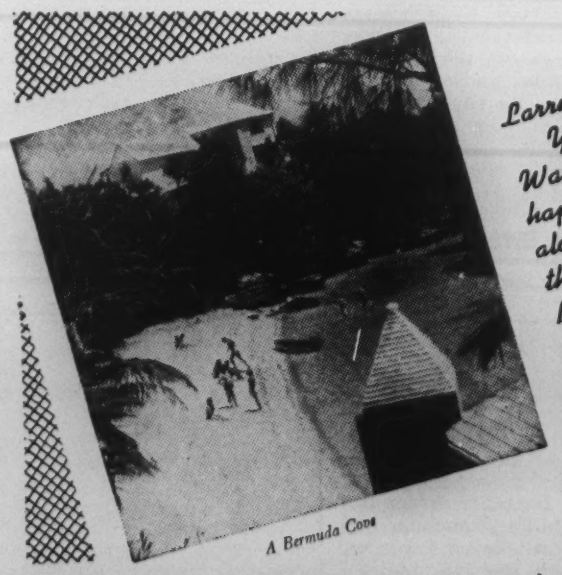
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An Englishman Made the First Plane to Fly

By MURRAY OULTON

Exactly 100 years ago the first plane to fly under its own power took to the air. It all began in 1842 when two young men, William Henson and John Stringfellow, formed a company known as The Aerial Steam Transit Company. When their first plane was built it failed because insufficient speed was maintained to keep the plane in flight.

Soon after Henson emigrated to America but Stringfellow carried on and in 1846 began another model which, when tested in 1848, was a success. This was accomplished 55 years before the first man-carrying machine left the ground.

THE recent death of Orville Wright recalls a little-known fact in the history of aviation. Exactly 100 years ago this year the first plane to fly under its own power took to the air. The plane was a model, but it flew, and the credit goes to one John Stringfellow — that is an incontrovertible scientific fact. Stringfellow was born at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, England, on December 6, 1799, and was brought up in the lace trade. As a young man he moved to Chard in Somerset, where he established a manufactory of his own. In the same town lived a young engineer named William Henson, who was keenly interested in the possibility of flight. The two young men got to know each other, and they discussed the problems involved, and set to work to design a machine. After a time Henson had to move to London, but the two experimenters continued to correspond with each other.

Stringfellow was more interested in the problems of mechanical flight than anything else, and he began to construct a number of light steam-engines. On the other hand, Henson began experimenting with gliding models. In 1842 a company was formed known as "The Aerial Steam Transit Company" and an application was made for a patent for "Certain Improvements in Locomotive Apparatus and Machinery for Conveying Letters, Goods, and Passengers from place to place through the Air, part of which improvements are applicable to Locomotive and other Machinery to be used on Water and on Land."

Principles Sound

Stringfellow succeeded in constructing a model plane in which the supporting force was obtained from the wings, while the motive power came from a screw, and from that time onwards there is no question that some of the fundamental principles underlying flight began to be more generally recognized. The idea was explained in very lucid terms, remarkably foreshadowing later developments. It indicated that, instead of the motive power possessed by birds, the partners proposed using suitable mechanical propellers worked by a steam, or other sufficiently light engine. To give upward and downward control and direction, a tail was to be applied capable of being inclined or raised. Further, "in order to guide the machine as to the lateral direction which it shall take," there was to be a vertical rudder or second tail, "and, according as the same is inclined in one direction or the other, so will be direction of the machine."

The idea aroused much interest, and the Press of the day published pictures of the projected machine flying over London, the Pyramids and the sea. Articles were published as well by eminent scientific men in which they gave their opinions for and against the feasibility of the idea. A machine, driven by a small steam-engine was built, but it was a failure owing to the fact that sufficient speed could not be attained to maintain flight. Stringfellow wrote: "There stood our aerial protegee in all her purity—too delicate, too fragile, too beautiful for this rough world; at least, those were my ideas at the time, but little did I think how soon it was to be realized. I soon found, before I had time to introduce a spark, a drooping in the wings, a flagging in all the parts, In less than 10 minutes the machine was saturated with wet from a deposit of dew, so that anything like a trial was impossible by night. I did not consider we could get the silk tight and rigid enough. Indeed, the frame-work was altogether too weak. The steam-engine was the best part. Our want of success was not for want of power or sustaining surface, but for want of proper adaptation of the means to the end of the various parts."

Soon afterwards Henson emigrated to America, but Stringfellow carried on, and in 1846 began the model which was the first plane to fly. This historic machine had a 10-foot span, and was two feet across in the widest part of the wing. It was driven by two propellers and had a total carrying area of about 14 square feet. Early in 1848 it was tried in a large hall with a special launching apparatus, and flew splendidly, rising gradually in the air and striking a hole in the canvas placed at the end of the hall to stop it. Some years later Stringfellow won a £100 prize for a model he exhibited at the Crystal Palace. There is no doubt that this English genius had mastered the fundamental problems of fligh and that more than 50 years before the first man-carrying machine left the ground.

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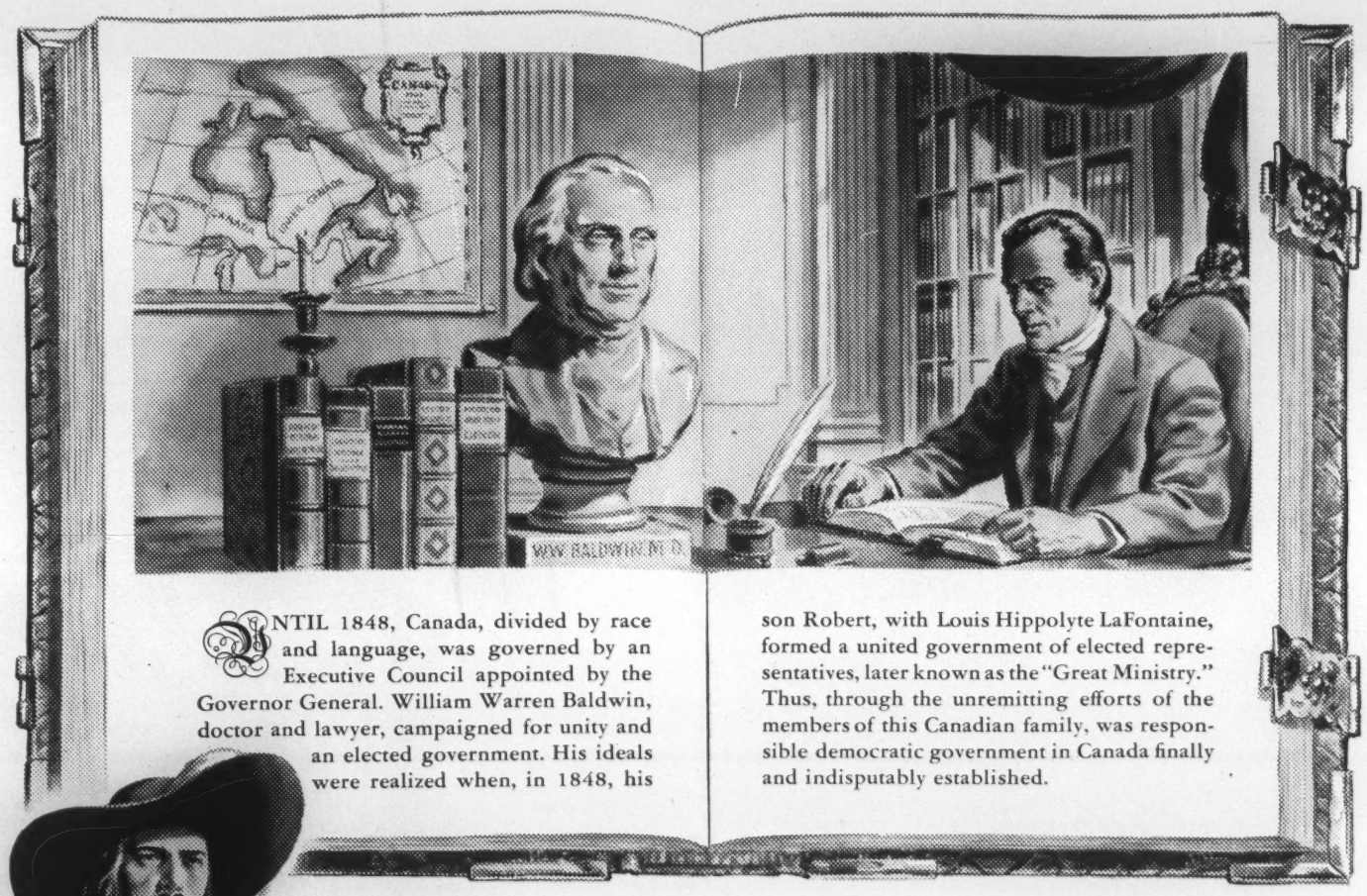

UNTIL 1848, Canada, divided by race and language, was governed by an Executive Council appointed by the Governor General. William Warren Baldwin, doctor and lawyer, campaigned for unity and an elected government. His ideals were realized when, in 1848, his son Robert, with Louis Hippolyte LaFontaine, formed a united government of elected representatives, later known as the "Great Ministry." Thus, through the unremitting efforts of the members of this Canadian family, was responsible democratic government in Canada finally and indisputably established.

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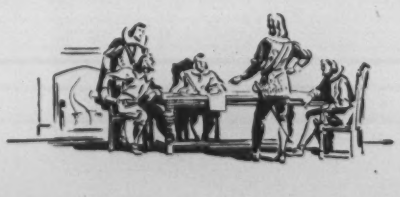

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Famed Maker of Maestros Has Graduates Over Continent

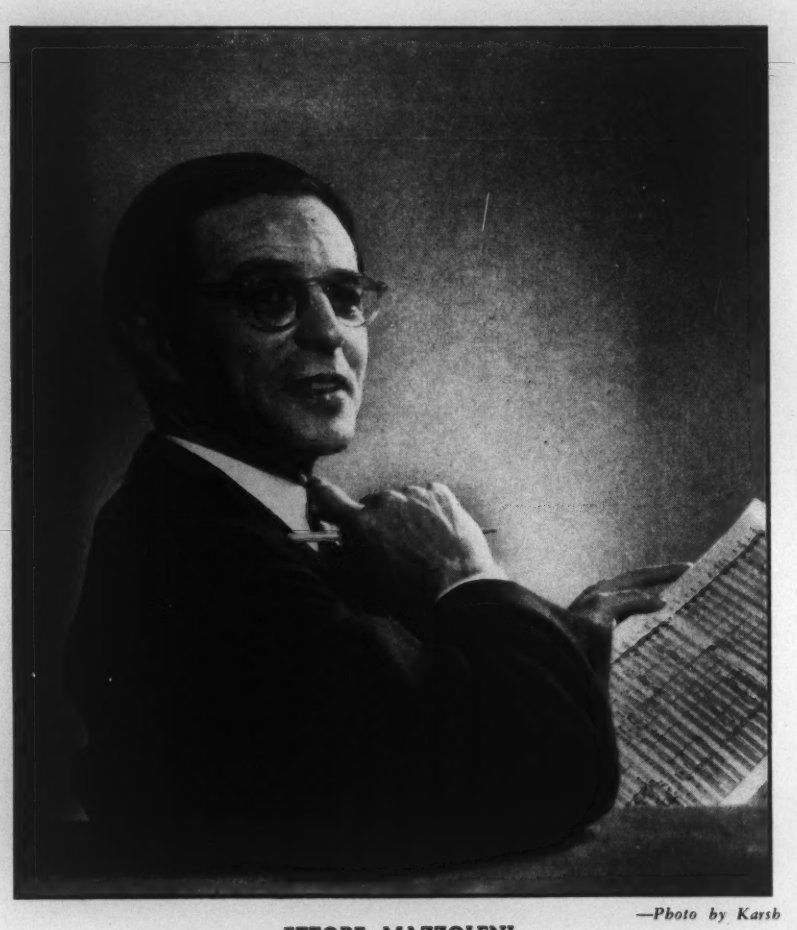
By JOHN COZENS

RECENTLY a young Canadian was appointed assistant to Helen Hosmer, conductor of the famed 80-voice choir at State Teachers' College, Potsdam, N.Y. In the same month, another young man from Canada joined the conducting staff of Baltimore's influential Peabody Conservatory of Music. Almost at the same time, audiences were hailing a third Canadian conductor for his American radio and stage show successes.

These young Canadians, with others to be mentioned later, all had one thing in common—they had been members of the conducting classes given by Ettore Mazzoleni, now Principal of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto. His present post makes the continuance of such private classes impractical and other men must carry on the work, but since the time he commenced the teaching of conducting at the Conservatory a most impressive list of now well-known names has passed through his hands.

Ettore Mazzoleni himself had received the best training in this art, for he had studied at the Royal College of Music with Sir Adrian Boult, at that time conductor of the College's highly accomplished student orchestra and now Music Director of the B.B.C.

Another of his teachers was the greatest of English contemporary composers, Ralph Vaughan Williams, and Ettore Mazzoleni soon earned a distinguished place for himself at the Royal College of Music, being appointed to the opera staff as coach and conductor. Soon after his arrival in Toronto he joined the faculty of the then Toronto Conservatory of Music and, best of all, became the conductor of its Symphony Orchestra. This orchestra already had a long history.



—Photo by Karsh

ETTORE MAZZOLENI

Again a Factor

In 1909, when just three years old, it was so successful that it was released to a wider public and became the first Toronto Symphony Orchestra, leaving the Conservatory to build up a new one. By 1934, when Ettore Mazzoleni became the conductor, the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra again was a factor in Toronto's music, and at every public performance since that time it has been widely acclaimed for the high standard of its performances. The Conservatory Symphony Orchestra will perform at the annual closing concert of the Conservatory in Massey Hall, May 12. Victor Feldbrill, the concertmaster and a Mazzoleni pupil, will conduct the first number.

Symphony players who study under a good conductor certainly find the going much easier when they attain the ranks of a major orchestra. So it is no small tribute to the training given by Ettore Mazzoleni and his predecessors that more than half the present personnel of the T.S.O. began their careers in the Conservatory Orchestra, while other former members are to be found in virtually every Canadian orchestra and in many abroad.

But to come back to those young Canadian conductors who were mentioned earlier. Perhaps most people will know the third one best of all—Howard Cable. When he was just fifteen, Cable started his studies of piano at the Conservatory and before his 19th birthday had graduated with his Associateship in Conducting. Since then his rise has been rapid, particularly in the realm of radio where he has conducted many Canada-wide orchestral broadcasts. Now Howard Cable finds that his training with Ettore Mazzoleni has enabled him to hold his own with the best conductors as he takes his place in the larger American field.

The first-mentioned conductor was Brock McElheran who, besides assisting the noted conductor Helen Hosmer, is conductor of the "Collegiate Singers" at State Teachers' College, Potsdam, one of the colleges in New York State that specialize in training music supervisors for the elementary and high schools. The Music Department was founded in 1877 by Julia Crane and was the first school for music teachers in the United States, eventually becoming incorporated into the New York State school system. Naturally, in such a school, the individual standard of musical ability is extremely high and the senior "Crane Chorus" sings such works as the Hindemith "Requiem" and Bach's B minor Mass. Brock McElheran's own choir, the fifty-voice "Collegiate Singers" recently gave a concert that included motets by Byrd and Weelkes. the Coronation Scene from "Boris Godunov", William Walton's "Litany".

Baltimore's famed Peabody Institute of Music recently appointed to its conducting staff a young man from Canada, George Hurst. He also had studied conducting with Mazzoleni, having come to Canada as a youthful British wartime evacuee, aged fourteen. Like many of his fellows, Hurst stayed on in Canada and continued his musical education at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto. Besides conducting, Hurst had already become well-known over the Canadian radio networks as a composer and was the first graduate in composition from the Conservatory Senior School, where he had been a pupil of its Director, Dr. Arnold Walter. At Baltimore, George Hurst will have wide opportunities but can be sure that his studies and experiences of conducting with Mazzoleni will enable him to do his work with confidence.

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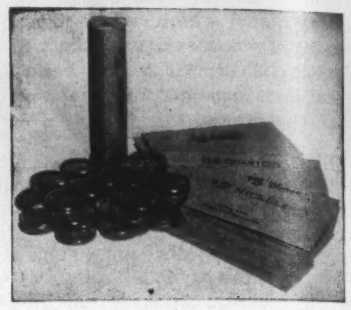

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lege and here, also, is a graduate of Mazzoleni's conducting class. He is William B. Merrel who last Autumn was appointed Assistant Professor of Music and Instructor of Voice at this small but progressive college in the heart of Kentucky's blue grass country.

On Canada's west coast there is Albert Steinberg, Concert Master of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra and well-known as conductor of orchestral ensembles on C. B. C. broadcast programs, another former student. In Toronto, Emil Gartner, conductor of the up-and-coming Jewish Folk Choir, and Harvey Perrin, well-known conductor of Collegiate Choirs, are both former pupils.

Several of the well-known Canadian composers also studied conducting with Mazzoleni — such training certainly helps the composer to understand orchestral and choral problems and to write with these in mind. Among these young Canadians is Louis Applebaum, now of New York, but born in Toronto, who has composed many scores for Canadian and American movies during the last few years. Robert Fleming, now with the National Film Board, whose compositions have been played not only in Canada but with the U.S. and British networks, is another former pupil. So is Eugene Kash, distinguished Canadian violinist and now Director of Music of the National Film Board.

Then there is Godfrey Ridout, perhaps known equally well for his conducting as for his work as a composer. His most recent appearance as a conductor was for the presentation of "Faust" produced in Massey Hall by the Canadian Mastersingers. This is not the place for a story about his compositions, though they have been played by such orchestras as that of the B. B. C. conducted by Sir Adrian Boult—with whom Ettore Mazzoleni studied conducting. The N. B. C. Orchestra also has played Ridout's music, "Ballade for Viola and Strings", the soloist being the world-famous William Primrose. His "Festal Overture" opened the recent performance of Canadian compositions heard in Toronto's Massey Hall and over the C. B. C. national network.

Pressure of duties as Principal of Toronto's Royal Conservatory made it impossible for Ettore Mazzoleni to continue these classes for young conductors but already, as we have shown, enough of them have made their mark in the music of this country and abroad. With many of them also being composers of ability, they naturally will be more receptive to new works by Canadians: thus, the music of Canada has been advanced immeasurably by reason of those classes in "Conducting with Ettore Mazzoleni."

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BAGATELLE

A Half-Warmed Fish

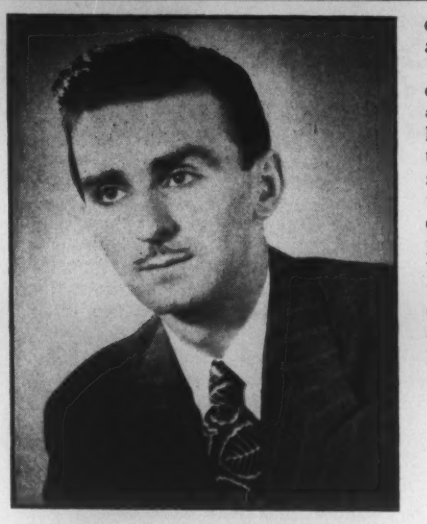
By ALLAN SANGSTER

"YOU have tasted the whole worm up here," Doctor Spooner spoke severely to the stinking shrudent who had been called upon the carpet before him. "You have hissed your mystery lectures and have been caught fighting a liar in the quad. You will leave Oxford this afternoon by the town drain."

Life must have been a strange and sometimes embarrassing adventure for Doctor William A. Spooner and for those who encountered him. The reverend and revered Warden of New College lived a full eighty-six years, and for most of that time, apparently, the nerve paths between his mind and his tongue were not too dependable. In modern terms, the doctor was constantly getting his wires crossed. From these errant synapses came those beautiful non-sequiturs which have perpetuated his name and which we know as Spoonerisms.

In the pulpit or out, in cap or gown or merely as a private citizen who did a good deal of travelling, the worthy doctor emitted these wherbal velps at practically, every bound.

"On train journeys," he is reported to have said, "I usually travel light—just two rags and a bug." Trains, however, were not Doctor Spooner's favorite means of travel; he much preferred, when it was possible, "to ride a well-boiled icicle." In dry, hot weather, one supposes. After such journeys it was his habit to seek refreshment, and on at least one occasion he tried to kill two birds by asking for "a bath of milk and a glass bun."



Deni Cirocco, St. Catharines baritone, who sang in a recital at Eaton Auditorium last month with Ann Dumbleton, contralto. Both are pupils of organist D'Alton McLaughlin.

What air-travel there was in Doctor Spooner's active days (he died in 1930) was mostly experimental and confined to lighter-than-air craft. The idea, or perhaps a mixture of ideas, must have appealed to the doctor, for he once spoke longingly of "Boring through the air in a saloon," a remark which perhaps caused some raising of eyebrows among his less adventurous clerical colleagues.

ATTENDANCE at Divine Services conducted by the doctor was both a trial and a delight. In New College Chapel he once invited the congregation to sing "Kinquering Congs their titles take," while on another occasion he announced the hymn as "From Iceland's Greasy Mountains." His sermons were enlivened by references to "the tearful chidings of evangelists," and to "the shoving leopard of thy sheep."

The congregation to whom he said "You must all at some time have cherished a half-warmed fish in your bosoms" must sternly have put down a wholly warmed one to burst into riotous laughter. Another group of worshippers was stunned into momentary confusion by the information that "Rabaras was a bobber."

Perhaps the kindliest of these unorthodox religious utterances, though, came near the end of a sermon, presumably at a morning service. Doctor Spooner expressed the not entirely pious hope that his hearers would "be filled with fresh veal and new zigor."

Not all of his gems were handed down from the pulpit, though many of them, since he was a man of God, had to do with the church. He called upon the Dean of Christ Church and shocked the servant who answered the door by asking "Is the bean dizzy?" The parlormaid's shock was probably small by comparison with the dismay of a verger who encountered the doctor in the aisle of his church. Doctor Spooner, bent and abstracted, was peering beneath the pews. "Have you lost something, sir?" the verger asked. "Nothing much," replied the doctor. "Just looking for a glutton dropped from Above."

The theory is that the production of these *bon mots* was entirely unintentional and subconscious, but one wonders. The first ones may have been, but one suspects that Doctor Spooner, aware of his growing reputation for effective garbling, may sometimes have given the subconscious a sly poke in the right direction. His congratulation of a friend who had just built a country cottage sounds much too apt to have been entirely fortuitous. "Nosey little cook you have here," the doctor observed.

• •

SPEAKING FIGURATIVELY

BROTHER, are you really blind?
You label "strange" the feminine mind?
You say "inscrutable" as well?
Then Heaven knows it's time to quell
Such rumors. I can tell you true:
Whatever women think or do
Is just as crystal-clear to me
As aggregating columns three,
If I may coin a simile.
I'm as familiar with each trait
As with the multiples of eight;
I recognize each darling fraud
As I know even from the odd;
I follow every little bent
With ease, like figuring *per cent;*
Prognosticating their designs,
And studying between their lines,
Is much like casting out the nines;
No more a marvel is the fraction
Than seeing through each cute attraction;
I find the solving of equations
Like penetrating their evasions,
And all their clever little words
Are shallow as quadratic surds.
That is how well I know each trick.
Yet I recall, and it makes me sick—
I *never* could do arithmetic!

J. E. P.

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Our rights to a trial by jury are based on English common law, one of the greatest achievements of the human mind. They were won by the strength, tenacity of purpose and high moral courage of our fathers, to whom justice before law was the greatest goal of free men. Let us give long, serious thought to our rights under law. Basic, obvious, vital it is that we stay alerted to our blessings.

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London's "Saint Joan" Is Unique Experience

By LUCY VAN GOGH

In the Dominion Drama Festival in Ottawa last week London Little Theatre's entry, "Saint Joan," won the Bessborough Trophy. Especially striking was the performance of 22-year-old Olga Landiak in the title role. The award for the best production in English, other than the trophy-winner, went to the Montreal Repertory Theatre for "Barretts of Wimpole Street."

THE Adjudicator of the Dominion Drama Festival, Mr. Robert Speaight, described the performance of "Saint Joan" by the London Little Theatre, Bessborough Trophy winner last week at Ottawa, as an experience rather than merely an entertainment. To me, after a much longer lifetime of theatre-going than Mr. Speaight's, it was a wholly unique experience. I have never witnessed, and I never anticipated witnessing, a non-professional performance of such astounding quality. I should add that I was not a resident of Toronto during the early great days of Hart House Theatre, or I might have had in my memory a greater number of comparable productions, and perhaps one or two of equal merit. The Hart House shows which I did see then, as a visitor from Montreal, were a little below the London "Saint Joan" standard except in the one respect of the stage picture, which is largely a matter of having command of adequate stage facilities.

The remarks of the Adjudicator, with which I find myself in practically perfect agreement, have been pretty well broadcast over the country and I need not repeat them. He and I have both seen several professional performances of the role of Joan by leading actresses, he on the other side of the Atlantic and I on this; neither of us had seen any performance to equal, in general all-round merit, that of Olga Landiak of the London Little Theatre. I go full way with him on three of his four points about her performance, and more than half-way on the fourth.

The four points were for success in conveying that Joan was a young girl, almost a child; that she was a peasant; that she was a soldier and a leader of soldiers; that she was a saint.

The superiority of Miss Landiak over all the professional players lay in the first two points. She *is* a girl, which players of Joan seldom are, and she *understands* the peasant. Even so, it of course requires great technical accomplishment to project the required qualities across the footlights, and she has that accomplishment. Since one does not become an accomplished actress all by oneself, somebody is entitled to great credit for her training. Whether Director Blanche M. Hogg is the person to credit I do not know; but anyhow she was entitled to more than Mr. Speaight said about her even on the visible evidences of first-class direction in the production as a whole, and no injustices will be done if I give her some marks for the Landiak performance. The soldierly quality of it was a matter of intelligence and technique, aided no doubt by an ample measure of courage in the actress herself.

The Sainthood

It is only in the fourth item, that of the sainthood, that I should like to make some reservations from Mr. Speaight's verdict. That is the one respect in which the character grows in the course of the play, and I do not think that Miss Landiak's Joan, which started at an immensely higher level than did that of any other actress I have seen in it, grew as much as it could have done—and will do when she is a little older. There is disagreement as to whether the Adjudicator spoke of "interior light" or "interior life" in connection with this quality of sainthood, and while it does not matter much I think that "light" is the better figure of speech, and that the light is supposed to grow in brightness as the play proceeds, strengthening in the post-coronation scene when Joan is abandoned by her friends, blazing up and then momentarily dying away in the trial, and flashing out in whitest brilliance as she is led away to execution. (The cleverness of the Epilogue, in which all the characters reappear in Charles' dream, consists in the fact that at the moment when the mind of the audience is wholly concerned with her canonization she herself is once again presented as girl-peasant-soldier without a vestige of sainthood about her, and in this scene Miss Landiak was lovely beyond all words.)

An actress of the first magnitude and of rich experience would have given us more of this inner light in the post-coronation scene, in spite of the error of stage arrangement which Mr. Speaight pointed out, and which would have handicapped any Joan. Still more in the trial scene, in which Joan cannot be much interfered with, would she have revealed a greater depth of spiritual agony and exaltation. If I am permitted to see Miss Landiak in this part a year or two from now, when she still has the girl-peasant quality and can add the full depth of the passion of Joan's surrender to what she *knows* to be the will of God, I shall believe that I am seeing one of the greatest achievements of the twentieth-century theatre. If I am not so permitted I shall still be deeply grateful for what I have already seen.

Amazing Completeness

The beauty, irony and poetic power of the Shavian language were sent over to the audience with amazing completeness by a large cast with no definitely weak spot and several brilliant "bit" players, including a most intelligent and consistent Dauphin.

One of the most surprising things in the whole business is that the Londoners did not pick "Saint Joan" for Miss Landiak at all; they had determined on producing it before she applied for the part, and Mrs. Hogg had all the male parts distributed and was going to take chances on finding a good Joan.

The award for best production in English other than the trophy-winner went to the old reliable Montreal Repertory Theatre for the old reliable "Barretts of Wimpole Street". This was right, but the adjudicator can never have hesitated between the two about the trophy. (If he hesitated at all, which I do not think he did, it was between the actual winner and the "Antigone" of Les Compagnons, whom he got rid of by disqualifying them for illegitimate expurgation—and then announced that they would not have won the trophy anyhow!) The central figure of "The Barretts" is the appalling father, and Mr. George Alexander, while technically first-class, was unable to project the aura of terror and brutality, the Captain Bligh quality, which the part needs for real greatness. Of the Robert Browning of Charles Miller the Adjudicator complained that it did not convey the impression of a man who could write great poetry; my own belief is that that impression cannot be conveyed, that even a great poet never conveys it, and that Mr. Miller did a very good job when he showed us the magnetic power which brought Elizabeth back to health and to the love of life.

The Elizabeth of Eleanor Stuart was unquestionably a very fine performance, close to Miss Landiak's Joan in dramatic intelligence; but it was intelligent rather than inspired, created by the mind rather than the spirit, and its range between the crushed submissiveness of the opening and the grandeur of assertion at the end when love has kindled life was less than one could have wished.

The other Festival entries will be dealt with in our next issue.

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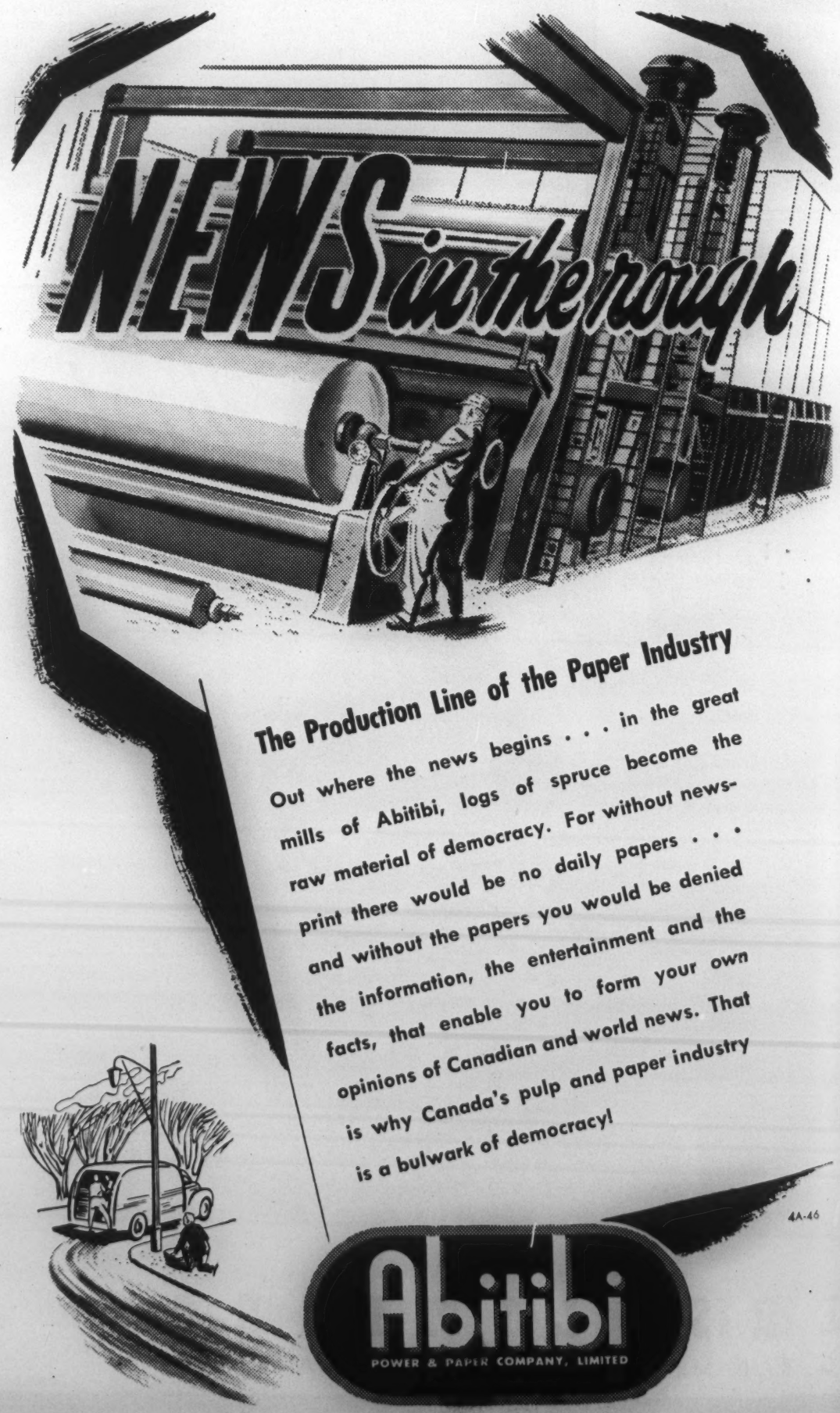
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MANHATTAN PLAYGOER

O'Neill's Successor Appears

By NAT BENSON

New York.

A LONG time ago that most devastating and most erudite of drama critics, George Jean Nathan, wrote in a preface to the great Eugene O'Neill's early collection of one-act plays, "The Moon of The Caribbees": "The difference between O'Neill and and his contemporaries is that where the latter think of life (where they think of it at all) in terms of drama, O'Neill thinks of drama in terms of life." That same truth applies directly to the superb play under immediate consideration, Tennessee Williams' potent drama "A Streetcar Named Desire", which was recently awarded the Critics Prize Play Award for 1947-48 by 17 New York critics out of 20.

No award in the American theatre was ever better deserved, for Tennessee Williams is the logical and natural successor to Eugene O'Neill. He has the same kind of creative vitality, the arresting originality and the controlled violence in his conception of drama. Williams does not belong in any sense among the more fluent, shallow and successful playwrights of the American theatre, the Krasnas, Herberts, Harts, Lindsays and Crouses. He will most likely never earn one-tenth of the income of these popular disciples of facile invention, the current darlings of the Broadway scene. But Williams is, nevertheless, a serious playwright in the direct tradition of the Man of Stratford.

To put it more directly, his "Streetcar's" luckless and lovely heroine, Blanche Du Bois is not far removed from Shakespeare's Ophelia in either character or fate. It is almost a pity that Williams dreamed up so provocative a title for his play, "A Streetcar Named Desire", but in spite of this title's outlandish originality, it is appropriately fitted to his sombre theme. He isn't writing very much about a bumpy old trolley in New Orleans, where they name the streetcars instead of numbering them, as he is describing the disastrous "Belt Line" which our desire for love and joy forces most of us to ride for most of our lives—to nowhere but disaster.

The protagonist of Williams' unforgettable new play is Blanche Du Bois, a beautiful Southern girl of good family who became a school teacher to support the last-generation remnants of her ailing family. One by one, they have died, and when the play opens the ravenous bill collectors have consumed the ancestral Du Bois mansion, "Belle Rive". Blanche's background also contains a luckless girlhood marriage with a young writer who had bi-sexual tendencies and who suicided when found out. Little by little, the years and the prolonged absence of any decent breaks from life have forced Blanche into a dream-world of her own where casual promiscuity and the romantic fantasies of her own mind have become an ineradicable defence against brutal reality.

Squalid Refuge

But reality takes over, and at the play's beginning we see Blanche fleeing to the last earthly refuge she knows of, a squalid two-room apartment in the old French Quarter of New Orleans, where her sexy, sympathetic and simple-hearted younger sister is living in abysmal satiation with her husband, a brutal apish Polish mugg named Stan Kowalski. To the vicious stupidity of this latter role, that powerful young actor Marlon Brando gives the same, elemental, mindless violence that Victor McLaglan gave his Gypo in the "Informer".

Blanche who has let down her moral barriers, but has always remained a lady, albeit a dishonored one, clashes at once with her sister for the latter's easy animal acceptance of a purely physical and mechanical existence. Blanche heatedly denounces her brother-in-law and his friends as jungle types. Inspired by her own militant idealism, she crosses the path of this sullen beast and makes him set out to destroy her out of pure animal malevolence.

The demoralized lady, Blanche, is radiantly portrayed by an actress of truly luminous gifts, Jessica Tandy. She is almost unbearably pathetic in her attempt to grasp her last chance of salvation, when she meets a decent hulking shop foreman named Mitch. He catches a glimpse of the iridescent and finer world to which Blanche belonged by birth and spirit. But in her desperate determination to save her own soul, she denies Mitch what she so freely gave to so many others.

Her moment of possible safety passes and her malevolent brother-in-law tells his pal Mitch what he has learned of Blanche's unsavory past. Stunned by Mitch's refusal to marry her, Blanche's last defences crumble, and the brutal Kowalski subjects her to the final indignity of an assault during her sister's absence in hospital. In the last of the eight climactic scenes, the brother-in-law, in order to save himself and get rid of the now pitifully irresponsible Blanche has her committed to an asylum.

Delineation of the "Streetcar's" plot makes it sound perhaps more sombre and shocking than it actually is. But the play is, like most of O'Neill's, a vital assault on the emotions of any audience. It is shot through with weird and uncanny glints of beauty as the doomed and lovely Blanche flutters like some beautiful helpless Luna moth down the dim twilight towards inevitable destruction.

The last twenty minutes of the play produce a genuine emotional "haymaker". In its crushing climax Williams' play far transcends the dramatic impact of O'Neill's last depressing dramatic marathon, "The Iceman Cometh". The "Streetcar" is a far better, far more eloquent and integrated a play than "The Iceman." It is a better tragedy than Judith Anderson's current sell-out "Medea," for Medea herself, the murderous heroine of Euripides' notable Greek tragedy, is a more bloody-minded murderess than Lady MacBeth, and as Robinson Jeffers has recast the old Greek tragedy, Medea appears as a sort of malevolent superwoman who moves her audiences to terror but never to pity.

At 33 Tennessee Williams is a better playwright than O'Neill was at that age. "A Streetcar Named Desire" represents an enormous advance over the beautiful, nostalgic but dramatically irresolute "Glass Menagerie", which transpired in a vague Debussy sort of world of half-real people, shadows of Williams' poetically remembered and symbolically represented young manhood. But he shows a sure and mature hand in the "Streetcar". It is pregnant with forcefully dramatic moments.

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY HERBERT McMANUS

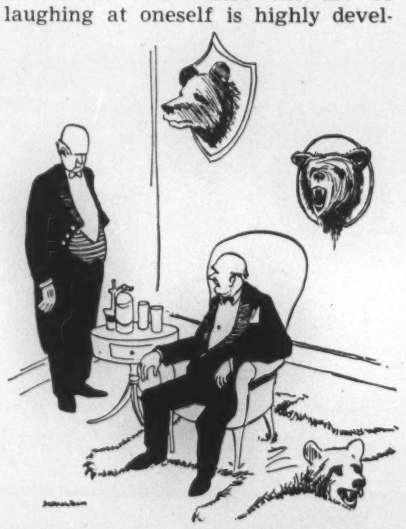
Disillusion Proves Too Much For Talented Mr. Mauldin

BACK HOME — by Bill Mauldin — McLeod — $4.00.

THERE must always be disillusioned and bitter ex-soldiers after any major war; the "recovery" scene would not be just right without them. This time, to the great satisfaction of many other people if not to himself, the griping burden has been taken on as practically a one-man show. The man is young Bill Mauldin who is not only a gifted cartoonist but who has an equal gift for finding the sore spots in contemporary civilization and rubbing salt on them with vigor and without mercy. At the same time his own record of these somewhat violently non-cooperative activities makes highly entertaining reading.

It has recently been announced that Mr. Mauldin has given up his commercial enterprise as a syndicated cartoonist, temporarily at any rate. Undoubtedly he was inspired to this action, in part, by the growing number of subscribing publications who found his efforts too strong meat. But disappearance of Mr. Mauldin *in toto* is greatly to be regretted because he is a top-flight craftsman; more than that he has that capacity which marks the great cartoonist of conveying simply and swiftly in one drawing, one simple and penetrating idea.

Perhaps Mr. Mauldin might consider the idea of employing his art in England, a country where long years and breadth of experience have made its people less acutely sensitive to their shortcomings than Americans and where the art of laughing at oneself is highly developed. It would be necessary, of course, for Mr. Mauldin to give his famous Willy and Joe a shave apiece and to spruce up their clothing and lolling posture; in a new guise their acid comment would be equally effective. Also they would find plenty of things to be disillusioned with. But certainly somewhere Mr. Mauldin, who had a great many things to say, should find some opportunity of saying them.



"On second thought, I'll receive Mr. Molotov in the drawing room."

One thing more than any other which has contributed to Mr. Mauldin's political unpopularity has been his selection of the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a favorite target. In the present state of American opinion this course is immediately construed as fellow-travelling and neither Mr. Mauldin's frank discussion in this book nor his production of definite anti-Soviet drawings has served to eliminate mounting suspicion. Effective attacks on such admitted excrescences of the American scene such as the Ku Klux Klan and Jim Crow practices and criticism of administrative inefficiencies in the public service have been obscured by the merited and mounting fear of Communism.

"I'll never forget how my old man laughed after he sold this swamp to the Veterans Administration."

"I can't tell whether he's a war-embittered young radical or a typical, sound, 100% American fighting man." The illustrations on this page are from "Back Home" by Bill Mauldin.

One of the more remarkable facets of young Mr. Mauldin's exceedingly positive character has been his steady development as a writer. He has now definitely left behind him any of the crudities of his earlier work and he has developed a style which has gained recognition from leading American literary figures. Steinbeck, for example, is evidently a keen admirer. Mauldin can now put his thoughts down on paper with clarity and economy of expression; he is able to talk directly to his reader without interference by any mechanics of the business. The result is that "Back Home" is an exceedingly easy and pleasant book to read and this has not been achieved without close and capable attention to the art of writing.

Mr. Mauldin was catapulted into fame by his wartime cartooning; he was literally dragged home (flown as a VIP) and told to cartoon peacewise. He was overwhelmed by adulation and money and was given time for neither rest nor personal reconversion. That he survived all this as well as he did is in itself remarkable and that he can tell the story with candor is the more so. Now, says Mr. Mauldin, he is going to take a rest and possibly that is what he should have done in the first place.

All His French Wits

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT TOOK NINE TAILORS—by Adolphe Menjou—*McGraw-Hill*—$4.50.

SAMUEL Butler once pointed out that nobody could flatter you as satisfactorily as you can flatter yourself, since no one else understands so exactly where to lay it on. Certainly it would be impossible to turn out a livelier appreciation of Adolphe Menjou than Mr. Menjou has tendered himself in "It Took Nine Tailors."

Not that there is anything overweening about Mr. Menjou's autobiography. It is a spry, glib, sometimes rueful and often very funny account of his thirty-odd years in moving pictures. You can't read very far, however, without realizing that it took considerably more than nine tailors to make the hero of the piece as rich and famous as he is today. It took shrewdness, energy, foresight, all his French wits and intelligence.

The Menjou career was fairly strung on crises of various sorts and "It Took Nine Tailors" tells how each in turn was met and vanquished. Over the years Mr. Menjou has survived the constant changes of fashion in screen behavior, the shift to talking pictures, which ruined dozens of fancier screen careers than his own, the depression which caught him with a wonderful screen equipment of evening clothes and no pictures or parts to wear them in, the obdurate tendency of producers to typecast him as the screen's best-dressed man. (Mr. Menjou doesn't depreciate the fact that he has made a career of fine-dressing; in fact he glories in it. But he never wanted to make a screen career of it.)

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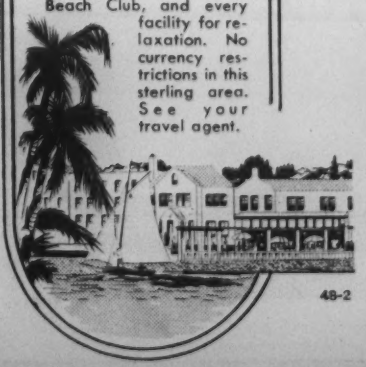

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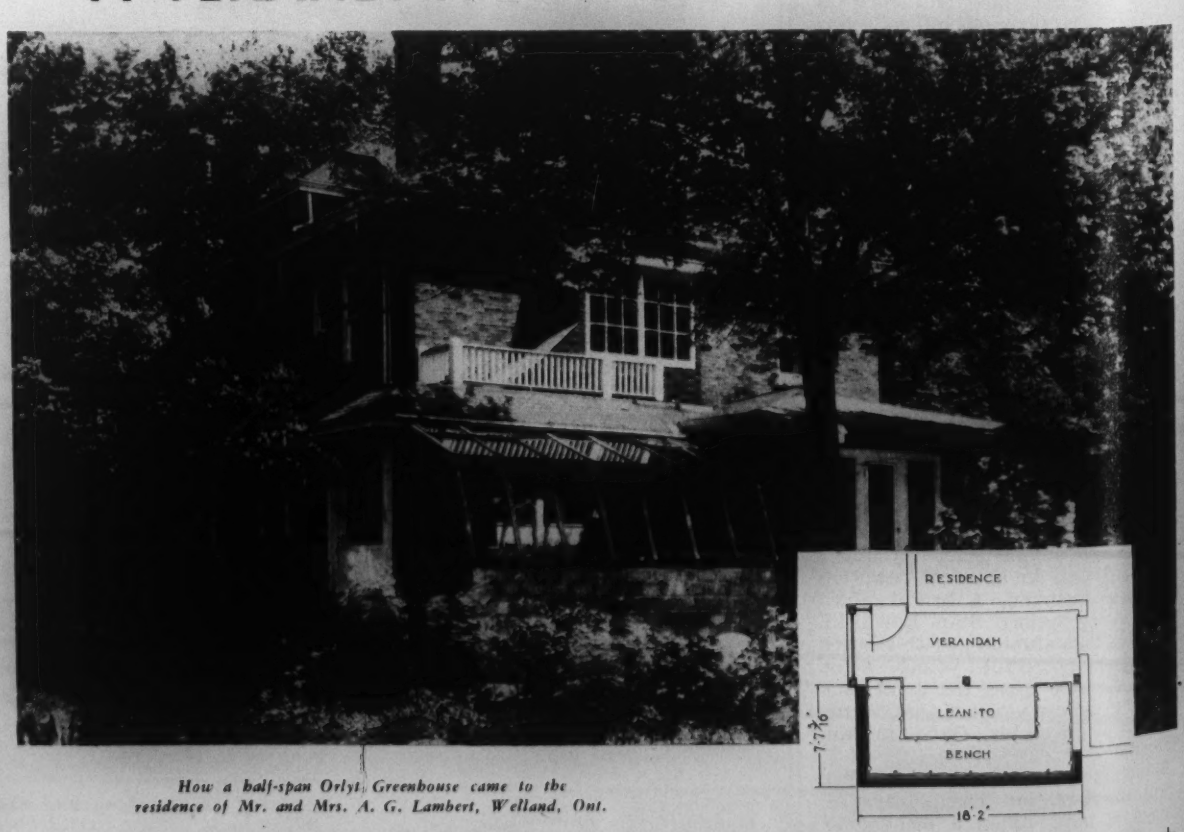

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THE BOOKSHELF

Realist View of French Canada Is Very Close to Greatness

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE TOWN BELOW—by Roger Lemelin —McClelland & Stewart—$3.00.

THE much discussed French Canadian novel "Au Pied de la Pente Douce"—literally "At the Foot of the Gentle Slope", the slope being that of the street which leads diagonally up the hill between the suburb of St. Sauveur and the Upper Town of Quebec,—is now available to readers with no French in a translation which while mechanically correct is regrettably devoid of any feeling for the Quebec idiom. Indeed even the French of France does not come off too well; "comptes-rendues" is merely "bills" when one is talking about paying them, and there is no need to say "bills-rendered".

The fact that the book was much discussed is not at all astonishing, but is not wholly due to its literary merits, which are high in some respects and much lower in others. It is due to the fact that Mr. Lemelin is the first writer in French Canada to present the life of a low-class urban industrial parish in terms entirely devoid of either sentiment or reverence. It is his astonishing achievement that he is able to depict the life of a slum parish—one must use the term parish because it is the church that gives it its whole social coherence, to a degree that Protestants and perhaps even English-speaking Catholics will hardly understand—with all the intimate knowledge of one who has lived it fully, and with all the detachment of a complete outsider.

What Is Needed

He has been denounced as an embittered enemy of his race and as a ruthless satirist; he is actually neither, but a convinced realist who finds odd and limited and simple people very good material for his pen. He is exactly what French Canadian literature needed at the moment, and it is evidence of the immense increase in the receptivity of the Quebec reading public that his book has sold very well in that province and has received the Prix David award.

It would be nice to be able to report that Mr. Lemelin was as successful with his front-rank characters as with his background, but he is far from it. Neither Denis Boucher the gang leader, nor Jean Colin his devoted follower, nor Lise the girl just out of convent who breaks down in both of them the adolescent determination not to allow any woman to become important in their lives, is ever quite a living and convincing figure. What he has set out to depict is the conflict at the adolescent period between the new love of woman and the older brotherhood between young men, a very legitimate and important subject; but one feels that his powers of observation are much weaker when directed towards the inner recesses of his own mind than when turned on the external surroundings amid which he has lived.

It is significant that Denis, his most important and most carefully analyzed character, is a writer as well as a gang leader. One suspects that Mr. Lemelin identified himself far too much with this character, and that a great deal of Denis's behavior is what Mr. Lemelin likes to think of himself as doing and thinking and feeling rather than what he himself or any youth in that position actually does and feels. The contrast between the melodrama of, for example, the words and actions of Denis at Jean's deathbed and the stark realism of every other detail of the scene is literally staggering.

There is a most interesting relation between Lemelin's Quebec working-class suburb and Gabrielle Roy's Montreal working-class suburb. Lemelin's people are still villagers in all essentials, and their conditions of life are those of a big village; Miss Roy's have long ceased to be villagers and been swallowed up in the conditions of life of a big industrial centre. Lemelin's people are not at all bothered about "les Anglais"; there are some ultra-nationalists among them, but they are ultra-nationalists for purely political reasons, and the author's contempt for party politics and those who work them is extreme. He is convinced that these politicians are responsible for most of the troubles of the French in Canada, and he is significantly frank in his view that there are politics in church circles as well as everywhere else.

The Quebec slang idiom is extraordinarily racy and natural, and it is hardly likely that any translator could do it full justice. It is an excellent thing that French Canadian writers are beginning to feel the value of the folk-life and folk-ways of their own unassimilated people, and especially that they have realized that the field for literature is not limited to the back parishes and the lumber camps.

When Mr. Lemelin (who is not yet thirty) finds out what he can do and what he cannot do, and when experience and contemplation have expanded the area of the former, he will give us a great novel. Meantime he has given us (and he wrote it several years ago) a novel of which two-thirds is very close to greatness.

ROGER LEMELIN

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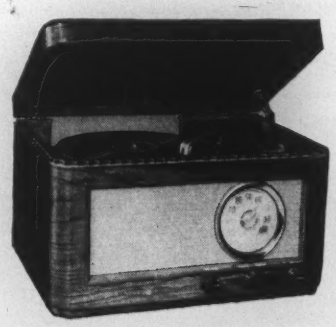

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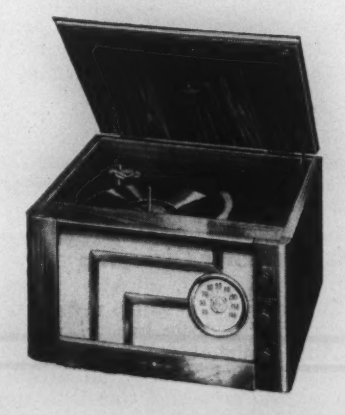

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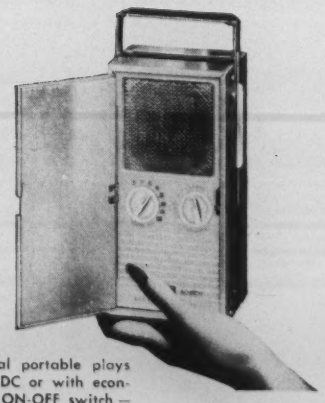

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FILM AND THEATRE

"The Iron Curtain" and the Council Of American-Soviet Friendship

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"THE IRON CURTAIN," film version of the great Canadian spy story, is now ready for release and will probably be distributed this month, in spite of the threats and indignation of the unshakable friends of Soviet Russia.

Protests from left-wing sympathizers have been pouring into the studios ever since work began on this picture. Now that it is finished the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship are threatening everything from threats of libel suits to picketing of the theatres that exhibit it. Exhibitors and producers remain calm, however. The film, they point, out is fully documented by the Canadian Royal Commission. As for the threatened picketing, they are ready to welcome it since nothing attracts people into a theatre more effectively than the warning that it would be wiser to keep out.

Damage Is Done

Many people who are not necessarily sympathizers may question the advisability of making such a picture. The answer to this appears to be that the damage done to friendship by the original disclosures was so great that no mere film recapitulation of the story is likely to extend it; also that any friendship that still remains should be as enlightened as possible.

Hollywood producers are rarely politically minded. And it is safe to say that "The Iron Curtain" was undertaken primarily as entertainment, rather than as anti-Soviet propaganda. It was hardly to be expected that Hollywood would overlook one of the most sensational and widely publicized stories of the year; and it would be impossible for a Hollywood screen writer to put together a more fabulous scenario than the one actually presented by events. In addition it had the advantage of taking place in Canada, a country in which Hollywood is becoming more and more interested as the source of fresh stories and settings.

So "The Iron Curtain" went before the cameras primarily as a master-spy story, with a setting of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings, the Ministry of Justice, a Canadian newspaper office, the National Research Council, and the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It was a unique opportunity and it hasn't touched off the usual imitative cycle. Nor is it likely to, unless the Soviet itself provides the type of international-spy scenario that is irresistible to Hollywood producers.

Whether "The Iron Curtain" will succeed as entertainment is, of course, another question. The moving picture public is war weary; and by this time almost as weary of the cold war as the shooting war. It is quite possible that this film, with its careful documentation and its insistence on the actuality of events, may bring the public too close for comfort to events and dangers it would prefer to overlook, at any rate in the movies. On the other hand the presence of Dana Andrews and Gene Tierney as Mr. and Mrs. Gouzenko may contribute enough illusion to make the story acceptable as unreality.

• •

Brilliant "Carousel"

By LUCY VAN GOGH

THE Richard Rodgers musical version of the famous Molnar play "Liliom," which under the appropriate title of "Carousel" has been the leading hit of the New York theatre for several years, has at last reached Toronto. This description of it is not quite fair to Oscar Hammerstein II, whose amazing skill in devising lyrics in the simplest colloquial American so that they sound like essential parts of the dialogue is a major contribution to the effectiveness of the piece. It is quite a new type of musical show when among the most important numbers are lyrics bearing such titles as "You're a queer one, Julie Jordan" and "This was a real nice clam bake," and when hardly anything that is sung fails to add to the characterization or the dramatic effect.

Telescoped Role

As in "Oklahoma," vividness of characterization and richness of atmosphere are as important as the music and are greatly helped by the music. It is true that the character—highly complex in the original—of the sideshow barker Liliom, who becomes Billy Bigelow in the American version, has to be considerably telescoped to make room for the music with the result that the murder scene breaks into the story rather violently with inadequate preparation; but this is richly compensated for by the charm which the music and the lavish setting and dancing lend to the other parts. In particular the roles of the two mill girls, Carrie and Julie, played by Margot Moser and Iva Withers, are given a glamour of simplicity, courage and innocence which the singers could not achieve alone, but which could not be achieved without great help from their skill and especially their understanding of the type.

Stephen Douglass as Billy both acts and sings with notable power, but the libretto does not allow him to make the character come to really consistent life until Billy is dead. Billy's extreme interest in his unborn child during the last hours of his earthly life simply is not credible; after his death we are of course prepared for anything.

Mamoulian's Direction

The music, a welcome reversion to the simple melodic line and natural rhythm of the old musical comedy, is admirably rendered by an excellent chorus and orchestra, and both stage picture and stage business are poetic in the highest degree, as one has learned to expect when the director is Rouben Mamoulian. The ballet, in which the solo work is beautifully done by Betta Streigler, is no mere ornament but a vital part of the drama.

In their different but equally effective ways these two very different versions of the same play—"Liliom" and "Carousel"—proclaim the same immortal truth, that the justice of God and the justice of man are as far apart as this earth and the infinite constellations of the heavens, and that only an utterly unselfish love can give to a human being on this earth the power to see the loved one somewhat as God (also loving him) is able to see him. That this truth can be stated in such a way as to sell out the Royal Alexandra for a week on end proves something about art and human nature.

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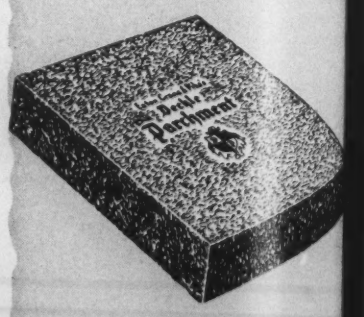

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By Paul of Elizabeth Arden's London, England, Salon

WORLD OF WOMEN

The Alexandrian Fringe

Remarkable for her beauty, Queen Alexandra also possessed an instinctive flair for timeless elegance. The curled fringe above her brow, the impeccably neat coiffure, were in exact and satisfying proportion to the hats perched in airy grace on her hair. Many hats worn in this manner appeared in this spring's Paris Collections. An example of the French rather than American influence, the coiffure on this page is designed specifically to complement hats that are perched, rather than worn, straight on the head. The hair ascends in soft curls at the back . . . is swept close to the head at the sides to create a narrow appearance from the front view . . . and, as it did for Alexandra, the curled fringe gives a softly feminine line across the brow.

BERNICE COFFEY, *Editor*

PURSUIT OF LOVELINESS

Beauty and Fashion, Women's Ageless Arts

By H. ARTHURS STRONG

"GOOD morning, madam," said the pretty girl in pink as she ushered me into the little room where she worked her magic.

"I was wondering," I confided, half apologetically, after greeting her, "if you could alter my hair-do a little today—something with a newer look."

"Yes, indeed," replied the worker in magic with enthusiasm. "There are so many new styles this year, but," she added in her wisdom, "it's most important that you choose one that suits *you*."

"True," I agreed, and told her about the friend who had achieved her rightful distinction and soigné charm by changing from a conventional wave to a simpler coiffure with her hair brushed back and coiled into a graceful chignon. This led to an animated discussion of the new hair styling.

The choice is wide, but all tend toward that close neat look admired in Paris. This season we can have a cap of soft shining curls, an Alexandrian fringe cut short in front with a chignon nestling in the nape of the neck, short hair shaped close to the crown like a cloche and fluffed out below, and several varieties of these. Long bobs are out. The ideal of the important salons in fashion centres is the soft feminine look to go with the 1948 clothes.

"Let me try the new cap shape for you," said the pretty girl in pink, "and see how attractive you look."

Such cajolery and flattery were not to be withstood, and her deft fingers were soon at work as if they really cared that my silvered tresses should look their best under the new, gay bit of flowered nonsense I was bravely wearing as a hat that day. Shaping, trimming and shampoo were soon finished and the curls set in their appointed places.

Then came that delicious half-hour so much enjoyed in a busy woman's day, and the sound of my drier merged gently into the general murmur from the other cubicles. Exotic perfumes filled the air and induced a feeling of drowsiness that relaxed taut nerves and set the mind free for reverie. The hum of the driers droned on like bees in flight, memories came drifting in with the warm spring sunshine, and low bowls of flowers brought pictures of another springtime and of quiet Eastern meadows carpeted with "lilies of the field."

The Evil Eye

That well-remembered road ran steeply upward to a remote little village in the Syrian hills, not far from the Cedars of Lebanon. We had driven up from Cairo through Palestine, and were now on our way to Damascus. Our usually well behaved engine was making occasional protests on these steep hills with their hair-pin bends, and we thought it might be well to soothe its doubtful temper before crossing the lonely plain which lay under the snow-capped heights of Mount Hermon.

We were approaching a sleepy little village which seemed to have settled down in a fold of the hills as if tired of its climb. We hoped there would be a garage and a mechanic. We found the garage and there were mechanics, dozens of them apparently. Their dark eyes peered with curiosity under the bonnet of our car. But, alas, none could speak "Engleezi" and our Arabic was limited to salaams, a few useful phrases such as "Which is the best road to . . . ," "Mafisch Araby," and of course the inevitable "Malesh"—"It doesn't matter."

Surprised at seeing a woman in the car, these male inhabitants, sheik-like in brightly colored abayas, striped robes and head shawls, or more modern in loose trousers, short jacket and picturesque red tarboosh, began to discuss between themselves how to dispose of me while the car was being serviced. The usual number of small boys to be found anywhere, in any country, at any time of day, sprang instantly to their usual places in the forefront of the crowd, and a few women—shy behind their enveloping shawls—ventured to look on from a distance.

One moved forward, hesitated and then spoke to a young man standing on the outskirts of the crowd. A smile spread over his swarthy face and he quickly sought my husband. Something was to be done with me or for me and suddenly I found myself the centre of their attention. It seemed urgent—the young man seemed agitated.

Ugly stories of their age-old superstitious fear of evil eyes crossed my mind—especially of blue eyes, and mine were blue. But so was my necklace, and a string of blue beads to ward off the evil eye is still hung round the radiator cap of their super de luxe cars sent up from Italy, as they have been hung round the necks of their donkeys from time immemorial.

To Join the Ladies

"I think they want you to join the ladies," my husband remarked with a reassuring note in his voice.

So I walked over toward a group still clustering together round the corner of the garage. The crowd was delighted. The young man became our self-appointed guide and the black tassel of his red tarboosh swung jauntily as he led the way. Nodding and smiling to each other, we followed him up the village street. We came to a little two-storied house where another group of women and children were watching for us, and climbed the narrow stairs and crowded into a small front room furnished with chairs, tables and a couch half-covered with an outsize in crocheted antimacassars.

Several of the women began to peer anxiously out of the windows and down the stairway. It was evident that someone else was expected. Meanwhile the thick, black Turkish coffee served throughout the Near East was brought in and poured into tiny handleless cups. We made polite remarks, none of us understanding the other's words, but as smiles and kind looks know no language, they somehow assured me that all would be well if only I would wait a little longer.

Finally there was a buzz of excitement. The smiles broadened and a look of satisfaction settled on their handsome faces. Their dark eyes sparkled, as a girl dressed in a yellow sweater and tweed skirt hurried in.

"Americaine, Americaine," they announced in unison with triumph in their voices, as an introduction, pushing her forward.

The new arrival shook hands and came very close to me as if the better to be understood.

"I been New York you been New York?" she stated and enquired in one breath.

"Yes, I was in New York last summer—" But the chattering among the women had broken out again and I waited, glancing at each eager face, feeling sure that something of great import was coming. The young lady from New York turned to me again.

"What they wanna know is this—Is still fashionable in Paris and New York to have your hair cut short?"

The surprise of this anticlimax was almost too much for my gravity, but somehow I managed to control a burst of laughter and to reply almost soberly, "Yes, I have quite recently been in Paris—and in London," I added, thinking that another capital might as well be thrown in, "and you can assure the ladies that it is indeed still most fashionable to have your hair cut short."

Later, as our car sped quietly forward on that deserted road, we pictured the fashions which must have traversed it in ancient times. Syria was then the meeting place of the civilizations of China and the East and of Egypt and the West. Along her busy highways came the caravans of silks and spices, and doubtless each little hamlet gathered its store of gossip, style and other news of far-off lands from the passing traveller and soldier of those days. Was it perhaps along this very road that Cleopatra too came up from Egypt in company with Mark Antony when he was journeying to the garden city of Damascus? And has all the world not heard that Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, had the first "perm" in history?

Hairdressing and its associated arts had reached a place of great importance by the first century B.C. when this famous beauty, robed in purple with Laconia ribbons, rode hatless out along the Nile, a little parasol protecting her complexion and her hair-do. The early Egyptian method of obtaining a permanent wave seems very drastic, but its invention was no doubt hailed with delight by the beauty seekers of that day. The hair was twisted tightly round sticks of cane, covered with a kind of mud-pack and baked dry in the hot, tropical sun.

How the Roman maid and matron must have stared when the much talked-of queen, the beautiful Cleopatra, visited Rome in state and was received by the great Julius Caesar! They too had their beauty secrets, their lotions, their hairdressers and their ringlets. A contemporary poet commented at length on the practices of these proud ladies of Rome who, 2,000 years ago, frequently changed the color of their hair by means of dyes and soaps and bleaches.

In Greece about the same time the fashionable courtesans had their elaborate coiffures treated with nothing less than a "blue rinse." And even Venus herself was credited with bleaching her hair. The ladies living up in ancient Syria, then an important province of the Roman Empire, may well have heard of these goings-on. Such talk drifts down the centuries, and the wives in England may have heard it too, when their husbands, the Crusading Knights, came from the Holy Land describing, doubtless, the beauties of the East and, being of a practical turn of mind, bringing with them such toilet articles as were then in use in the harems.

Gentle hands were groping round my head and from a long way off there came a voice breaking the spell of reverie.

"Is it dry yet?" asked the pretty girl in pink. "No? Then five minutes more."

Five minutes' reprieve. Five minutes more to linger among the memories of those hills and flower-decked fields of Palestine, and to wonder if today, in spite of the scars of near-by battles, of conflict and of enmity, those simple women in a Syrian village can still take thought to ask some passing traveller from the outside world, "Please tell us, what is the New Look in Paris, London and New York?"

JOAN RIGBY

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COLLECTORS' ITEMS

Rare Books Good as Gold

By EILEEN MORRIS

MARK TWAIN liked a thin book because it would steady a table, a leather volume because it would strop a razor, and a heavy book because it could be thrown at a cat. But today, no matter what size or shape, rare books and manuscripts are eagerly sought by collectors.

Reasoning that there is always a market for rare books, people are investing extra dollars in books as they once did in gems and, because of heated bidding, prices are skyrocketing.

Such volumes are considered money in the bank by shrewd buyers. One Toronto business man who bought several first editions at a local auction recently, admitted he possessed over 6,000 books. . . but didn't care for reading! Some enthusiasts collect only first editions by Canadian authors; others bid on books about a certain period in our history. An accountant I know collects only unusual volumes—for instance, one in his library is bound in North American redwood.

The Auction Block

In London and New York, traditional centres of book activity, spectacular purchases often make the headlines. A presentation copy of Keats' poems brought a bid of $8,750 when auctioned in New York, and a single volume of the five hundred year old Gutenberg Bible, first book printed with metal moveable type, changed hands at $88,000 in a London gallery. The British people are loath to lose their valuable manuscripts and books, but in these times there is little they can do when wealthy American collectors bid an item higher and higher.

One of the most coveted collector's items in the English language, Lewis Carroll's original manuscript of "Alice's Adventures In Wonderland" was purchased by Dr. Abraham Rosenbach for $50,000 at a Manhattan gallery. Conceded to be the biggest dealer in the business, the doctor already owns such treasures as the manuscript of Dickens' "Life Of Christ," and five pages of "The Pickwick Papers," for which he paid $300,000.

Yes, rare books *are* as good as gold—but don't let publicity about high priced purchases keep you from enjoying the pleasures of collecting a few yourself. There *are* surprising bargains to be had. At recent auctions, Eugene Field's personal copy of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was knocked down for $12; first editions of "The Cricket And The Hearth" and "American Notes" sold for $5 and $7.50 respectively.

Even your trip to the second hand bookstore may be profitable in more ways than one. A minister paid $1 for a dog-eared volume containing five of Ben Johnson's plays bound together; when sold, they brought $6,000!

Unknown Authors

Read books about books first. Edward Newton's "The Amenities Of Book Collecting" is almost a standard text, guaranteed to make every reader an enthusiast.

Nobody can decide for you what books to buy—that's up to you. An interest in a certain decade, nation or author may be your springboard. One young acquaintance watches for little-known books on Russia, and now owns a fine collection, much in demand by study groups. Not one of the books cost more than $1! Lawyer Charles Bragan's weakness for Wild West yarns started him collecting old copies of paperback novels. Now he has 30,000 of them, and this unique collection is valued at $25,000!

Pick up new books by young unknowns which show unusual promise. Ernest Hemingway's first effort from Paris created little stir in Chicago's stores where it was offered for $1.25. But one collector, favorably impressed by the fresh style of writing, bought a copy and put it away. After the critics had taken Hemingway to their hearts some years later, he was offered—and refused—$250 for the book. Much the same is true of Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale". Forty years ago bookshops featured it for $1.50; today good copies of that first edition are worth $500.

In the opinion of Vincent Starrett, well known reviewer, two high spots of tomorrow's collecting will be "Of Human Bondage" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy", so put those first editions on your list, and watch the local book stalls!

There are many interesting sidelights to book collecting, both sad and humorous. In 1843, a young American poet tried to sell his latest poem to *Graham's Magazine*, only to have it turned down. So that he might buy food for his family, the staff took up a collection, giving him $15. Two years later he finally sold the poem for $10—less than the original handout. The poet was Edgar Allen Poe. The poem was "The Raven", worth over $10,000 in manuscript form today.

Because a copy of Locke's "Essay On Human Understanding" carried marginal notes by George Bernard Shaw, an American paid $1,500 for it. When he heard about it, Shaw wrote in his typical, caustic manner that the annotations had been made by his father-in-law, and in his opinion, the book wasn't worth five cents!

• •

LOST SONG

WHILE the wind and the darkness held their own,
I heard a clatter
of hooves on stone,
and knew for a moment
stricken dumb,
that the winged, immortal
horse had come.

But love was wanton.
Her lips as close
and sweet as a little
half-blown rose,
urged me to folly.
I heard her say,
"Lie still, and perhaps
he will go away."

The dawn came early,
but no one knows
how an echo of hooves
struck silver blows
into my silence,
deep, oh deep,
long hours after
she fell asleep.

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Be patient with your grocer if he is sometimes short. There is going to be grab-bag demand for a while until all the faithful Heinz fans get their fill.

HEINZ 57 Varieties

MANNERS

The Bedside Emily Post

By HELEN MAY WILLMOT

OUR newly-admitted patient's call-light flashed on and I rustled along the hall to see what he wanted. Since he was due for a major operation in the morning, he had been given his sedative early and was supposedly sleeping.

"Nurse," he said, sitting up in bed and beaming brightly, "I wonder if you would mind bringing me four more glasses." He indicated four buddies who had miraculously appeared.

My momentary stunned silence was apparently taken for consent. Slyly pulling a bottle of rye from under the bedclothes, he added. "Make it five, nurse, and have one yourself."

"What next to try the supposedly saintly dispositions of the nurses!" I thought as I confiscated his bottle and sent his pals on their way.

Contrary to popular opinion, though women are usually the worst offenders in hospitals, in all too many instances their bed manners are really bad manners. Just ask your nurse. Nine out of ten of them will tell you they prefer male patients—and it isn't because they are looking forward to a mild flirtation. However, long suffering wives and mothers who are incredulous should remember that chivalry is more apt to be in evidence away from home. The only time I had my husband sick I was in despair after three days of nursing him at home. Upon removal to the hospital, he smiled benignly at his pretty blonde nurse and acted like a perfect lamb for his complete hospital visit.

Strictly Utilitarian

The average patient goes into the hospital under his or her own locomotion for about a fortnight's stay, of which only the first two or three days he or she is acutely ill. We shall draw a veil over those two or three days, and speak only of the rest of the time you are a patient.

When you pack your bag for the hospital, remember that you aren't going to feel like cutting a dashing figure, so concentrate on those articles which will add to your comfort. Nevertheless a few pretty nighties—or slick pajamas—will add to your morale when you are feeling on the up-grade, as hospital gowns are strictly utilitarian. One of the most ludicrous sights I have ever seen was that of a usually dignified-looking man caught in his hospital "shorty." I happened to intercept him by surprise. Turning hastily, he fled in the opposite direction forgetting that, while all but his bony knees were covered in the front view, only a few sketchy bows separated him from nature, behind.

It isn't fashionable to be a late-comer in hospital circles, so try to follow instructions about arriving. If your doctor has told you to arrive at eight o'clock the evening before your operation, it is so that any pre-operative treatments may be given and you tucked into bed at an early hour. If you arrive an hour late, you will get off to a bad start as well as upset the routine of the nurse assigned to you.

Naturally you will want to cling to the dear familiar faces of home as long as possible but don't arrive with all your relatives. One of them should be enough for your moral support and once you and they have been reassured, send them home. Thanks to Mr. Bell's invention of the telephone, you needn't feel cut off from them.

Of course it would be very nice to have the comfort of your family doctor greeting you at the door, but remember he is a very busy man these days. Most doctors have their routine time to call on all their patients in one hospital and, unless it is an emergency, he can't be expected to make a special trip. He will be informed when you have been admitted and will leave any orders with the nurses.

If you want special nurses for a few days and haven't already spoken to your doctor about it, now is the time to arrange it. Don't forget, though, there is still an acute shortage of nurses. It isn't fair to have them unless your condition really warrants such extra care, and only your doctor can decide this.

Rude Awakenings

When you are very ill and uncomfortable no one expects you to exhibit the nature of a martyr. You may growl and signal for your nurses all you like. I have never heard a nurse complain about the work caused by a really ill patient. However, just one hint for this period, if it happens to be postoperative. Your nurse isn't just being mean if she insists that you turn over and move about on the bed even though it causes you discomfort to do so. The latest school of thought on after operation care is that the active patient, except in special cases, is a lot less subject to postoperative complications. You may even find yourself reluctantly out of bed the day after your operation. The same holds after childbirth.

After a few days of enjoying the luxury of a bed bath, you will get a rude awakening when the nurse deposits her basin of water and leaves you to bath yourself. Just remember that it is good for you and eases the burden of the nursing staff. Usually it is necessary to start the morning hospital round fairly early. This means the grim business of waking people up. Don't growl at the nurse. She can't help it. On the average a nurse has about ten patients to look after, although on private wards she will have fewer. Each nurse does the best she can and tries

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to attend first to those patients she knows will be awake.

About that call light. It may seem like a veritable Aladdin's lamp to answer your slightest whim but unfortunately the white clad angel who responds to it doesn't float through the air by means of magic. Answering call lights can play havoc with a nurse's morning routine. A little forethought about things you want when your nurse is in the room can cut down a lot of trips. On the other hand, don't be like the sweet old lady I once nursed. She had a severe heart condition and kept the nurses on pins and needles because she would sneak out of bed by herself rather than bother them.

During this period in the hospital your doctor will probably be popping in to see you every day, usually in the morning. This isn't a social visit, so don't get busy with your make-up and lipstick. He wants to know how you are and can tell better if you haven't covered your pallor with pancake make-up and put an artificial bloom in your cheeks.

Having visitors is part of your cure. Laugh with them and have a good time but don't encourage them to be too noisy, especially if you are in a room with other people. You may feel rude drinking your eggnog in front of them but, unless it is a paid service of the hospital, don't ask for refreshments for them. And don't coax them to stay after visiting hours. The nurses hate to ask them to leave but they do upset the hospital routine.

Visitors probably mean flowers and your room may be blooming like a green house. If there isn't a ward aide to look after them, don't expect your nurse to have time to cut the stems and change the water.

So your time is up and you are going home. If you have been looked after by student nurses, perhaps you would like to leave some token of appreciation. If one nurse has been especially good to you, then give her a small gift. But don't offer her money, even though you know she is not getting paid. She is a professional woman and will be insulted. If you want to express simply your appreciation in general to the nurses who have looked after you, leave a box of candies for the nurses on your ward.

Finally, if you have assessed your merits as a patient and found them lacking, don't feel too badly. It is generally agreed that despite, or perhaps because of first hand knowledge on how they should act, doctors and nurses make the very worst patients of all.

VIGNETTE

Make Up Your Mind

By LOUISE STONE

PENCIL in hand, Ellen looked up from the magazine page she was studying.

"I'm determining my sex index," she told Marion, who was occupied with a game of solitaire. "I love doing questionnaires, they make you so interested in yourself."

"'The subtle secret of being you'," Marion quoted.

"Henry says human nature yearns for a chance to prove its own right-mindedness by getting into the right percentages, and that's why even fairly intelligent magazines publish quizzes. I started doing this one last night, but Henry wouldn't help me so I didn't get it finished. How should I answer this? 'Which hobby could you become most interested in? (1) bridge, (2) baseball.' If I say bridge, it gives me a point on the feminine side. If I say baseball, it gives me two points on the masculine side."

"With your bridge," Marion answered, "you'd better say baseball."

The Safe Side

"I could make a hobby of my kind of bridge, couldn't I? But I'd better be on the safe side and say baseball. 'Which do you prefer, (1) to stay home, (2) to travel.' If I prefer to stay home, I'm feminine, and if I prefer to travel. . ."

"I get the idea," Marion assured her.

"Well, I wouldn't want to stay home all my life, and then again I wouldn't want to be a homeless wanderer, condemned to eternal travel. I'd prefer to have a home and travel, say, once or twice a year. So what should I put?"

"Make up your own mind," Marion suggested, placing a red nine on a black ten.

"I'll say travel and give myself two points," Ellen decided. "But it's on condition that I can stop travelling whenever I want to. 'Which do you consider more important in a new car? (1) lines, (2) horsepower'."

"If you want to travel, you'd better say horsepower," Marion advised.

"But a bulldozer has lots of horsepower and yet I wouldn't want to ride around in one, especially on long trips. Why couldn't I have a combination of horsepower with good lines, too?"

"Not if you want to determine your sex index," Marion pointed out.

"I suppose it's more sensible to say horsepower, so I'll say horsepower. 'Which do you consider more important in a woman, (1) clothes, (2) brains.' If I consider clothes more important, I'm feminine. Whoever made up this questionnaire must think women are morons."

"It sounds like an intelligence test," Marion observed. "Probably it's aimed at the kind of woman who'll try to answer it."

"Probably," Ellen agreed. "I suppose if I considered character most important, I'd be neutral. 'Do you think it is silly to be afraid of mice? (1) no, (2) yes.' I'm afraid of mice and I think it's awfully silly, so the answer is yes. Number five, 'Which do you consider more important in a man? (1) appearance, (2) business ability.' What do you think, Marion?"

"I think it depends on whether it's your husband or another man. Most women consider that eating is important."

I'm Feminine

"When I add myself up I want to turn out to be normal, so I'd better say business ability. There's just one more question left over from last night: 'Do you prefer to have someone make your decisions for you? (1) yes, (2) no.' If I answer yes, I'm feminine . . . well, anyway, Henry always makes me make my own decisions, so the answer is no. Now I can start adding up . . . Two, four, six . . ."

Marion gathered up her cards and reshuffled. "So Henry wouldn't help you with your sex index?"

" . . . Twenty, twenty-two, twenty-four. . . No. Henry muttered something about there being easier, more reliable ways of telling . . . thirty, thirty-two, thirty-four . . . Good gracious, I add up to forty-six!"

"Is that a pass?" Marion inquired, laying out a new game.

"No!" Ellen stared at the score results at the bottom of the page. "Good heavens, I'm extremely masculine! I must have made a mistake—it says here you should come halfway between, to be normal. Now I'll have to do it all over again!"

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ABDICATION

No Time Like the Future

By JOSEPH SCHULL

SHE'D been home from the hospital for six days. Pale, tender, with stars in her eyes. But wearing the mantle of motherhood like a sweat shirt. A coach's sweat shirt; two days before the big game. For ten minutes I hadn't heard a plan; she'd been busy changing diapers in the bedroom. She emerged saying, "Do it now."

"Umm . . ." I was reading "Men of Action Stories," on the couch. My position might have been described as recumbent.

"Peter!"

"Umm . . . ."

She poked a finger into my midriff, which was unfair, considering the Sunday dinner she'd provided. "Now."

I groaned. She jabbed again. "Get up."

"You're a hag—a werewolf—a she-bear."

"And you're getting to be an old plush-front."

"Fatty reserve. For emergencies."

"I mean it, Peter. My son's not going to be done out of heaven by a careless father. I've told mother and dad and all your people. It's going to be this afternoon."

"You're too weak. You still need rest."

"Nonsense. You don't know anything about modern medicine. And I want to get it done." A baritone squall with lots of tremolo came from the bedroom and we both jumped, ready for action. "You see—he wants it too."

I GOT up, went to the telephone and called the Reverend Mr. Hardy. "You wouldn't like to do a christening this afternoon?" I suggested hopefully.

He was resonant and approving and firm. "I'd be delighted! At five o'clock?"

"That would be fine." I hung up, glowering.

John Charles David had a low opinion of the whole business. He put a finger in my brother's eye on the way to the church, he disapproved of Rita's uncles as much as I did; he swore violently and in many keys as the water was saucered onto him. The family watched his ordeal without pity and when it was over everybody came home to toast him.

Monday morning I started out to earn the living. Rita stood in the doorway. "Don't let Davidson forget that appointment."

"What appointment?"

"For the insurance policy. I told you I made it. Before I went to the hospital."

"I'll change it. No time today. You should see my desk."

"You'll have to make time. My son's going to have a college education. The First President of the World can't be a dummy."

Davidson was around at eleven o'clock, polite but firm. He'd been coached. Everything filled in but the dotted line at the bottom.

The bills for the crib, carriage and baby walker were in the afternoon mail.

SHE phoned me at three-fifteen. "Will you pick up the baby books at the Emporium?"

"They deliver."

"But not till tomorrow. Don't forget."

I had to eat breakfast fifteen minutes early next morning, because she wanted to get him ready for the photographer at ten. John Charles David would be glad of the pictures when he had children of his own. The shopping list I took down town included a birthday book. The history should begin with the beginning. Also phonograph records. Training of the ear couldn't start too soon. I asked her if he wouldn't be needing an air-gun by nightfall.

Also on the bring-home list was a bottle of gin; because Mr. Prentice liked Martinis. A. J. Prentice—the Overhanging Cloud—he signed the paychecks. He was around my desk in the morning and again in the afternoon, funny as a lame back, mild as a melting glacier. So I was a father—ha, ha. I'd learn. But he and Mrs. P. wondered if it wasn't really too soon for us to be having company.

It was indeed. I'd been through a lot. A. J. had got his cigar and that would have held him for a while. But the negotiations had been on a high level—Rita to Mrs. P.

When I got home with the gin the den seemed to be enjoying a transitional period. My desk was shoved over into a corner; the goose-neck lamp was stowed on it, disconnected: The leather armchair was at the head of the kitchen stairs, bound for the basement. She held up two slabs of colored paper as I came in.

"Pale pink or pale blue?"

"Pale pink or pale blue what?"

"For the walls—of the nursery."

"Oh. So that's what it is now?"

"Of course. The desk can go in the living room."

The bottle of olives for the Martinis was hard to open. I managed it, with vocal accompaniment. She said, "That'll have to stop. You've no idea how they pick up words."

John Charles David swayed in his crib. "Gug-ga."

"You see?" she said.

Sharp on seven the Prentices arrived. John Charles David showed good taste but no diplomacy. He brayed his instant disapproval of Mr. Prentice. Dinner was an uninterrupted discourse on baby culture, delivered by Mrs. P. Rita listened with wide eyes and bated breath and no apparent recollection of Arlene Prentice and A. J., junior. She'd told me not a month before that the Prentices should either have trained their young or drowned them.

A. J. had been worried by the hostility of John Charles David. After dinner, when the blanket and scowl made a reappearance, he devoted watch, watch-chain, fingers and a half-hour of high-priced time, to winning a smile. It came at last, after some frantic gesticulations by Rita over A. J.'s shoulder. A. J. dissolved into spring-like geniality and was ready to go home.

Rita directed Mrs. P. to the bathroom where she re-did her face. It was a complete waste of time, but it left A. J. exposed. "Fine boy, fine boy!" he burbled.

Rita jounced the fine boy up and down. "And a new responsibility," she said winningly. "Peter and I want him to have everything that . . ."

"Just leave that to old A. J.," said old Uncle A. J. "I've got the very spot for Peter right now."

ASSISTANT Sales Manager, it was. New job, new secretary. New desk right under A. J.'s eye. No morning coffee. No sports round-ups with the boys in the front office. "Wonderful!" said Rita over the phone; "Where do you get a directory of private schools?"

She was surveying the dark corner of the living room thoughtfully when I got home that night. "That desk takes up a lot of room. And those old pipes and things . . ."

"Maybe I'd better move out for a year or so."

"You'll be staying in for a year or so. You'll have a lot of studying to do to get ready."

"Ready for what?"

"To help him. We own an encyclopaedia now. It's coming tomorrow."

I felt tired. The newsprint began to blur earlier than usual. There was nothing on the radio and besides we were in training for the four-hours-and-formula routine. She was at the dressing table, patting cold cream into her face, and stopped, thoughtfully.

"A boy should grow up with a sister."

"Hey . . . !" I said.

• •

TEA FOR TWO

I DON'T much care how your laundress launders,
And as for the whims of your three-year-old
Recounted with delighted despair,
Frankly, darling, they leave me cold.

I lend an ear bleakly to your description
Of your husband's idiosyncrasies;
I'm not enthralled when you glow about fashion
Or rhapsodize over recipes.

You ought to have wider horizons, my dear,
You should cultivate an impersonal view.
Stop talking and listen! Haven't I
A laundress, child and husband, too!

MAY RICHSTONE

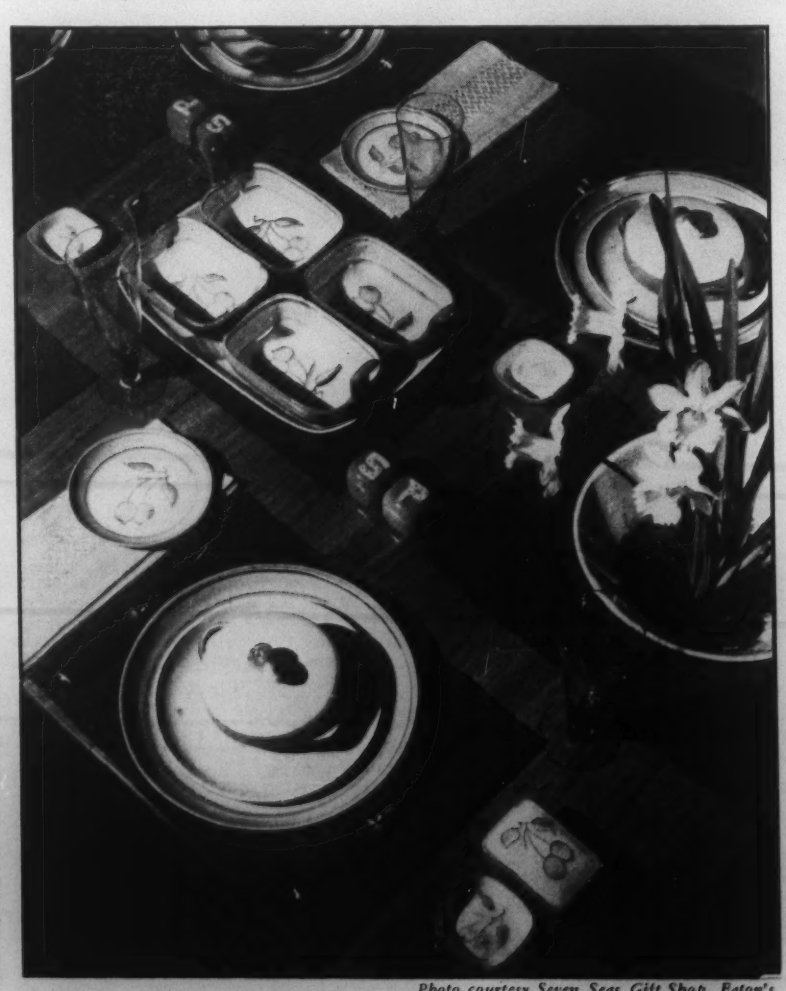

Photo courtesy Seven Seas Gift Shop, Eaton's.

Spring comes indoors in a table décor in which California Citrus pattern pottery is used in company with plain sage green and yellow plates. Hand-woven table mats match the background colors of the pottery and tall Pilsener glasses have raffia wrapped bases. Daffodils appear to be growing naturally from moss bases in reseda green and yellow bowls.

PERSONALITIES

Comedienne in Clay

By PAUL DAVIDSON

RECENTLY, a unique Canadian woman artist won signal honors in the international ceramic world. Dora Wechsler, by winning one of the coveted awards at the Eleventh Annual National Ceramics Exhibition in Syracuse, New York, capped her growing reputation as a comedienne in clay. Ranging the breadth of the human comedy from the parlor to the park, her sly commentaries in the form of glazed ceramic figures have gained increasing note and comment during recent years.

The public reacts to Mrs. Wechsler's creations in two ways. They either

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like her work immensely or are peeved by it. The majority of people, it may be said, do like it; a minority without a sense of humor fail to appreciate it. For instance, two of the comments the artist most overhears about her pieces are: "*Wherever* does she spend her time?" and "Why does she always do 'ordinary' people?"

The answer to the first of these questions is that Mrs. Wechsler spends her time in what are usually denoted "respectable" places. The second question is probably explained by the ten years she spent doing social work in Toronto. Coping with problems of delinquency and poverty, she naturally saw plenty of life on the other side of the tracks. Fortunately, she has the ability to recall the humor as well as the grimness of being poor.

Comments in Clay

Mrs. Wechsler's sculptured asides are not restricted to the needy alone. Her social comments in clay are humorous reflections on the lives of Canadians from dowagers to dairymaids. A strolling negro couple, a draped debutante, a disconsolate gob or a tired waitress are equally material for her hands. Mrs. Wechsler feels that the artist should reflect the life around him.

Dora Wechsler's life to date has provided a perfect background for her present creative work. Born in Ottawa of Russian parentage, she first studied for a teaching career at MacDonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q. and took postgraduate studies in pedagogy at McGill University. During her training period at McGill, her creative urge first made itself felt in the shape of spasmodic drawing and painting lessons at the Art Association of Montreal. Upon leaving university, she taught public school in Montreal for a number of years until her marriage, when she moved to Toronto with her husband.

In Toronto, Mrs. Wechsler turned to social work which, while it entirely submerged her art interests for ten years, was to provide a fund of experience from which she could later draw for her humorous clay figures. It was an extended trip abroad which decided Dora Wechsler's future in art. The ceramic exhibitions which she saw in Continental centres stimulated her imagination, and a course in sculpture at the London School of Arts and Crafts confirmed her decision.

Canadian Manners

This singular artist's attempt in ceramics upon returning to Canada was creating pottery bowls. However, this did not lend enough scope for the application of her innate pictorial wit. One morning, in the studio, she held up the coil of clay with which one first begins to make a bowl, but instead of putting it onto the potter's wheel she found herself bending it into the form of a seated human figure. Before an hour had passed by, the original strip of clay had assumed a plausible likeness of an old man sitting on a park bench. No one was more surprised at the success of her chance experiment than Mrs. Wechsler herself, though she realized she had discovered her true medium. No more bowls—it was people that interested her, and from now on her creative efforts in clay would be directed towards portraying them.

Dora Wechsler's piquant ceramics are never done from actual models and she rarely knows when she begins a figure what the completed study will be like. She generally has only a vague conception of the people that she desires to portray, and the subjects grow and take shape in her mind as she works. She claims the sculptured characters take on a life of their own as they develop their clay personalities under her fingers, and when the pottery figurines are finally completed they have become almost as living friends to her. To the artist, her clay creations are not puppets, but living people, and this attitude probably explains, in part, the effectiveness and vitality of the completed models.

Dora Wechsler's ceramics have been exhibited and praised widely. She has had a number of important solo shows and her work has been shown regularly in leading exhibitions. Her lively creations are represented in outstanding public and private collections. She is a member of both the Canadian Society of Sculpture and the Canadian Guild of Potters.

Every now and then Dora Wechsler feels, a trifle guiltily, that she should do some really "serious" modelling. But as long as she goes on producing vital figures as she has done to date she may lay any such feeling at rest. A wink and a smile can be as effective as a frown or a sermon, and her creations compose an unique comedy of Canadian manners.

"Conversation Piece" by Wechsler

• •

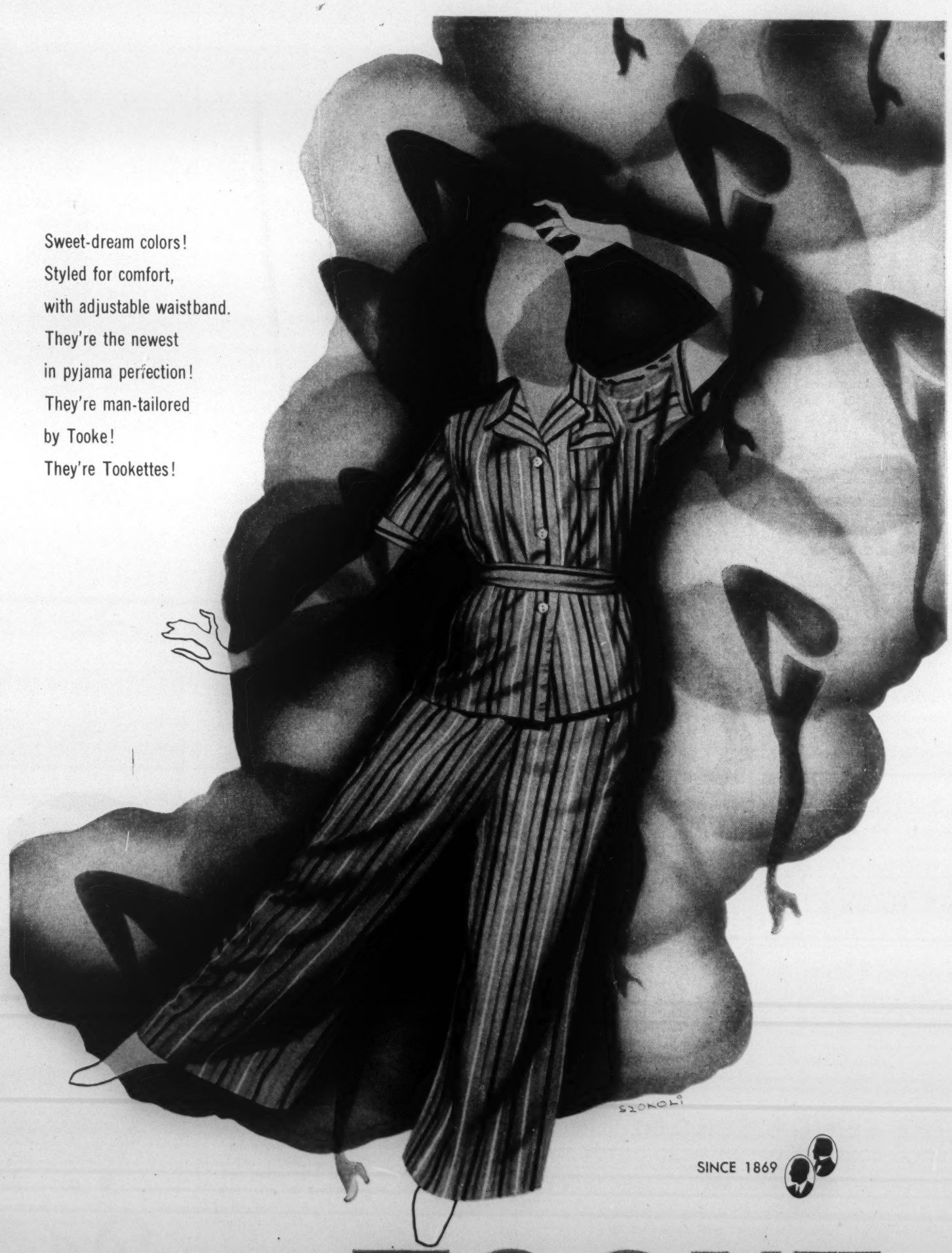
CRITICISM AND GOOD HEALTH

WITH a sweet surprise
A healthy Critic saw a new book of verse
And read every blessed line;
Found it strong and wise,
Original, musical and admirably terse,
And the Critic wrote "It's fine."

But there came a day
When the selfsame Poet did another book.
The Critic wasn't right!
So he turned away
After giving it but a cursory look.
(He caught a cold last night.)

And he wrote, "Just fair!
There's a falling-off, it appears to me.
A halt in the rhythmic flow,
'The old, grey mare
She ain't what she used to be
Only a year ago'."

J. E. M.



MUSIC

The Philadelphia Story

By JOHN H. YOCOM

CRITIC Virgil Thomson of the New York *Herald Tribune* once remarked that the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra has "a sound that is pungent and mellow like the smell of fall fruits, that no other instrumental ensemble has quite the impersonal, almost botanical, beauty that this one possesses." For two nights last week Toronto listeners in Massey Hall partook of that beauty, whether or not they debated with themselves that this, or the Boston Symphony or the N. Y. Philharmonic, was the world's best. The 49-year-old, bald, short, energetic conductor, Eugene Ormandy, and the 110-piece orchestra achieve a perfection of tonal rendering. The many expert instrumentalists, paid top salaries from wealthy endowments and royalties from recordings, in turn guarantee expertness in sections to get that single instrument effect. Yet it is still Ormandy's show; he calls the sparkling turns.

Ormandy plays upon the orchestra in full freedom and produces from it sonorous and expressive beauties of the highest quality, always with a unity of reading and authority without bluster or bluff. He offers really excellent workmanship without personal insistence. He dabs at the full orchestral palette, keeping his sounds and colorations of sound cleanly separate from one another. This clean-cut quality is ever present, in whispers or roars or the in-betweens. There is orchestral power without the employment of forced tone, of overbowing or overblowing.

The orchestra played eight numbers in the two nights: young Soviet composer Kabelevsky's Overture to "Colas Breugnon," containing no ideological stuff but richly impregnated with melody and syncopated rhythmical excitement, Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, Debussy's "Faun" Prelude, Respighi's "Roman Festivals," Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz," Brahms' Third Symphony, a Serenade for Flute and Strings by Hanson of the Eastman School, and Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" Suite. Ormandy made the familiar music sound unusually eloquent. Especially in the Brahms was he revealed as a master of phraseology. In the Tschaikowsky he discerned the rhythm that underlies its slow and its energetic passages to make these sound as if they were all parts of the same piece.

EUGENE ORMANDY

Grin, Strut and Lyrics

Maurice Chevalier demonstrated to a packed Eaton Auditorium a surefire device for getting as many curtain calls as he wants. The trick: to hold back "Mimi" and "Louise" as encores. It was the same old Chevalier, a little greyer for his 59 years but no less debonair than he was fifteen years ago in the movies or twenty-five years ago at the Folies Bergère. We noted a more insistent *joie de vivre*, less Parisian *oo-la-la*, and a more obvious enthusiasm with his audience, as shown in long, chatty introductions, than in his comeback show last year. But there was no diminishing of the infectious grin, the rhythmic strut, the Gallic gaiety, the A-B-C sentiment of the old and new Parisian songs in his repertoire (*e. g., "A Barcelone," "J'ai du Ciel dans mon Chapeau," "Place Pigalle"*) and Cole Porter's un-Montmartre-like "Just One of Those Things" in English. We still think that the best travel advertisements that France could have in America are entertainers like Chevalier and Lucienne Boyer, who was here last Christmas.

Quebec province is much more Chevalier's Canadian home than Toronto. His eleven performances in Montreal were sold out; he had a packed house in little Granby, Que. After that curtain-call trick with "Mimi" he just had time to catch the train for Quebec City.

Bigger and Better Ballet

Ballet has grown steadily in Canada in the past ten years. Each season now it takes bigger strides in popularity. There is no big money involved yet and there is no national ballet theatre. But there was a three-day, non-competitive National Dance Festival in Winnipeg Playhouse Theatre last week that at least gave native ballet a nation-wide frame of reference and great promise of an annual show-window. Ballet groups attended from Vancouver (winners in a B.C. choreography festival), Winnipeg (dancers directed by Gweneth Lloyd), Montreal (a troupe directed by Ruth Sorel in three moderns and three miniatures) and Toronto (Boris Volkoff's well-known ballet company in a complete, one-night program). On the final night all four troupes participated in a colorful finale. Greater representation at any future festival can be expected. For instance, Hamilton now has a ballet company of 26 young people, started in 1946 on a shoestring, that could handsomely represent that city.

•

Last Saturday night Montreal's Orchestre des Concerts Symphoniques, conducted by Belgian-born Désiré Defauw, gave the first performance of Clermont Pepin's new work for orchestra. Pepin is a young Quebec musician studying at the Royal Conservatory's Senior School. His Piano Concerto was one of three works for orchestra picked to represent Canada at the Arts Competition of the Olympics. Pepin will appear as composer-pianist at the closing concert of the Senior School, Massey Hall, May 12.

The Canadian College of Organists has undertaken the ambitious project of restoring the organ in Coventry Cathedral. The sum of $17,000 in the objective of $50,000 in five years has already been realized. This week another important unit of the project was presented—at St. Paul's Church, Toronto, a magnificent performance of Handel's "Messiah," with many churches sending their best singers to the 225-voice choir under the direction of Frederick Silvester. The organist was Muriel Gidley. The work of soprano Lois Marshall has been particularly noteworthy this year and in this "Messiah" her solo contribution was of exceptional sensitivity and artistry. Other soloists were Evaleen Dunlop, contralto, Arthur Bartlett, tenor, H. Read, bass.

Beatrice Bennett's piano recital last week in Eaton Auditorium was especially noteworthy as the first public appearance of a graduate of the Senior School in an individual professional venture.

The Mount Allison University Symphony Orchestra of Sackville, N.B., has just completed another busy season. H. Kelsey Jones, a graduate in music from the University of Toronto, has been the conductor since last fall. Four major concerts included such complete works as Handel's "Water Music," Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in G minor, Beethoven's Symphony No. 1 in C minor and Offenbach's "Orpheus" Overture. Orchestras of this type are few in the Maritimes and the Mount Allison U. group prides itself on being the only one in the east to attempt such ambitious programs. The present membership of 33 will be increased next fall. About half of the players are from Sackville and neighboring towns.

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CUISINE

Fine Food Is Not Hurried

By J. HILTON LEGH

TO the gourmet, a sea-food dinner is a serious business. Amid formal surroundings dignified gentlemen, chins agleam with melted butter, white bibs tied baby-wise round their necks, dip into hot paper bags for succulent steamed clams, to be solemnly dunked in broth and reverently swallowed.

The oldest sea-food restaurants in the United States lay stress upon a restful atmosphere and the finest of food and cuisine. No razzle-dazzle decorations or deafening music disturb palate or gastric juices. The seductive flavors of fish, prepared by chefs who are tops in culinary art, are sufficient unto themselves.

In New York opposite the Fulton Street fish market, (often referred to as "Al Smith's college") Sweet's, established in 1895, still serves in its original setting the finest of fresh sea-food. The tired old stairway leads to a smallish room with alcove where white clothed tables are set in close proximity. Sailing ship models in glass cases provide appropriate and interesting decorations.

Every imaginable variety of fish in season is cooked to order and, if a table is not reserved—especially on Friday—one may be obliged to wait indefinitely. Out-size baked potatoes and creamy rice pudding are among the popular items on the menu. An aged colored waiter from Maryland serves his customers, courteously advising the specials of the day, gently admonishing those who would hurry. He may never have heard of Thackeray's "Sir, respect your dinner, idealize it; enjoy it properly," but that is what he contrives to suggest.

In the many places which specialize in sea-food, a side dish of crisp cole slaw usually accompanies each order; also country style baking powder biscuits, always piping hot and sometimes served from the baking pan.

You may indulge in a hot sea-food platter consisting of lobster, crab meat, fillet of sole, fried clams and scallops. Or barbecued oysters may be chosen instead of lobster. The sad part of it all is that, no matter what one decides to order, a neighbor's plate is sure to look more tempting. "Big Crab Yourself" is the somewhat aggressive name given to the jumbo lumps of devilled Maryland crabmeat. Finnan haddie cured and smoked over hickory logs sounds appetizing indeed. There is apparently an endless variety from which to choose, from Frog's legs fried in sweet butter to the occasional sea squab (blowfish) flown in from South America. The squab has only one centre bone and the delicate white meat resembles breast of chicken.

One of the most interesting and historical sea-food houses in the United States is Old Bookbinder's in Philadelphia. A feature of the main dining room is an enormous fireplace built with cobblestones taken from the pavement over which George Washington and his troops marched on the way to Valley Forge. Three other dining rooms are of special interest to visitors. The Maine Woods Trophy Room is furnished to resemble an old New England Lodge. The Blacksmith Room is a museum of Colonial Philadelphia relics and arms and a collection of Currier and Ives prints. Perhaps the most beautiful room in which to dine is the Sea Shell Room, lined with shells from every shore of the globe.

Family Secrets

The food at Bookbinder's is superlative, from the marinated herring in sour cream (Mrs. Bookbinder's original recipe) to the Extra Jumbo Lobster for two. As is customary, fancy desserts are disregarded but ice cream, apple pie, Nesselrode pudding or a strawberry shortcake are available for reckless patrons.

The excellence of New Orleans creole cookery is legendary, and dinner at Antoine's becomes a cherished memory. Founded in 1840 by Antoine Alciatore, it has maintained its international reputation, and is now under the management of Roy Alciatore, grandson of Antoine. An old-fashioned building between Royal and Bourbon streets, the Restaurant Antoine is not at all impressive when viewed by daylight, but at the dinner hour there is apt to be a block long queue of patrons.

Huîtres en Coquille à La Rockefeller, oysters baked in their shells and served on a bed of rock salt, is a dish prepared from a recipe which has been a closely guarded family secret since it originated in the kitchens of Antoine in 1889. The cream sauce of shrimp and mushrooms which accompanies *Filet de Truite à La Marguery* is so delicious that it seems to call for soft violin music and candlelight in addition to white wine. *Pompano en Papillotte*, pompano cooked in a paper bag, was first served in honor of a famous balloonist. The bag, fashioned to resemble the gas envelope of a balloon, was found to be of great practical value in retaining flavor.

Antoine's believes, in common with most places catering to epicurean tastes, that if you are in a hurry it is better to wolf a sandwich at the corner drug store, rather than nervously wait in a restaurant where time is needed to achieve perfection.

In Louisiana a deftly seasoned court bouillon is the secret of the distinctive flavor of boiled fish. Their gumbo soup served with rice has a base of oysters and shrimp. It also contains scallions, celery, parsley, thyme, and file powder (powdered sassafras leaves). A Louisiana canned shrimp soup is now on the market.

Sea-Food Cookery

A saga of sea-food cookery would not be complete without mention of the widely known *Marseilles Bouillabaisse*, that "sort of soup or broth or brew, a hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes," with fresh saffron flowers added to trail "like drowned maiden's tresses". A revised edition for home use need not dismay the amateur cook as it takes less than half an hour to prepare once the ingredients are assembled. Spanish saffron may be obtained at the drug store and canned lobster, crab or shrimp used. If several varieties of fish are used a better flavor will result. A combination of haddock, cod and flounder would do.

Bouillabaisse calls for three pounds of fish, one dozen oysters or clams, one cup of lobster, crab or shrimp meat, two cups consommé, one cup tomato juice, one-half cup canned pimento cut in bits, juice of of one lemon, two medium onions sliced, one tablespoon minced parsley, one teaspoon saffron, one-half cup cooking or olive oil, a garlic bud and a bay leaf. Thick slices of bread toasted crisp and brown.

Gently sauté oil, bruised garlic bud, onion slices. Add tomato juice, consommé and bay leaf. Simmer five minutes. Put in salted fish cut in pieces, then saffron and pimento. Steam oysters or clams separately leaving them on lower half of shell. Cook soup until fish is done (about fifteen minutes of simmering should do it) then add shellfish on half shell. Add lemon juice, season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with parsley. Serve on slices of hot toast placed in bottom of soup plates.

All that is needed to round off this rich full-bodied meal which carries the essence and aroma of the sea, is a salad of mixed greens, a ripe slice of your favorite cheese and a simple fruit gelatine dessert.

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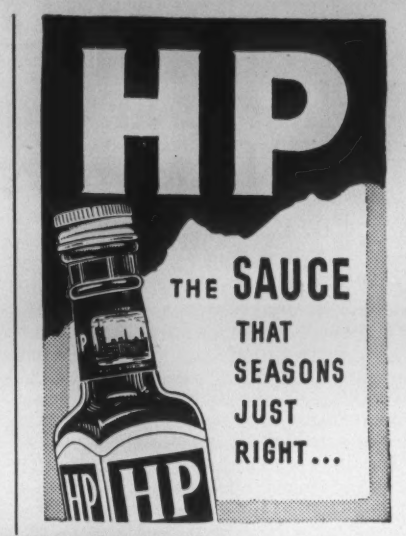

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BRAIN-TEASER

Keep Her on Ice

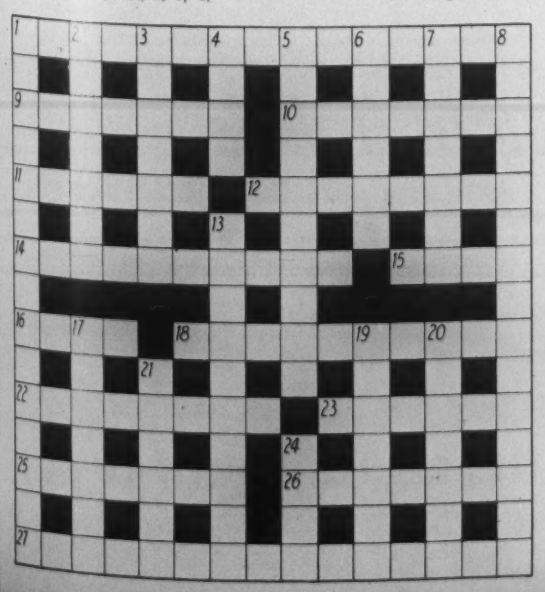
By LOUIS and DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. She figures on a cold spot for a warm reception. (7, 3, 5)
9. In view for penetration.
10. Bat a guy for charity. (3, 1, 3)
11. Does the farmer twist his toe when he scrapes the earth? (4, 2)
12. Mental brilliance necessary when 3 with G.B.S. (5, 3)
14. Is there a stigma attached to a twitch?
15. You must before it's undone.
16. When David lost his head.
18. Graceful way 1 across returns to us from foreign lands. (6, 4)
22. It's not it wrong.
23. She ran into bed in a dither.
25. They sound like Laurence's wagons.
26. Sped with a bag to plunder.
27. Despite pro-posals 1 across intended to (6, 2, 7)

DOWN

1. The radiant appearance of 1 across has a silvery quality. (6, 2, 1, 6)
2. "- - - - - - - is what we owe; love, what we give".
3. It's no use with a woman if you want the last word.
4. Canada's sweetheart's in this puzzle. (hidden)
5. Peers' craniums do not necessarily contain these. (5, 5)
6. She's no bride until you this at the altar, so to speak. (3, 1, 2)
7. 1 across is a capital girl, evidently.
8. He always has one foot before the other at the circus. (9, 6)
13. The flying Dutchman jolly well had to (4, 3, 3)
17. The meantime.
19. It's a sin, Gary, to mock orange.
20. Yours to give her when you 6 (3, 4)
21. Dante's and Tschaikowsky's Francesca da - - - - - -.
24. Song from Bavaria.



For the benefit of those who have not previously worked this type of puzzle, the compilers would like to point out that anagrams are often placed in the clues with words before or after them to help you such as change, upset, turn about etc., but sometimes it is left to your own ingenuity to spot them.

Where the word "hidden", in parenthesis appears at the end of a clue, the answer is found as a complete word within the sentence. In "A mantle round his shoulder (hidden)" the answer could be antler.

Figures after a clue denote the number of letters in each word of the answer.

LONDON LETTER

When Vicar Grows Own Tobacco Will Treasury Spoil Show?

By P. O'D.

London.

SEEING that the U.K. can no longer afford to buy all the tobacco its people would like to burn or eat or sniff up their noses, it was inevitable that sooner or later some bright and enterprising spirit should decide to grow and cure the weed. The only odd thing about it is that the producer should prove to be a clergyman. But perhaps not so very odd, for clergymen are often extremely devoted both to their pipes and their gardens; and tobacco is stuff that can be grown almost anywhere—tobacco of a sort, that is.

At Tilty down in Essex, where once flourished a great mediaeval abbey, the vicar has been experimenting with growing tobacco and curing it by a special recipe, which was given to him by a priest of Ceylon. In the latest issue of his parish magazine he told of the success of these experiments, and offered to pass on the recipe to anyone who would contribute 5s. to the fund for the restoration of Tilty Church.

Even the vicar must have been astonished at the response to his offer. Letters and shillings have poured in on him from all over the country and are still pouring. In fact the vicar has found himself unable to cope with it all, and has formed an Amateur Tobacco Growers' Association for collecting and exchanging information. Already the association is establishing an executive committee in London, with plans for local committees throughout the country, a "seed pool", and also the clearing up of the legal position regarding the business of growing your own.

The legal position is likely to be a difficult snag. Tobacco taxes are a very important form of revenue, and the Treasury is likely to look with a bleak and forbidding stare at any efforts to dodge the duty. And yet it seems hard lines that a man should be heavily taxed on what he grows in his garden and consumes himself. No doubt some sort of compromise will be reached, unless we are to have an army of snoopers going about the countryside and peeping over the garden walls.

In the meantime the amateur growers and curers are full of hope and enthusiasm. It will be sad if the Treasury and its minions are able to smother it all under a new heap of forms and licences and impositions. It is sad also to think of the sort of tobacco that most of the poor fellows will grow. The thought of calling on an old friend and having him bring in some of his home-grown for you to try threatens to introduce a new peril into social intercourse. If anything can cure a man of smoking, that surely should.

For the Sake of Scotland

Scots wha hae wi' Attlee voted have been demanding for Scotland a larger say in the management of Scottish affairs. There are of course the fervent Nationalists, who want to see Edinburgh once more a capital city and a Scottish parliament sitting there. Even if these ambitions stand at present little chance of realization, there seems to be no good reason why the solution of Scottish problems should not, so far as is practicable, be left to Scotsmen.

In a way, this is already being done. It is notorious that, when Scottish questions are debated, English and Welsh members promptly decamp from the House—partly perhaps because in the warmth of such discussions accents are apt to become so gorgeously thick (or should I say, "theck"?) that poor Southrons can hardly follow the argument. But all this takes up time, and time is something of which parliament has not nearly enough to go around.

It is not only for the sake of Scotland but even more for the general business of parliament that a White Paper has just been issued, which hands over to a Standing Committee on Scottish Affairs the chief consideration of such questions, though the final decision will remain with parliament. This plan will certainly not satisfy Scottish aspirations, but it seems a sensible compromise. The next step is to give something of the same sort to the Welsh—and perhaps some day even to the poor English.

Electricity Next

Electricity is the latest national industry to pass under the control of the State. It has just now been taken over, though it is hard to believe that the government will make a better job of it than the Central Electricity Board as done. But electricity up to now has been a private or semi-private enterprise, and the fever of nationalization has not yet abated.

The Central Electricity Board was established in 1926 for the better coordination and development of the industry. At that time the total quantity of electricity generated in this country was just over 7,000 m. units. It is now nearly 45,000 m. units. The national grid stretches its main transmission lines more than 5,200 miles. And the average cost of electricity has been reduced from 1.65 d. per unit to less than 1.08 d.

This is a splendid record, of which the heads of the C.E.B. can be proud. They have served the nation well, and would no doubt have served it much better if the war and its aftermath had made this possible. The failures in supply which have occurred cannot be laid at their door.

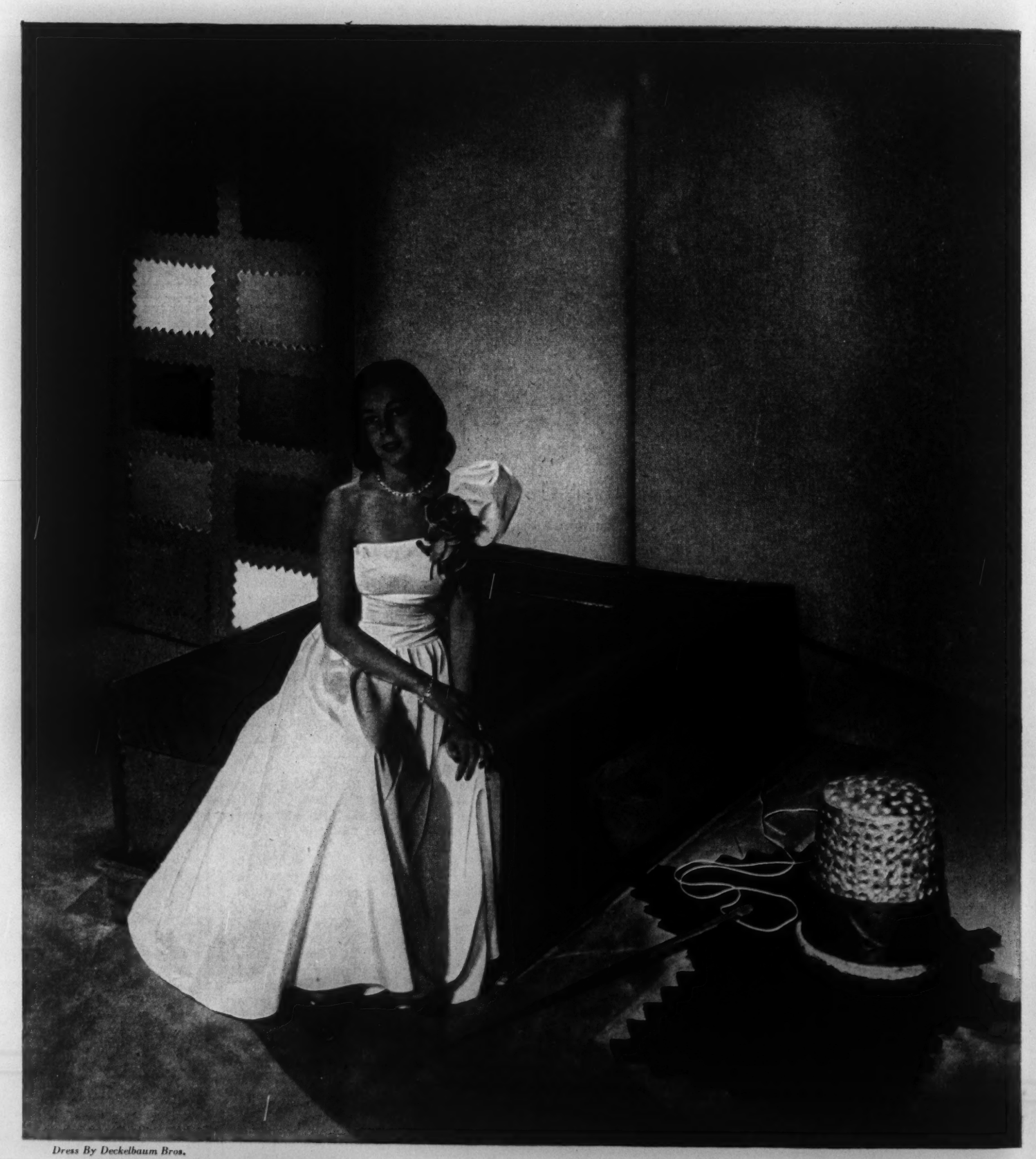
The government, with its far greater resources, may be able to do more for the development and extension of the industry. We may get more electricity, but we certainly won't get cheaper electricity. In fact, we are already being warned that the price is going up. This is always one of the first fruits of nationalization.

• •

SAGA OF SPEED

A LITTLE boy travels on winged feet;
No antelope could be more fleet.
Wild as the wind, at a breakneck pace—
Unless he is going to wash his face!

MAY RICHSTONE



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THE OTHER PAGE

Captive to Color: Or The Wooing of Indian Jacob

By MARY WEEKES

MAGGIE ISHNANNA lashed her lean horse and sent him along the trail at a labored trot. There was no time to be lost now that she had made up her mind to give up waiting for the women of the village, and to get married.

Only yesterday, as she sat in the studio of the artist admiring her finished portrait—the good curves of her body, the dark sombre eyes, and the smooth red-brown the painter had given her face—did the thought of Jacob and re-marriage come to her. Jacob of the long-braided hair was a fine man. Often, before her own man went journeying to the land of his fathers, Jacob had sat in their tipi. He had admired her then.

In two days, the tribes would be gathering at the Wood Mountain Reservation to receive their treaty money. Jacob would be there and—since thirty sleeps had passed since his wife had gone to the happy hunting ground—dancing with the girls from the Mission school. Bold bits of girls dressed in the tantalizing styles of white women.

Maggie's supple whip shot out and stung her bony horse into a feeble gallop. Unless she could see Belinda at once, and Belinda's sister of the fine clothes, it would be too late to catch Jacob.

Arriving at Belinda's cottage, she tied her decrepit horse to the log garage, leaped out of the old jiggly cart and hurried down the gravel path. Belinda and the sister who possessed such gorgeous clothes were at home. The Manitou, whose aid she had invoked, was kind. Maggie opened the cottage door and went ha-ha-ha-ingly in to her beloved friend.

She had come, she said, with a speculative eye on Belinda's elegant sister, to tell her good friend how hard life was without a protector. All day, every day, she went out working—washing for white women. Not all good white women like Belinda, but hard white women who were unpleasant when the washing wasn't so white.

Jacob was a good Indian. He could hunt and fish and haul wood and keep his log house snug in winter, and as for snaring rabbits in the long months, none was better. She had decided to take Jacob. He too must be lonely without a woman to keep his camp fires. Tomorrow she would journey to the Wood Mountain and find Jacob.

Maggie opened a little flour sack, extracted a pair of moccasins and handed them to Belinda. See? She'd brought a handsome farewell present to her good friend. Perhaps Belinda or her good sister had pretty clothes suitable for lonely woman's marriage?

"Come, Maggie," said Belinda's sister, and she took her into her room.

Payment of treaty money to the Indians had begun at ten o'clock. In very quick time a dancing tent had been thrown up—formed by placing green poplar poles in an upright position in the ground and covering the pole rafters with leafy boughs. Merrymaking was in full swing.

Jacob, who in the days of old Chief Starblanket had been disciplined into a brave, was in charge of the dancing tent and one of the star dancers. Despite his years, Jacob was still a dashing fellow and attractive to the Indian maidens. His face was gaily painted in bright colors, giving relief to his high arched nose, rounded forehead and firm chin. His traditional dancing costume was handsomely beaded, and strings of brass beads, ermine tails and bear claws were tied to his long black plaits. A couple of eagle feathers stood straight up the back of his head. As he beat the tom-tom, or moved in and out of the slow rhythmic dance, admiration glowed in the eyes of the girls from the Mission.

Amidst this high revelry there was repressed excitement in the encampment, especially among the old wives, for the Christian marriage rites of Vitaline, daughter of the tribal chief, and Jacob were to be performed that afternoon.

The tom-toms were pounding exultantly when Maggie drove into the treaty grounds. She slapped her tired pony away to the shelter of an aspen tree and, finding the old wives gossiping, declared that Jacob was *her* man. Then, looking up Vitaline, she told the girl that she was handsome enough for a young brave, that a fine young girl shouldn't waste herself on one who was as a withered leaf. Vitaline was obstinate. Give up Jacob, when everything was arranged—after sending to the city for this fine pink dress? No!

Maggie snorted angrily, then, her eyes brightly cunning, she hurried to her cart, snatched a parcel out of it and disappeared into a tent.

Jacob was in his tent, resting from the dance and filling his red soapstone pipe with powdered red willow bark when Maggie, model for a noted painter, came by. Her nicely-rounded, middle-aged figure was well displayed in a scarlet sports model dress whose seams she had expanded. A paddy green beret topped her raven hair; white gloves, green badminton socks, and slippers with heels the like of which had never been worn by the women of the tribe, completed her costume. Pausing outside his tent, to fill her pipe with kinnikinick, Maggie called softly, "Jacob?"

The flap of the tent lifted. Jacob looked out. "How!" said he.

That night Jacob pounded his tom-tom with tremendous gusto as his "woman", the plump, colorful Maggie, stepped forth in the old time Indian dances.

SINFUL PARISH

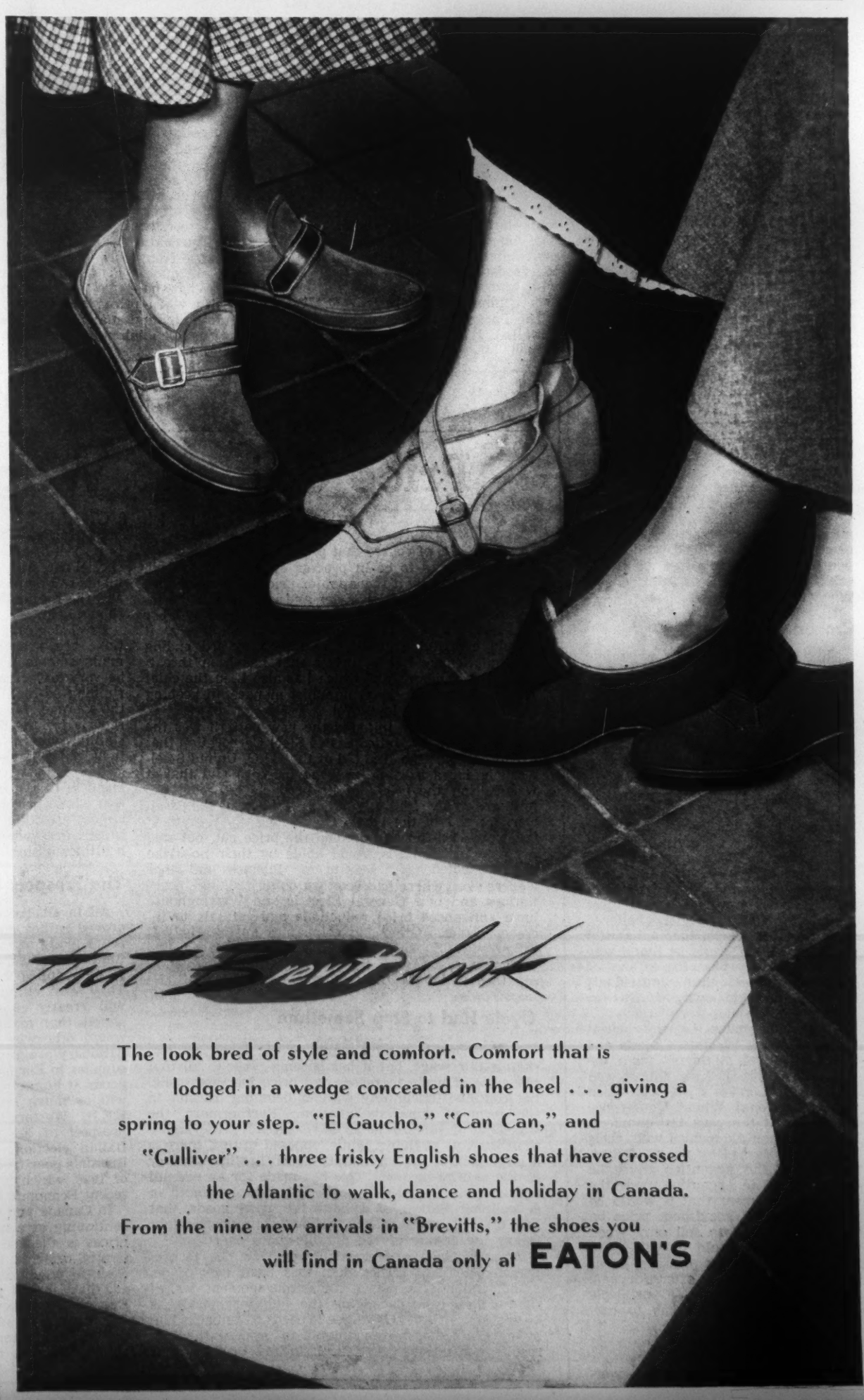
I KNOW a modest clergyman
Who, since his cure of souls began,
Has eased his problems of the day
By sternly putting them away,
And calmy wearing-off the curse
By writing complicated verse.

A sermon-critic makes his yell?
The Rector writes a villanelle.
The first Soprano in a pet?
He does an eight-line triolet.
The crusty sexton getting mad?
He labors on a French *ballade*.

Such cases of frivolity
May merit fancy prosody.
But serious problems, such as Sin,
Compel the Rector to begin
Strong verse, his spirit to beguile.
He coopers Sonnets, Shakespeare-style.

And oh, he said the other day,
"I have a book upon the way,
Although I doubt if it will stir
The soul of any publisher.
It's rather serious, I confess;
A hundred Sonnets, more or less.

J. E. M.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THE BUSINESS FRONT

Business • Finance • Insurance SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 8, 1948 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

Economic Crystal Ball Is Dark For International Wheat Pact

By HARRY STRANGE

The International Wheat Pact, which is to become operative on August 1, 1948, fixes a maximum price of $2 a bushel for each year with maximum prices going from $1.50 in the first year to $1.10 in the fifth and last year. Each exporting country will be given a yearly quota.

This writer, who is Director of Research for the Searle Grain Company, Winnipeg, regards the Pact with some appehension. For instance, he points out that it does not cover coarse grains. Furthermore, no one can now forecast that world conditions will not warrant a considerably higher price than $2 a bushel during the Pact's period.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT from the International Wheat Council at Washington recently informed us that the delegates of thirty-six nations had initialled an International Wheat Pact.

To understand the background of, and reason for, this International Wheat Pact we must remind ourselves of the conditions prevailing in Canada some eighteen years ago.

Canada suffered then from a large unsold surplus of wheat with, of course, accompanying low prices, all of which some thought was caused by over-production. A few officials occupying prominent positions in the prairie wheat cooperative world sincerely thought that prices to prairie farmers could be raised by the simple device of "planning scarcity." After the failure of a marketing attempt of their own in 1930 with about half the Canadian wheat, these officials developed the daring concept that if all the wheat exporting countries would band together, surely then the export countries could control or constrict the flow, and hence the price, of wheat.

Export wheat growers were then grasping at any straw to alleviate their unhappy condition. These "wheat planners", as they have since been called, were therefore given the green light. They found no great difficulty in joining with like-minded representatives of wheat growers in the U.S., Australia, Argentine and some other countries, and in drawing up an International Wheat Agreement.

Broken Repeatedly

This Wheat Agreement went into effect in 1933. As was anticipated by some at the time, however, within twelve months the pact was broken by one country after another as soon as world conditions changed and it became clear that the terms of the agreement were no longer in the interests of such individual countries.

The "wheat planners" persisted in their efforts, however, with but faint hope of success until somewhat later they found a strong and unexpected ally in the form of a group of "New Deal" ideologists in the U.S. who were obsessed with the idea that the salvation of the world lay in "just planning." The ideologists believed then, as still believe, that a handful of "super minds" could be found who could effectively plan the affairs of mankind better than individuals could plan their own affairs for themselves.

These two groups, *i.e.*, the "wheat planners" from Western Canada and the "ideological planners" from the U.S., joined forces. They almost won a victory in London a year ago when an International Wheat Conference was held. At the very last moment, however, when all seemed well, their hopes were dashed by the sudden retirement of the Argentine from the Conference. The Argentine made the startling statement that it would be willing to fix a maximum price on the wheat it had to sell only when other countries would be willing to fix maximum prices on the goods they in turn had to offer for sale to Argentine farmers—a principle which, on reflection, seems to contain a good deal of justice.

Unrebuffed, the same group of planners recently gathered together in Washington and sought to overcome the defection of the Argentine by the simple device of leaving that country out of the new agreement, and of apportioning the Argentine's usual share of export wheat to the world's markets among the three export countries remaining—that is, Canada, the United States and Australia. (Incidentally, the wheat export countries of Russia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia are also left out of this new agreement. All of these countries have, from time to time in the past, shipped considerable quantities of wheat to world markets.)

The Argentine is supposed to like this agreement, and "to take it." But will she? Quite obviously she will not, for she is a country of independent mind, of long experience in selling foodstuffs to the world, and one who knows how to look after her own commercial interests.

The Pact, for good or ill, has been initialled. It must, however, be confirmed by the parliaments of the different countries by July 1 next.

The full text of the Pact is now available. It starts on August 1, 1948, and lasts for five years. A maximum price for each year is set at $2 per bushel in Canadian funds and basis No. 1 northern Fort William. The minimum prices start for the first year at $1.50, declining ten cents a year until in the fifth year the minimum price will be $1.10. Each exporting wheat country is given a yearly quota, Canada of 230 million bushels a year, the United States 185 million, and Australia 85 million, making a total of 500 million bushels a year. Each of the 33 importing countries is given an import quota of a different amount, the largest being that of the United Kingdom of 180 million bushels a year.

Two Main Clauses

There are two main clauses in the agreement. One is that the three exporting countries—the United States, Canada and Australia—may be required by the International Wheat Council to sell their quotas to the importing countries at the maximum price. The other clause is that the importing countries may be required by the International Wheat Council to purchase from the exporting countries their quotas at the minimum prices. What happens to purchases and sales when prices are between the minimum and maximum? How the prices of minimums and maximums and of ranges in between are to be registered or decided upon now that the Winnipeg Open Futures Market for wheat is closed, is not mentioned. It is certain, then, that the same grave and acrimonious disputes, which caused the breaking down of the Wheat Agreement of 1933, will once again occur and endanger the life of this present Pact.

A careful study of the document strikes one at once that it is more political than economic; that it is, in short, a method of assuring that the funds which are to be given to aid Europe over the next few years—mainly from the U.S.—will assure the purchase of export wheat at not over $2 a bushel, no matter what may occur to prices in the future, meaning that the wheat growers of Canada and Australia may be called upon to pay part of the European relief in the form of wheat at less than the world's price should the world's price for wheat at any time register more than $2 a bushel.

It is interesting to note, however, that apparently the United States' wheat growers themselves are not to be called upon to pay any such subsidy, for a despatch by the Associated Press from Washington and an editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune* of March 5, informs us that it is not intended that this $2 maximum price shall apply to farmers in the United States who, it is stated, will receive at all times the full world's market price.

If this is so, and if at any time during the life of the Wheat Pact the price of wheat should register more than $2—and who can say it will not?—then considerable ill-will may be engendered in Western Canada as the farmers of this country would notice, as they do today, that American farmers, just across the boundary line, would be receiving higher prices than Canadian farmers, and for wheat, moreover, inferior in quality to Canadian wheat.

The Pact is an indefinite, vague, wordy and woolly document, consisting of twenty-two articles, some of which seem to be contradictory in terms. It all gives one the idea of a super-planner's rosy, airy dream; of having been hammered out after a multitude of compromises calculated to satisfy every interest—and which will probably end by satisfying none; and of having been forged by sincere but short-visioned men, wearing economic blinkers, not altogether at home in the international wheat world, who attempted to plan the unplannable and who naively regard wheat as a commodity in a vacuum, which can be dealt with without regard to other commodities.

Facts Overlooked

Two important matters, among others, seem to have been forgotten by those who planned this agreement. The first is that the Pact does not cover coarse grains, corn, rye, flax, or livestock products, and that the importing countries which signed the Pact buy large quantities of these products yearly. This simply means that if this Pact is successful in depriving the Argentine of her normal wheat markets, that that country, and perhaps Russia and the Balkans too, will produce larger quantities of grains other than wheat and of livestock products, and will offer these to the importing countries, which most certainly would end in less corn, barley, oats, rye, flax, beef, mutton, pork, bacon, cheese, butter and eggs being exported from the three wheat exporting countries — Canada, the United States and Australia—which signed the Pact. On balance, therefore, the Argentine would not be debarred at all from selling the products of her land to these very importing countries.

Those who signed the Pact also seem to have forgotten that no one can forecast what wheat prices may properly be in the future. No one knows but what world conditions may not warrant considerably higher than $2 wheat. No one knows, either, whether the Canadian dollar may not lose value in the next five years, as it has done in the last five years, so that $2 wheat in those circumstances might be a quite inadequate remuneration for prairie wheat growers.

A Floor Price?

There is one feature of the Pact that will appeal to those who have been so vigorously supporting the present British-Canadian Wheat Agreement, which has led to the loss of several hundreds of millions of dollars to our prairie farmers. This is the matter of the floor or minimum price guaranteed by the importing countries. Many persons who have long studied prairie wheat production agree that our prairie wheat growers are entitled to a floor price, in the same way that the Canadian government guarantees minimum wages and unemployment insurance to industrial workers. Most of these people think, however, that if a floor price is to be given to our prairie farmers that it can far better be borne by the comparatively well-off people of Canada as a whole rather than by the people of the much poorer wheat importing countries of Europe.

I have collected the story of hundreds of attempts, ranging over almost all known commodities, that have been made during the six thousand years of recorded history to fix the price of wheat and other commodities by kings, princes and governments. These attempts have all had one feature in common—they all failed and usually made the situation much worse than it was at the start.

I confidently predict, therefore, that the International Wheat Pact will not have a ghost of a chance of living out its five years, even though thirty-six countries should confirm the Pact, which confirmation seems to be rather in doubt.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Price Cuts, No Wage Boosts

By P. M. RICHARDS

A CHANGE of course that promises much for everybody seems to be in process of adoption by "big business," namely a reduction of prices combined with refusal to accede to labor demands for new wage increases. If this policy sticks (if it is accepted by labor and adopted by a large proportion of employers) it should constitute the first real step toward ending the inflationary rise of prices that has been threatening the economy, and which has also been the chief factor, apart from the Communist menace, in keeping public morale at a low level.

The move which initiated the new pattern was the announcement by United States Steel Corporation that it had "denied" the 1948 bid of the C.I.O. United Steelworkers for a substantial wage increase and that it was cutting the prices of its products by about $25 million a year. Philip Murray, president of the Steelworkers and of the whole C.I.O., "greatly regretted" the wage decision and derided the price cut, but said his men in the mills would abide by their no-strike contract which has a year to go. Business and labor leaders everywhere had been watching the steel negotiations and now General Electric and Westinghouse have announced price reductions and refusals to increase wages. Other big companies apparently will follow suit. Spokesmen for U.S. railways, faced, like Canadian roads, with new wage demands by labor, say they will fight them "to the last ditch."

Cycle Had to Stop Sometime

No reasonable person wants to see labor get less than a fair wage, but it has become plain to all that the cycle of wage increases and price increases could not continue indefinitely without bringing disaster in the form of runaway inflation. Furthermore, the wages of organized labor have already risen more than the cost of living, while, opposed to this, there is a large part of the community which has had little or no increase in income. This has made for an over-all deficiency in purchasing power, already evidenced in a declining volume of demand for many goods, that has created fears that a serious depression might follow the ending of the durable-goods shortage.

Actually, such a depression would be due to economic distortions rather than to a basic lack of demand, and it is a reason for encouragement for all that a step towards ending the inflation spiral has been taken at last. Of course it needs to be backed up by governmental retrenchments to produce the best results, and this will be difficult in view of obligations in respect of aid-to-Europe and re-armament and other special necessities of these times. But even so, governments can do much to economize if they have the will, and the recent lightening of the war scare in Europe should help.

Psychologically as well as materially, price reductions are probably the soundest possible move by managements at this time, since without them it would be very difficult to refuse wage increases with profits running as high as they are. And high they are, on the average. Most U.S. corporations which have issued reports for the first quarter of 1948 have shown substantial gains over 1947, which was itself an exceptionally profitable year. If business reduces prices instead of increasing dividends — particularly "basic" business like steel and electric power and transportation whose prices form so large a part of the costs of almost all other firms — it will ease the lot of consumers everywhere and do much to create a generally healthier business situation.

The Prospect Has Brightened

All in all, the economic outlook seems to have improved rather notably in recent weeks. Canada appears likely to take in about a billion dollars in U.S. funds over the next year or so in payment for goods to be supplied to Europe. And how we need them! They won't eliminate our U.S. dollar problem but they will greatly ease a situation that was much more serious than many Canadians have realized, and which would otherwise have necessitated a drastically deflationary program by government. The furnishing of supplies to Europe may require us to go short of some goods at home, but any unpleasantness in this respect will be much less than we would have had without E.R.P. Western Europe is heartened by the definite prospect of E.R.P. aid and by the outcome of the Italian election. The only serious adverse item is Britain's poor trade showing for the first three months of 1948, which is worse than was anticipated in the recent Economic Survey.

In Canada and the United States business activity is continuing at a high level, and if the trend to higher prices is checked by the new business policy of restraint referred to above it would appear that good business conditions can continue indefinitely—provided, that is, that government also practises economy. Eventually, however — certainly after E.R.P.— Canadian prosperity will again depend directly upon that of her foreign customers and upon Canada's competitive ability to supply their needs.

Only More Production Can Beat Inflation

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The threat of renewed inflation is already apparent, says Mr. Marston, and if allowed to develop into a slump all the benefits of the Marshall Plan would be lost.

While shortages are likely in the U.S. as a result of foreign aid, the recent cut in taxation releases more spending money for the public. This can hardly fail to send prices up. It is improbable that any controls would be set up in an election year so that increased production seems to be the only means of prevention.

London.

AS the United States foreign aid programs get into their stride, the direct recipients and the nations indirectly affected watch the U.S. price trend more closely than ever. The threat of renewed inflation is already apparent. If inflation develops far, and rebounds into the inevitable slump, all the benefits of the Marshall policy will be lost.

Within the United States the Marshall plans are, of course, inflationary, in so far as the goods sent abroad will be deducted from the totals available to American consumers while purchasing-power will not be reduced—indeed, it will, for other reasons, increase.

On the other hand, a large proportion of the goods made available abroad are goods which other nations have been buying hitherto but would have had to cease buying because of exhaustion of their dollar resources. Food and tobacco and cotton are not really scarce in the U.S., and "Marshall aid" rather prevents their prices from falling than actively raising them.

It is in the case of metals, petroleum, and other relatively scarce products, that foreign demand is liable to be reflected in the price trend; but those products are being made available on only a moderate scale.

To the foreign observer at any rate, U.S. internal affairs seem to exert the heaviest upward pressure on prices. While more than 5¼ billion dollars was voted for "Marshall aid" and an additional 3 billion dollars for defence, Congress sanctioned a cut of 5 billion dollars in taxation. It may be good politics, but it is certainly not cautious economics.

Increased expenditure on armaments on the one hand and release of more purchasing-power to the public for consumer goods on the other have reversed the medium-term downward trend which might have developed from the setback in the commodity markets last February.

It is now recognized that the sharp falls which then occurred were due to the great increases in grain production in many parts of the world and to local surpluses of animal products, and that, though grain prices used to be a fairly reliable guide to the general trend of commodities, in this case foodstuffs were taking an independent line. (The fall in cotton was never fully justified by the statistical position and was soon corrected.)

The U.S. economy is already fairly fully stretched. There is no attempt to requite exports with equivalent imports, and the total of exports, which is likely this year to approach last year's phenomenal total of 19½ billion dollars, makes a heavy claim on even a gross national product as huge as last year's 230 billion dollars.

A defence policy which not only calls for a large offtake of commodities for immediate production of armaments but also requires large purchasing for the government's strategic stockpile is an inflationary factor which presses hardest where the strain is already most acute, particularly on metals.

Money for Manufacturers

The decline in the prices of foodstuffs has left the consuming public with a larger surplus to spend on manufactures made of less-plentiful industrial materials, and tax remissions and wage increases will add further to that surplus. It appears certain that a fresh wave of demands for higher wages has been stimulated by the high cost of living, for the postwar increase in the cost of living has considerably outstripped the rise in wages.

The fear among U.S. manufacturers prevalent at times last year and again early this year that final demand would not justify capital expenditure on the recent large scale is, in the circumstances, receding, though the hesitant sellers' market is still, doubtless, being very carefully watched. For the present, there is no sign that industry's demand for new capital equipment is waning; therefore, the factor which was expected to cause the first serious setback to the inflationary movement is not yet operative. The exceptionally high rate at which profits are now running is certainly a powerful stimulant.

If the wartime controls were still in force this inflationary situation would not be alarming, but the plain fact is that the U.S. has no longer any effective defence against inflation, and, whatever warning pronouncements may be made by the President and others, there is no likelihood that controls will be set up again in election year.

Attention has therefore been directed to the classical monetary methods of combating inflation. In particular, the Federal Reserve Board's chairman, Mr. Marriner Eccles, has recommended that the banks' reserve ratios be increased and discount rates be raised.

That any effective action will be taken on those lines is also very unlikely. The increase in the bill rate which Mr. Eccles proposed was not to exceed ¼ per cent, and it would still leave the Treasury bill rate at the low level of 1¼ per cent and the yield on short-dated government bonds below 2 per cent. As an antidote to a major inflation such a measure can hardly be taken seriously. Yet even so moderate a proposal aroused the President's opposition, because the United States is burdened with an enormous national debt, on which even a small increase in the rate of interest represents a large annual disbursement.

The best hope is that increased production will absorb most of the increased demands, and that caution engendered by the memory of past slumps will keep industrialists' demands in check.

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The Financing of Capital Expansion

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A copy of this letter is available upon request.

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4% Sinking Fund Fifteen-Year Bonds

Maturity of February 1, 1951
were
CALLED FOR REDEMPTION
on
APRIL 29th, 1948

Interest ceased on that date

Therefore, to avoid further loss of interest, anyone still holding any of the above bonds should surrender them without delay at any one of the places of payment, namely, any branch in Canada (Yukon Territory excepted) of the Dominion Bank, Bank of Montreal or The Royal Bank of Canada.

THE T. EATON REALTY CO. LIMITED.

May 1, 1948.

International Petroleum Company, Limited

Notice to Shareholders and the Holders of Share Warrants

NOTICE is hereby given that a semi-annual dividend of 25c per share in Canadian Currency has been declared and that such dividend will be payable on or after June 1st, 1948.

The said dividend in respect of shares represented by any Bearer Share Warrant of the Company of the 1929 issue will be paid upon presentation and delivery of Coupon No. 69 at:

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA,
King and Church Streets Branch,
Toronto, Canada.

The said dividend in respect of shares represented by Registered Certificates of the 1929 issue will be paid by cheque mailed from the offices of the Company on May 31st, 1948, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on May 15th, 1948.

The transfer books of the Company will be closed from May 16th to June 1st, 1948, inclusive, and no Bearer Share Warrants will be "split" during that period.

Shareholders resident in the United States are advised that a credit for the 15% Canadian tax withheld at source or deducted upon payment of coupons is allowable against the tax shown on their United States Federal Income tax return. In order to claim such credit the United States tax authorities require evidence of the deduction of said tax, for which purpose Ownership Certificates (Form No. 601) must be completed in duplicate and the Bank cashing the coupons will endorse both copies with a certificate relative to the deduction and payment of the tax and return one Certificate to the shareholder. If Forms No. 601 are not available at local United States banks, they can be secured from the Company's office or the Royal Bank of Canada, Toronto.

Subject to Canadian Regulations affecting enemy aliens, non-residents of Canada may convert this Canadian dollar dividend into United States currency, or such other foreign currencies as are permitted by the general Regulations of the Canadian Foreign Exchange Control Board, at the official Canadian Foreign Exchange Control rates prevailing on the date of presentation. Such conversion can be effected only through an Authorized Dealer, i.e., a Canadian branch of any Canadian chartered bank. The Agency of The Royal Bank of Canada, 68 William Street, New York City, is prepared to accept dividend cheques or coupons for collection through an Authorized Dealer and conversion into any permitted foreign currency.

By order of the Board.

C. H. MULLINGER,
Secretary.

434 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada,
30th April, 1948.

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 340

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of TWENTY CENTS per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after TUESDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 30th April, 1948.

By Order of the Board,
GORDON R. BALL,
General Manager.

Montreal, 13th April, 1948.

Sicks'

SICKS' BREWERIES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Common Dividend (No. 76) of 25 cents per share on the No Par Value Common shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared payable on the thirtieth day of June, 1948, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the thirty-first day of May, 1948.

By Order of the Board,
I. N. WILSON,
Comptroller.

CALGARY, Alberta,
April 20th, 1948.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Inco Gets American Dollars For 67% of Nickel Output

By JOHN M. GRANT

NOT perhaps generally known is the fact that very little of the nickel produced in Canada is used here. At the annual meeting of International Nickel Company of Canada, Robert C. Stanley, chairman and president, told shareholders that the mining, smelting, and the bulk of their refining is done in Canada and in Canadian dollars, whereas 67½ per cent of the nickel output is sold for United States dollars. Of the balance, 27 per cent is sold in England and elsewhere for sterling, and the remaining 5½ per cent is sold in Canada and elsewhere for Canadian dollars. In pointing out that International Nickel is a Canadian international mining company, which has branches in Great Britain and in the United States, Mr. Stanley remarked that 19,750 employees and $136,000,000 were required in 1947 to run the entire company. The cost of conducting operations in Canada, including wages and salaries, totalled $81,000,000 in Great Britain and Europe $20,000,000 and in the United States $35,000,000. Sales of nickel in all forms last year were the highest of any peace-time year except 1937. The company's work in exploration and development of new uses for nickel progresses steadily and Mr. Stanley believes the trend of consumption will continue to show an upward course.

Nothing is more necessary to a mining company than an active exploration department, and President Stanley told shareholders that as a result of seeking new ore, International Nickel has in the past 15 years proven some 130,000,000 tons of ore or about 9,000,000 tons per year. This, he added, was about the average rate at which they are now extracting ore, and "today we have as much proven copper-nickel ore reserves as we had 15 years ago." Proven reserves at December 31, 1947, totalled 221,843,000 tons. "We must have ample ore for many years ahead to supply the nickel markets which we have developed," Mr. Stanley stated and "with this thought in mind, we are making airborne magnetometer reconnaissance surveys in Canada. We have already flown over the Sudbury Basin, the Porcupine area, and several areas in Manitoba." It must be realized that this is merely an air survey to pick out possible ore locations in large areas, and the so-called anomalies, very few of which indicate ore, must subsequently be examined and very possibly diamond drilled. Asked prior to the meeting as to the success of the survey Mr. Stanley answered that if they had to do it all over they would do it again. At present, the company's exploration throughout the world is costing about $1,000,000 annually. "We are trying to look the world over," he informed newspapermen. A half million dollars has been expended in the past two years in a study of the Venezuelan nickel deposits. The company also has men in South Africa and New Caledonia, as well as Canada, where the deposits are sulphide and easier to treat. If not already started, drilling will soon be under way in the Lynn Lake area of Manitoba. Altogether the company might have some 15 diamond drills on outside exploration, Mr. Stanley revealed in talking to the press.

"I think the company is in excellent condition today," the International Nickel head told newspapermen in a chat before the meeting, and also intimated that the earnings for the first quarter of 1948 can be expected to be "very good." Asked as to the possibility of a rise in the price of nickel, he said that everything was going up, labor and supplies, and that if labor increases materially the question of a raise in the price would have to be taken up. Mr. Stanley told shareholders that the new process plant at Copper Cliff would be completed this year (it is practically complete now), and he expects the use of nickel oxide sinter by the steel industry will in-

The Stock Analyst

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Analyst—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question. An Investment Formula provides a definite plan for the second.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK ANALYST divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

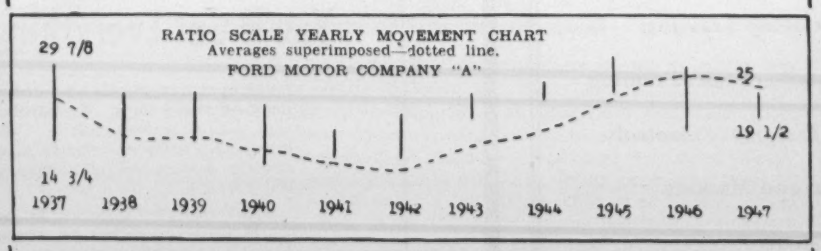
GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks	1. FAVORABLE
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments	2. AVERAGE or
GROUP "C"—Speculations	3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated as Favorable has considerably more attraction than one with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks rated Favorable, with due regard to timing because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

FORD MOTOR "A"

				Averages		Ford
PRICE 31 Mar. 1948	—	$23.25				
YIELD	—	5.3%	Last 1 month	Up	4.5% Up	2.2%
INVESTMENT INDEX	—	105	Last 12 months	Down	6.1% Up	5.7%
GROUP	—	"A"	1942-46 range	Up	160.0% Up	125.1%
RATING	—	Average	1946-48 range	Down	28.2% Down	43.4%



SUMMARY:—During the past dozen years Ford Motor Co. Class A shares have moved in a range of, roughly, ten dollars above and below current levels. In 1935 and in 1945 it sold around $32 and in 1940 around $13 giving an average of around $22 to $23 where it is at the present time.

Readers will recall the long strike that affected profits and dividends but which did not have much more than temporary effect on the stock. Dividends are now being paid at a rate that appears to be $1.25 per annum.

Canada's austerity program should throw a rather fair proportion of the motor car business to Ford of Canada. Preparations against further hostilities, if undertaken in this country, should also keep this company well employed, provided it is found that our national security and freedom can be maintained in no other way. Ford of Canada, along with most other industries, contributed greatly to our success in the recent world unpleasantness.

There seems little likelihood that Ford will move otherwise than with the Averages which reflect the hopes and fears of all investors. It is an investment stock that can be held by almost any type of investor with no great risk, and with the assurance that reasonable dividends will be paid.

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

SAVE AND PLAN

Plan for the things you want most and accumulate the required funds through a Canada Permanent Savings Account. Regular deposits soon build a fund for obligations, emergencies and future expenditures. Savings earn 2%.

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Assets Exceed $80,000,000

A Business Opportunity

Well established over a period of twenty years, a wholesale food manufacturing business with own retail outlets, a world wide distribution of products and a going concern of equipment, stock etc., to be sold to a discriminating buyer, all balance sheets available.

Purchase price approximately $100,000.00

GEORGE RANDALL, Agent
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LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO., LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 25 cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 25 cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending May 31, 1948, payable on the 1st day of June, 1948, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 5th day of May, 1948. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, April 27, 1948.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

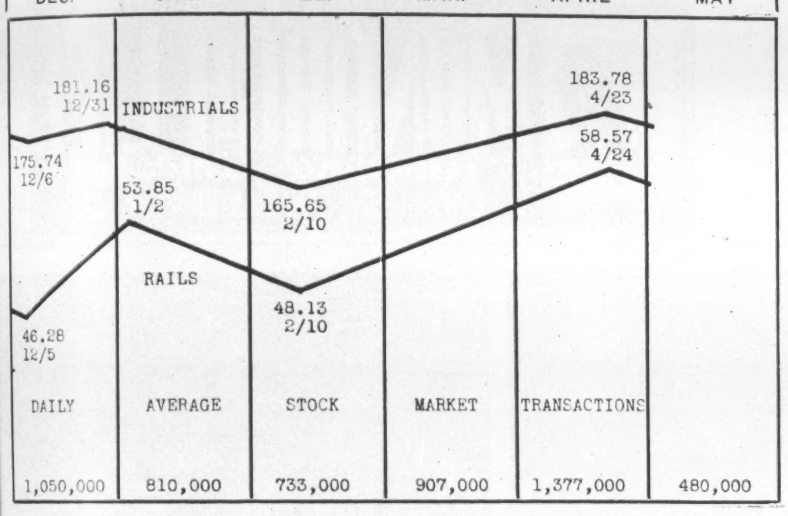
Buy Now or Later?

BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM N.Y. AND CANADIAN MARKET TREND: While the decline of 1946-7 went some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental market turnabout has yet been reached. Since July 1946 the industrial average has been in an irregular intermediate downward trend, with rail average following a contrary course.

We continue of the opinion that the year 1949 should be favorable for stock market advance and anticipate an opportunity for the purchase of shares at some time during the present year. It is possible, though we do not think probable, that current strength, based on recent rearmament and other events, marks the beginning of the primary upmovement that we have previously anticipated as due to be initiated in 1948. If such is the case, this will be disclosed by the market emerging upside from its long trading range. Such emergence, if occurring promptly, would be disclosed by closes in both the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages at or above 58.48 and 187.86 (these figures change from time to time but are kept up to date in our weekly comment). In such event gradual increase in stock holdings would seem advisable.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



crease as the new production facilities become available. Nickel Oxide Sinter, which contains approximately 75% of nickel has been developed particularly for use in the manufacture of alloy steels. It has been generally accepted by the steel industry and is now used in the manufacture of both stainless and alloy steels. Output of the stainless steels continues at high levels, and is increasing. The use of nickel in cast iron had the highest consumption last year since this development was started some 20 years ago. Dealing with copper Mr. Stanley emphasized that "until there is assurance that Canadian copper will be permanently free of duty or excise tax on imports into the United States, regular market outlets for a share of the Canadian production cannot effectively be developed in the United States." Mr. Stanley expressed the belief that both countries should move more rapidly in the direction of some economic arrangement which will permit the removal to the greatest possible extent of tariffs and governmental restrictions on the two-way flow of trade across the international boundary.

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While Malartic Gold Fields has been experiencing difficulty in maintaining construction schedules, it is hoped to have the new 750-ton milling unit, at the No. 2 mine, in operation about mid-summer this year. In 1947 the company improved its indicated and developed ore position to 3,650,000 tons, as compared with 3,610,000 tons at the end of 1946. Developed ore reserves have an average cut grade of $6.47. A net loss of $25,738 is reported for the year, after writing off shaft sinking expenses of $67,934, and allowing for depreciation on plant and equipment to the amount of $70,179. The working capital position at the year end is shown at $234,227, but this does not take into consideration the bank loan of $945,000.

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Ore reserves of Consolidated Beattie Mines at the beginning of 1948, were 2,413,000 tons, exclusive of the glory hole section, with an average grade of $4.65 gold per ton. This compares with 2,712,700 tons last April. A loss of $418,532 is shown from last year's operations, and after adding provision for depreciation at one-half normal rates, and writing off deferred rehabilitation and development of 15% the net loss amounted to $951,204, as compared with $244,894 the previous year. Balance sheet at the year end shows current assets of $219,603 and supplies of $281,347, against current liabilities of $568,172.

•

Hosco Gold Mines, in Joannes township, northwestern Quebec, expects to to commence milling about the middle of May. The initial rate will be 100-tons per day in the 150-ton former McWatters mill. Two recent drill holes at the west end of the second level, seeking the upward extension of the western ore shoot on the third horizon, average $4.20 and $5.25 each over a core length of 28 feet.

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The annual report of Queenston Gold Mines, in the east Kirkland Lake area, announces preliminary plans for bringing the property into production. Drawings for a mining plant are being prepared, and an eight-foot double drum hoist has been ordered for the new three-compartment shaft now being sunk. The plans call for a daily milling capacity of 500 tons, with leeway for expansion if required in the future. Current assets as at December 31, 1947, amounted to $132,777, against liabilities of $22,915.

•

Preparations are now being made to deepen the No. 2 shaft from 1,140 to 2,140 feet, or possibly deeper, shareholders of Quemont Mining Corporation were informed at the annual meeting. Diamond drilling has shown ore to continue to depth of 2,100 feet. Shaft deepening will require until December and will mean an additional expenditure prior to commencing production next spring, but over the life of the mine it should save a great deal of money and will enable extensive prospecting at depth. Estimated ore reserves of 9,431,000 tons, averaging .174 oz. gold, .943 oz. silver, 1.49 per cent copper and 2.69 per cent zinc, are sufficient for more than 14 years at a treatment rate of 2,000 tons daily. Quemont has not yet signed a contract for the sale of any concentrates. Discussions have taken place with Noranda Mines regarding the copper smelting contract, and there also have been discussions with American companies on the sale of zinc concentrates and pyrite.

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Since work was closed down in 1943 on the main claims of God's Lake Gold Mines at Elk Island, $67,500 has been spent in an effort to find a mine in the area, but unsuccessfully, R. J. Jowsey, president, states in the annual report. It is now proposed, subject to approval of shareholders, that when its plant and equipment can be disposed of to abandon the claims. At the end of the year the company had cash in bank and on hand, $36,353, shares held in producing company at cost $446,707, (quoted market value $534,600) shares held in mining companies in process of development $486,273 (value based on market $548,000). Operations of some of the developing companies in

(Continued on page 47)

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Company Reports

Int. Petroleum

ON gross income between 35 and 40 per cent higher than for preceding year, International Petroleum Co. Ltd. reports net earnings, after all charges, for 1947 equal to 77 cents a share on outstanding stock as compared with 57 cents a share in 1946. Operating results for 1947, the report points out, reflect higher crude oil prices, increased cost of wages and materials and accelerated exploratory program covering the costly search for new oil reserves.

Total income for 1947 amounted to $104,593,979 as compared with $75,093,710 in previous year. Operating costs were up over $5 million at $26,188,787; purchases increased $9.3 million to $27,161,468; depreciation allowance was higher by $2.8 million at $13,629,904 and taxes up over $2.5 million at $10,986,249. Net earnings, after charges and write-offs, were up at $11,200,796 from $8,300,578 in 1946 and, after deduction of dividends earned surplus shows an increase to $32,310,663 from $28,371,911 at end of preceding year.

Balance sheet shows total assets up about $13.5 million during year at $171,313,391 with fixed assets $13.2 million higher at $102,825,889. Current assets are up at $60,228,560 from $56,552,278 at the end of preceding year and current liabilities up at $21,578,062 from $13,155,266, leaving net working capital off at $38,650,498 from $43,397,513.

Bowes Co.

NET profits of $180,077, equal to $4.62 a share on the class A and to $4.12 a share on the class B shares, are reported by Bowes Co., Ltd., for 1947, compared with earnings of $178,102, or $4.57 on the A and $4.07 on the B for year 1946. York Trading Ltd. subsidiary showed a satisfactory consolidated net operating profit, after provision for taxes, and the company's proportionate part in such profit amounted to $55,000.

On November 18, 1947, Bowes Co., negotiated a purchase agreement to

(Continued on Page 48)

2.75% to about 6% from—

Investments for May Funds

Investors with funds available for investment, are presently favoured with improved market sentiment, continued good business reports and a wide selection of sound securities at attractive rates.

Our May Investment List discusses some of the factors contributing to this improved situation. Included is a selection of Dominion, Provincial, Municipal and Corporation Securities to provide yields ranging from 2.75% to about 6%.

Special comment is made regarding:
Abitibi Power & Paper Company Limited,
British Columbia Electric Company Limited,
and Simpsons, Limited.

Copy of May Investment List forwarded upon request by mail or telephone

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver
Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont. Kitchener
Regina Edmonton New Westminster Victoria
New York Halifax London, Eng.

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WE announce the opening of a Calgary office, in the Royal Bank Building, under the management of

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EXCEEDING ALL OTHERS

Full particulars
covering
recommended offerings
of the securities of
Canadian
public utility companies
will be furnished
on request.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER is an ever-increasing public necessity, and ranks in the forefront of all primary utilities required for our present standard of living.

This is particularly true in Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia which have become the great manufacturing areas of Canada as a result of low-cost hydro-electric power.

Because of its essential nature, the hydro-electric power industry in these three provinces has had phenomenal growth since prior to the First World War.

Consumption of power has tripled since the boom year of 1929, and supply has only been able to equal the ever-growing demand through the far-sighted continuous expansion of producing facilities.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED
Established 1901
TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA WINNIPEG VANCOUVER NEW YORK LONDON, ENGLAND
LONDON HAMILTON KITCHENER QUEBEC HALIFAX SAINT JOHN

ABOUT INSURANCE

Double Indemnity Clause in Life Policy a Valuable Benefit

By GEORGE GILBERT

One of the additional benefits which have been made available in recent years to holders of life insurance policies on payment of a very small extra premium is the Double Indemnity rider which provides for payment of double the face of the policy in the event of death from accident.

As insurance statistics show that accidents and particularly automobile accidents account for an increasing number of deaths in all companies, the wisdom of taking advantage of this exceptionally low cost accident coverage by life insurance policyholders is apparent.

IN THESE days the double indemnity benefit, which may be included among those provided by a life insurance policy on payment of a very small extra premium, makes an increasingly strong appeal to men in the best of health who, while they may think that the contingency of total disability or death by disease is rather a remote one, see too many striking examples of death by accident not to be aware of the need for such coverage. That usually makes them glad to pay, say from $1.25 to $1.75 additional per $1,000 to have their insurance protection doubled in the event of death by accident.

Although the double indemnity clause is often described as covering "accidental death," the double indemnity is really intended to be payable if death is due to injuries caused by accidental means. One authority has contended that "before there can be liability for the results of an injury, it must be shown not only that such injury was accidental in the sense that it was unforeseen, unfortunate and not brought about by design, but that the means by which it was effected were also accidental. There must be an accident brought about by an accident. The vital distinction is between the means and the result. Both must be accidental."

Some Exclusions

It is to be kept in mind that the distinction between result and means is more important in determining liability for death than in deciding whether to pay for disability caused by accidental injuries. While the popular form of double indemnity clause in general use covers almost any death due to injuries caused by accidental means, there are some exceptions which specifically exclude certain deaths not considered as due to accidental means, such as suicide or self-inflicted injuries while sane or insane, bodily or mental infirmity or illness or disease, poisoning or infection, other than infections occurring simultaneously with and in consequence of an accidental cut or wound.

In some cases there may also be certain limiting exceptions which restrict the coverage by excluding certain deaths which may be due to "accidental means" but which the company for some specific reason does not wish to cover: death from the taking of poison or poisonous substances, or the inhalation of gas of any kind, whether voluntary or otherwise, death as a result of police duty in any military, naval or police organization, death as a result of violation of law by the insured, death as a result of riot, insurrection or war or any act incident thereto, death as a result of participation, temporarily or otherwise, in any aeronautic or submarine expedition, as passenger or otherwise, and death as a result of injuries of which there is no visible contusion or wound on the exterior of the body, drowning and internal injuries revealed by autopsy excepted.

In the policies of some companies the Double Indemnity Benefit provides coverage for accidental death while a fare-paying passenger in an aircraft operated on regular schedule by an incorporated common carrier for passenger service over its established air route, and in view of the increased use of this means of transportation by business and professional men and others, it is advisable, in buying a policy with the double indemnity provision, to make sure that it provides this coverage.

Violation of Law

With respect to the exception which excludes from coverage death as a result of violation of law by the insured, it is well known that a company would hesitate to refuse payment of double indemnity if a policyholder was killed because he exceeded the speed limit or because he failed to stop at a "stop" street or failed to heed a traffic signal or light, but it is regarded as against public policy to pay a bonus for the more flagrant law violations.

Then there is the provision that proof must be furnished the company that death resulted directly and independently of all other causes from bodily injury. Cases arise where it is difficult to determine whether a claim for double indemnity comes within the coverage provided by the policy or is excluded on the ground that disease was a contributing factor, and the courts are called upon to decide the issue.

In a recent case which was taken to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for determination, a policy was issued by a prominent life insurance company in the face amount of $5,000, which provided for the payment of an additional $5,000 if the death of the insured occurred "as a result, directly and independently of all other causes, of bodily injury, effected solely through external, violent and accidental means . . . provided, however, that no accidental death benefit shall be payable if such death resulted . . . directly or indirectly from bodily or mental infirmity or disease in any form."

On Nov. 20, 1944, the insured, 71 years of age, fell down stairs in his home, and suffered a fractured hip, three broken ribs and a large bruise on the side of his head. Thereafter he was confined to his bed, grew progressively worse and died on Jan. 8, 1945. The insurance company, having refused to pay the accidental death benefit, suit was brought by the widow of the insured who was the beneficiary to recover under the policy.

Evidence At Trial

At the trial the widow claimant produced evidence that the insured had ascended a few steps when he slipped and fell down the stairs, after a vain attempt to save himself by clutching at a hanging curtain. There was also testimony that the steps had been waxed. The insured's attending physician testified that he had checked the insured's blood pressure and found it to be normal for a man of his age; that he did not have any coronary disease, and that while his arteries were a little hard they were not, in the opinion of the physician, out of the way for a man of 71.

Although the insured had had a stroke five years before he met with the mishap, the claimant's uncontradicted evidence established that thereafter the insured had been in excellent systemic health, had never been in bed due to any illness, and had not had any attacks of vertigo. In the opinion of the physician the cause of death was the fractured hip, fractured ribs and bruises on head, shock due to a fall downstairs, and he did not think there was any contributing cause.

Confronted with the death certificate he had signed, and in which he had inserted under the caption "Contributory Causes" the words: "Cerebral hemorrhage with paralysis rt. leg and arm; duration 5 years," he stated that by contributory causes he was referring merely to "other conditions." While the verdict was for the claimant beneficiary, the court gave judgment in favor of the insurance company on the ground that the claimant's evidence did not sufficiently meet the terms of the

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Consult your agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer
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IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

THE ESTABLISHED 1906
MONARCH LIFE
Assurance Company
A PROGRESSIVE CANADIAN COMPANY

THE AVERAGE PERSON is far from being expert in judging accurate distance between two objects several hundred yards away. This Distance Judgment test is one of the most useful of the devices in the mobile unit for testing drivers. Out of nearly 12,000 people tested, only 9 per cent have rated "A."

NINE TESTING STATIONS are contained in the mobile unit. Tests as varied as foot reaction time . . . visual acuity . . . colour discrimination . . . distance judgment . . . field of vision are applied. Of nearly 12,000 persons tested to date, no candidate has rated 100 per cent on *all* tests.

Right only nine times out of ten . . .

But what about that *tenth* time? The average motorist is a little too vague about judging distance, according to a well-known public safety authority. One of the greatest causes of highway accidents is the action of the motorist who swings out to pass a car when a third vehicle is approaching from the opposite direction. If such a manoeuvre is to be successful, the co-operation of all *three* drivers is necessary. The driver with poor distance judgment may "get by" nine times out of ten . . . but the tenth time spells trouble.

Out of nearly 12,000 drivers scientifically tested in the Mobile testing unit designed by John Labatt Limited, only 9 per cent rated an "A" on Distance Judgment. When a car-driver knows his shortcomings, he doesn't take chances — and consequently, he is a potentially safer driver. In the long run, traffic safety is a matter of education.

HOW'S YOUR COLOUR discrimination? Through the use of these colour charts colour blindness may be detected. Drivers who cannot readily distinguish between red, green and amber must use caution when approaching traffic signals.

IF SHE CAN SEE out of the corners of her eyes while looking straight ahead, she'll rate high in this Field of Vision test—be a safer driver. The public safety project includes introduction of driver training courses into Canadian high schools.

Published in support of Public Safety by John Labatt Limited

policy upon which the company's liability was conditioned.

Upon appeal by the claimant to the Supreme Court of the State, the judgment of the trial court was reversed and cause remanded, with directions to enter judgment on the verdict. It was held that there was no evidence that at the time of the fall the insured had any circulatory disturbance which might have produced a momentary instability or that the fall was caused in any manner other than by his slipping on a waxed step. (56 Atlantic, 2d, 76, Jan. 5, 1948)

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I should be obliged if you could furnish me with information about a company called L'Union Canadienne, Compagnie D'Assurance. Its head office, I believe, is in Montreal, and I would like to know how long it has been in business, what classes of insurance it transacts, whether it is regularly licensed and has a government deposit, and what its assets and liabilities are, as shown by government figures, if such are available.

A.M.A., Sherbrooke, Que.

L'Union Canadienne, Compagnie D'Assurance (The Canadian Union Insurance Company) was incorporated in 1943 and commenced business in 1945. It operates under Quebec charter and licence and not under Dominion charter and registry. Its head office is in Montreal. It is regularly licensed to transact fire insurance and the supplemental coverages: explosion, falling aircraft, hail, impact by vehicles, loss of use and profit, riot, smoke, sprinkler leakage, water damage, windstorm. Latest published government figures show that its total admitted assets at the end of 1946 were $100,630, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $23,778, leaving a surplus as regards policyholders of $76,852. Comparing this amount with the amount of the unearned premium reserve liability, $9,841, it will be seen that the company provides ample protection to policyholders. Its authorized capital is $500,000, of which $306,000 has been subscribed and $76,731 paid up. It has a deposit of $25,000 with the Quebec Government for the protection of policyholders.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from page* 45)

which God's Lake is interested have been temporarily suspended. Such suspensions were brought about, especially in the case of Lynn Lake, Wekusko, and Squall Lake, by the fact that in each instance the operations had reached a stage calling for substantial outlays, Mr. Jowsey advises. To have committed God's Lake further at the present time would entail disposal of revenue producing holdings in established mines and impairment of its strong liquid position, a procedure, which he states, is contrary to the company's established policy. A determined effort is being made to secure the required working capital for the operations concerned and the directors are confident of success in this direction.

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An intensive development program has been authorized by the directors of Sullivan Consolidated Mines as a result of the improved labor situation. The No. 2 inclined shaft has been deepened to the 2,000-foot level, thus permitting the development of two new levels where previous diamond drilling indicated the continuity at depth of some of the known veins in the upper levels. Net profit during 1947 was $45,595, equal to one cent per share, as against 4.3 cents in the preceding year. Ore reserves at 616,810 tons compared with 649,545 at the end of 1946. Net working capital was reduced to $265,863, from $373,740. The investment in East Sullivan Mines was increased to 1,549,743 shares from 1,524,993 at the close of the previous year.

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Addressing shareholders of Aunor Gold Mines at the recent annual meeting, J. Y. Murdoch, president, stated that, "of necessity some effective non-artificial assistance for the gold mining industry will, I am sure, ultimately be forced." Mr. Murdoch pointed out that the industry realizes the government's need for increased gold production to improve the exchange situation in regard to U.S. dollars and also our own dollar backing but is, naturally, inclined to criticize the government for the serious plight of the industry at the present time.

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No work was done during 1947 by McWatters Gold Mines on its original holdings in Rouyn township. Thirty-five claims were staked, south of Lake Mattagami on the Bell River late in December, following a report of a copper-gold discovery in the area. Ground in the Opawica district, and in Destor township is being retained. Prospecting and the necessary assessment work was performed on the 35 claims owned by the company in the Bachelor Lake area.

•

A loss of $7,947 is reported for 1947 by Towagmac Exploration Company. At the end of the year the company had curent assets of $130,979, unsecured loans of $44,768, and investments in mining securities at cost of $528,822. Current liabilities amounted to $141,775. The report summarizes activities at the properties in which the company is interested, Francoeur Gold Mines, Lake Fortune Gold Mines, Newnorth Gold Mines and St. Francis Mining Company. Prospecting in 1947 was confined to the Lynn Lake area of Manitoba and while several groups of claims were located nothing of interest was found. Lynbar Mines, in which the company has a substantial interest, was organized last year and took over a group of 71 claims.

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Underground development work has been suspended at the Kirkland Golden Gate Mines due to difficulties in financing, but it is proposed to continue with the program of underground drill exploration. Most of the recent underground work has been on the two new levels established at the 525 and 650-foot horizons on the Crescent section of the property, and this development has disclosed considerable new ore with other possibilities indicated. It is considered inadvisable to mill the ore so far opened on the new levels until a greater tonnage can be determined.

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With proved and probable ore reserves of close to 2,000,000 tons estimated, sufficient to supply a 1,000-ton per day operation for six years, Lake Wasa Mining Corporation, in Beauchastel township, Quebec, is now preparing to ready the 400 and 600-foot levels for mining. Shaft deepening has been completed to the 800-foot horizon so that the fourth level is ready for opening up when necessary. Drilling below the 600 level has been showing an improving grade of ore. All work to date has been confined to the main ore lens, having been tested on the 400-foot horizon over a length of 990 feet and on the 600-foot horizon for 1,360 feet. Proved ore is calculated at 683,000 tons averaging $5.39, with an average width of over 27 feet, while probable ore is calculated at 1,222,000 tons averaging $5.25 on an average width of 31.6 feet.

NEW MANAGER

Fred A. Wansbrough

who succeeds the late G. Leslie Wright as Manager of the Winnipeg Office of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. Mr. Wansbrough joined the Trusts Corporation in 1930, and prior to the war was Manager of the Windsor office for three years. From 1939 to 1945 he served with the Essex Scottish, went overseas, and was demobilized with the rank of Major. Since his return to civil life he has enjoyed important training and experience at the Head Office of the Corporation in the administration of estates and trusts. He is a graduate of Toronto University.

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FOR ALL PREFERRED RISKS, most "white collar" men between the ages of 18 and 55, this strong, 65-year-old company of 233,000 carefully chosen members offers maximum protection per dollar because of the economy of our mutual way of doing business *Direct, At Cost.* You must be under 55 to join, but once you become a member there is no age limit for accident insurance, except for a reduction of the death benefit at age 70; health coverage reduces 40% at age 60 but it and hospitalization benefits may continue to age 65.

You do not have to fall down an elevator shaft or be gored by a bull to collect. You are protected day or night, at work and at play, at home or away—*whether your income is affected or not.* Our record for prompt claim payments is literally unexcelled. We are licensed by the Insurance Departments of the Dominion of Canada and the State of New York.

MORE THAN $78,000,000 has been paid to members or their dependents, and $8,000,000 is held in reserve for their security and assurance of stability of the low rates they pay.

You NEED this vital protection as foundation for your personal security program —even if you have Blue Cross or some group coverage elsewhere. They would not conflict.

Here's what you get:

Choice of plans to fit your needs

$25 or $50 WEEKLY for total disability through injury by accidental means . . . payable from the first day every 30 days for as many as 104 weeks . . . *as much as $2,600 under the single or $5,200 under the double plan for any one mishap.* Benefits never prorated on account of other insurance.

$12.50 or $25.00 WEEKLY up to 26 weeks for partial disability similarly caused.

$5,000 or $10,000 for LOSS OF LIFE, limbs or sight by accidental means.

$25 WEEKLY for SICKNESS causing confining total disability, payable exclusive of first 10 days every 30 days for as many as 52 weeks . . . *up to $1,300 for any one confining sickness.* No prorating on account of other insurance.

$12.50 WEEKLY up to 26 weeks for non-confining total disability caused by sickness.

Up to $290 for Hospital, Surgeon: In addition to above allowances, up to $290 is paid direct to you for hospital room or a nurse in the home, surgery, X-ray, operating room, anaesthesia and laboratory fee, for either accidents or sickness. No conflict with Blue Cross or other group plans.

YOU SEND NO MONEY now, but do mail the coupon for the FACTS booklet of interesting information and an easy-to-complete blank for applying. *No solicitor will call and you will not be obligated in ANY way.* If your application were accepted at this time, only $2 would cover the full cost of the single plan of accident protection until late next Sept.—currently $2.50 quarterly thereafter; moderately more for double accident benefits, health and/or hospitalization coverage combined best to suit YOUR needs.

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Send, without obligation, your free *"FACTS"* booklet and an easy-to-complete application blank. I understand if I were accepted at this time, the small membership fee would cover the full cost of my protection until late next September.

My Name is Mr. .....

Address .....

.....

Age ..... (18 to 55) Occupation .....

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GENUINE ASPIRIN IS MARKED THIS WAY BAYER

Company Reports

(*Continued from Page 45*)

acquire all the outstanding shares of Watt & Scott (Montreal), Ltd.

Working capital of $164,327 compares with $412,393 a year ago. Purchase of Watt & Scott (Montreal) Ltd., has not been consolidated in the balance sheet, although net current assets of that company approximated $249,586. Owing to large capital expenditures, directors feel it would be unwise to increase the rate of dividend at this time, states A. W. Baillie, president. Dividends of 12½ cents on the class A and 50 cents on the class B were paid May 5, 1948, to shareholders of record, April 30.

Photo Engravers

ON moderately increased operating profits, Photo Engravers & Electrotypers Ltd. reports for the year 1947 net earnings after all charges up at equivalent of $3.42 a share on outstanding capital stock from $2.56 a share for previous year.

Operating profit for 1947 of $228,942 compared with $205,509 in 1946 and, after depreciation of $43,008, as compared with $50,897, and income and e.p. taxes of $82,287, as compared with $77,000, net earnings of $102,706 compared with $76,770 year before.

Report points out that increase in earnings was due principally to the record volume of business handled by the company. As result of considerably higher wage and material costs, this past year, the percentage of net profit before taxes, in relation to sales, was actually lower than a year ago.

An increase of $146,065 in fixed assets shown on balance sheet represents expenditures made principally for new plant equipment and for additions and improvements to existing equipment which were not possible during the war years and is part of a modernization program.

Directors declared dividends of 50 cents per share payable Sept. 1, 1947, and 75 cents per share payable March 1, 1948, which together with a year-end bonus of 75 cents per share made a total distribution to shareholders of $60,000 for the year as compared with $45,000 in the previous fiscal year.

Disher Steel

THE annual report of Disher Steel Construction Co., Ltd., for 1947 shows gross income of $168,780 as compared with $78,470 in 1946. Depreciation amounted to $23,289 against $20,832 and profits taxes $67,700 vs. $41,000. Net profit increased to $77,811, as compared with $37,470 in the preceding year.

Current assets are shown at $427,547 as compared with $322,738 and current liabilities $247,999 vs. $182,256, leaving net working capital of $179,548, as compared with $140,482.

Total volume of business transacted and actual billings for 1947 increased substantially from the previous year, reports Thomas E. Boyce, president and general manager. Unfinished contracts and new orders on hand are of satisfactory volume.

The report states dividends were paid to the amount of $3 per share on the class "A" preferred share issue and were distributed from the current year's earnings. This payment is equivalent to a full year's dividend requirements and an additional $1.50 per share on account of arrears on dividends.

Donohue Brothers Ltd.

THE annual report of the newsprint-producing Donohue Brothers, Ltd., for 1947, showed a net profit of $511,351 or the equivalent of $3.41 per share compared with $231,366 or $1.54 the previous year. The increase in profit is the result of a greater output and the price boosting of newsprint and ground wood pulp products.

Profits of the year were used to pay $150,000 for dividends, $239,932 for new machinery, and $121,419 for active capital. The active capital now totals $1,709,435.17 compared with $1,588,015.87 in 1946.

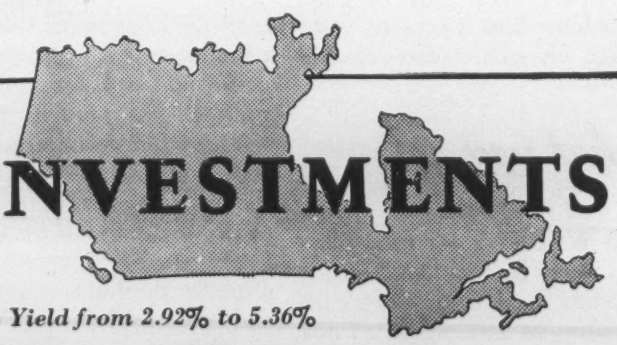
Goulds Pumps

INVESTMENTS made in prior years in plant improvements, new machine tools and development of new products, resulted in a substantial increase in production and income for Goulds Pumps Inc. in 1947. Despite higher costs, net income set a new high at $508,576, compared with a loss of $72,637 for 1946. Earnings were equal to $68.04 per share of preferred, and after providing a year's dividend on these left $61.04 available for common. The preferred shares are in arrears of dividend to the extent of $40.25. A reserve of $100,000 was set aside to cover the possibility of a decline in inventory prices.

Working capital of $2,396,038 was an improvement of $171,375.

Volume of sales in 1947 was the second largest in the company's history.

Improved facilities now permitting more attractive deliveries and a new industrial line of pumps will open up additional markets. Standardization of industrial lines is expected to be put into effect this year.



INVESTMENTS

To Yield from 2.92% to 5.36%

WE OFFER AS PRINCIPALS:

	Rate	*Maturity*	*Approx. Yield*
Dominion of Canada	3%	1966	2.92%
Ontario, Province of	3%	1965	3.00%
Nova Scotia, Province of	3¼%	1962	3.15%
British Columbia Electric Co.	3¾%	1968	3.75%
Brompton Pulp & Paper Co.	3½%	1966	3.85%
Traders Finance Corp.	4%	1963	4.00%
Northern Quebec Power Co.	4½%	1967	4.50%
Canadian Oil Cos.	5%	Preferred	4.95%
Verney Mills of Canada Ltd.	4½%	Preferred	5.11%
Power Corporation of Canada Ltd.	6%	Part. Preferred	5.36%

NESBITT, THOMSON & COMPANY
LIMITED
38 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.
Telephone Elgin 6146

400A

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AND DIRECTORS' REPORT

Western Grocers Limited

At the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of Western Grocers Limited, held at the Head Office of the Company, the Directors' Report, Balance Sheet, Statements of Profit and Surplus and the Auditors' Report for the year ended December 31st, 1947, were presented and adopted.

The Directors, W. P. Riley, I. Pitblado, K. C., F. W. St. Lawrence, A. McCallum, E. S. Cooper, W. F. Stewart and H. J. Coon were re-elected, and at a meeting of the Board following the Shareholders' Meeting, the officers of the Company were re-elected.

The Directors' Report follows:

REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS

Your Directors present herewith a Balance Sheet showing the financial position of the Company at the close of the year, a Statement of Earned Surplus and Profit, also the Auditors' Report.

Sales for the year reached a new high point, but much of the increase arose out of higher commodity prices. While the volume of business was greater, the percentage of gross profit realized was less than that of the previous period.

At the year-end, the stock in trade, also the sum of the customers' obligations, were each low in relation to sales and reflect a liquid condition. At all times, your Company stresses the importance of quick turnover of merchandise and prompt collection of accounts.

An announcement of intention having been made at the last Annual Meeting of Shareholders, there was established at mid-year, an employees' pension plan. The future service premiums thereunder are paid monthly and contributed to by both the employees and the Company.

The plan contains a provision for past service pensions from a reasonable age. The past service premium has been amortized over a number of years, and the entire cost thereof will be paid by the Company. The first annual instalment has been paid, but no liability has been set up for the balance.

Internationally, the world position as a whole does not exhibit a surplus of food-stuffs, and the emphasis is on supply. Yet to move food from the "have" to the "have not" countries involves problems of distribution of exchange mediums and many other factors.

Nationally the accent is on price, and when consumers regard the cost of any commodity as too high, a natural reaction occurs. It follows that good merchandising dictates the exercise of great care to avoid risk where overnight, by decree, some values may be altered.

Where usual conditions of supply and demand are not freely operative and expediency might be regarded as paramount, the market worth of any commodity can be varied materially, by quick changes in duty, excise or sales taxes, or the re-imposition of ceilings.

For all of these reasons, the Board of Directors viewing the situation realistically, decided it was prudent to set up a substantial reserve for possible future deflation in merchandise inventory values. Similar action was taken by your Company's subsidiaries.

Our organization by December 31st, had by the purchase of shares, acquired working control of Blue Ribbon Corporation Limited. The Blue Ribbon line of teas, coffees, extracts and spices is well known, and the connection should, in time, become mutually beneficial.

Work has been completed on the Company's new Winnipeg premises, and the local branch and the Head Office are now established at 289 King Street, Winnipeg.

Balance Sheets as at 31st December, 1947

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS		$4,545,416.86
Cash on Hand and in Banks (less Outstanding Cheques)	$ 101,634.71	
Customers' Accounts Receivable, after providing for possible losses	1,042,436.79	
Adances on Merchandise and Sundry Debtors	62,505.72	
Customs Deposits	6,550.00	
Merchandise—per Inventories—as determined and certified to by the Management, on basis of cost or market, whichever was lower	3,332,289.64	
	$4,545,416.86	
PREPAID EXPENSES		18,415.20
REFUNDABLE EXCESS PROFITS TAXES (estimated)		164,316.89
INVESTMENTS IN AND ADVANCES TO SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES		1,456,784.59
Investments—at cost	$1,450,087.35	
Advances	6,697.24	
	$1,456,784.59	
OTHER INVESTMENTS (at Cost)		1,600.00
FIXED ASSETS		1,038,168.45
Warehouse Properties—Land and Buildings—see note below	$ 967,589.67	
Plant and Equipment—at cost less depreciation	70,578.78	
	$1,038,168.45	
		$7,224,701.99

NOTE RE WAREHOUSE PROPERTIES
The original properties acquired at formation are valued on the basis of the appraisal made by the Canadian Appraisal Company, as of 14th December, 1912, with subsequent additions at cost—less depreciation and amounts written off.

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES TO PUBLIC			$1,393,630.66
Accounts and Bills Payable		$1,041,726.24	
Income and Excess Profits Taxes (estimated)		291,805.21	
Dividends payable 15th January, 1948		54,786.25	
On Preferred Shares	$20,900.25		
On Class A Shares	33,886.00		
	$54,786.25		
Unclaimed Dividends		5,312.96	
		$1,393,630.66	
ADVANCES FROM AND AMOUNTS PAYABLE TO SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES			444,042.37
RESERVES			759,539.61
Reserves for Contingencies		$ 100,000.00	
Merchandise Inventory Reserve (claimed under Excess Profits Tax Act)		150,000.00	
Special Reserve for Inventory Deflation		509,539.61	
		$ 759,539.61	
CAPITAL STOCK			2,217,162.74
Authorized:			
Preferred Shares ($20.00 per Share)—175,000 Shares		$3,500,000.00	
Class A Shares (no par value)—150,000 Shares		.....	
Common Shares (no par value)—150,000 Shares		.....	
Issued and Outstanding:			
Preferred Shares ($1.40 Series)—59,715 Shares		$1,194,300.00	
Class A Shares (no par value)—67,772 Shares		1,022,862.74	
Common Shares (no par value)—86,658 Shares			
		$2,217,162.74	
EARNED SURPLUS—per Statement attached			2,246,009.72
DEFERRED SURPLUS—Re Refundable Excess Profits Taxes			164,316.89
			$7,224,701.99

Approved on behalf of the Board.
W. P. RILEY
E. S. COOPER } Directors.

CONTINGENT LIABILITIES REPORTED:
Guarantee of a Subsidiary's bank indebtedness —maximum $200,000.00.

STATEMENT OF PROFIT FOR YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1947, AND OF EARNED SURPLUS ACCOUNT

Profit for the year before taking into account the undermentioned items		$1,050,298.63
Additions		207,881.50
Dividends from Subsidiary Companies	$207,071.50	
Dividends from Investments	810.00	
	$207,881.50	
		$1,258,180.13
Deductions		547,954.98
Depreciation	$ 39,676.95	
Directors' Fees	1,000.00	
Executive Officers' Remuneration	61,200.00	
Legal Fees	3,078.03	
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	443,000.00	
	$547,954.98	
Net Profit before provision for Inventory Deflation		710,225.15
Deduct—Appropriation to Special Reserve for Inventory Deflation		509,539.61
Balance of Profit transferred to Earned Surplus		$ 200,685.54
Earned Surplus at 31st December, 1946	$2,252,322.68	
Add—Adjustments to Profits of prior periods	3,675.00	2,255,997.68
		$2,456,683.22
Deduct—Dividends:		
Preferred Shares:		
Four at 35c per share, being at the rate of 7% per annum to 31st December, 1947	$ 83,601.00	
Class A Shares:		
One at 37½c per share, being at the rate of $1.50 per annum to 31st March, 1947	25,414.50	
Three at 50c per share, being at the rate of $2.00 per annum to 31st December, 1947	101,658.00	210,673.50
Earned Surpus at 31st December, 1947		$2,246,009.72

Auditors' Report to the Shareholders:

We have made an examination of the books and accounts of Western Grocers Limited, for the year ended 31st December, 1947, and have prepared the accompanying Balance Sheet and Statement of Profits. We have also examined the books and accounts or the audited financial statements of all subsidiary companies.

In connection therewith we report as follows:

(a) That the acompanying Balance Sheet does not set forth the assets and liabilities of the subsidiary companies and that the Statement of Profits does not include the operating profits of subsidiary companies, except as to dividends actually received.

(b) That one of the subsidiaries showed a small loss for the year which is being carried forward in its accounts and charged against its Surplus Account and is not reflected on the books of Western Grocers Limited.

(c) That, in the case of two subsidiaries, the dividends received therefrom by Western Grocers Limited, were in excess of the profits of such subsidiaries by $45,013.90, said profits being arrived at after deducting provisions for inventory deflation for an amount greater than the excess of $45,013.90.

(d) That, in the aggregate, the dividends from subsidiaries taken credit for in the Statement of Profits are less than the combined profits of such subsidiaries.

(e) That on 1st July, 1947, the Company established an Employees' Pension Plan through an insurance company, covering both past and future service. The plan is in the hands of the Minister of National Revenue for approval. Future service premiums are paid monthly. Past service premiums are all borne by the Company and are payable in annual instalments over a term of years. The first of such annual instalments has been paid. No provision is set up on the books for the remainder, which amounts to a total of $409,988.32.

With the foregoing, we are of the opinion that the Balance Sheet submitted herewith exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given us, and as shown by the books. We have obtained all information and explanations required by us.

Winnipeg, 31st January, 1948.

((Signed) SHARP, WOODLEY & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

BRANCHES

Calgary, Edmonton and Lethbridge in Alberta
Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Prince Albert, Regina, Saskatoon, Weyburn and Yorkton in Saskatchewan
Brandon, Dauphin, Flin Flon, The Pas and Winnipeg in Manitoba
Fort Frances, Kenora and Port Arthur in Ontario